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EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRES AND SYRIAN SHRINES

VOL. II.

LONDON
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OUR LAST ENCAMPMENT IN SYRIA.

EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRES

AND

SYRIAN SHRINES

INCLUDING SOME STAY IN THE

LEBANON, AT PALMYRA, AND IN WESTERN TURKEY

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BY EMILY A. BEAUFORT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY AND ON WOOD,
FROM SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR, AND A MAP

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

LONDON
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS
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CHAPTER XVI.

STRONGHOLDS OF NATURE AND ART.

We stood much in need of rest after our return from Tadmor, and we were not sorry to spend a few days in the hotel, varying our time with pleasant rides in the suburbs of the city—the justly famous gardens of Damascus. We were told that one might take a new ride every day for four months among these charming groves, fields and orchards, with pleasant-looking villages every here and there: the roads too are mostly excellent, and there are many fine views of the city to be seen from between the trees. A net-work of little canals and channels of water extends over all the cultivated plain, cooling the air and soothing the ear with the pleasant murmuring of the streamlets to which all the glorious verdure is owing; miles and miles of those tiny rivers are spread over the ground, every one coming originally from the Bārrada, the river whose course we had followed from 'Ain Fijeh. This river is the Abana of Scripture, which Naaman considered, with natural pride, as fine a river as any in Israel; the

Hebrew name meant "the clear" river—the Arabic means "the cold;" the other "river of Damascus," the Pharphar, was described in Hebrew as "the fugitive;" while its Arabic name of the Awaj signifies "the tortuous;" the latter is not as long a river as the Barrada, and contains scarcely a third as much water,—it rises on Mount Hermon, and both rivers after passing Damascus are lost in marshes on the sandy Desert beyond. The Barrada was named Chrysorrhoas by the Greeks: it flows on the north side of the city, while the Awaj passes on the south.

There are many varieties of trees in the gardens of Damascus, but the most numerous are the apricots, the dried fruit of which forms so very large a part of its commerce. The apricots are either dried in the sun and then pressed flat in slight wooden boxes, or else they are stoned and mashed into a thick paste, which is dried in masses a yard or two long, and is exported in large rolls looking like brown leather,—this is called *kumrreddeen*—the apricots dried whole are called *mishmish*. It is said to be a lovely sight to look over the plain of Damascus in the spring when the innumerable apricots are in flower—the effect being exactly that of light snow resting on the trees: but many persons think it more striking when the fruit is just ripe—then the trees *glow* as if illuminated with thousands of tiny lamps hung among the branches, giving a most curious golden gleaming effect from the heights above.

The gardens are separated by a primitive kind of wall formed of cakes of mud, sun-dried, about three or four feet square and six inches thick: they are generally topped with dhourra straw or palm branches, and have a most curious appearance. There is something of the same kind used in Greece, but in smaller cakes.

One of our pleasantest afternoon rides was to the village of Jobah, at about an hour's distance from the city, where it lies hidden among walnut groves: this place has been time out of mind held sacred by both the Jew and the Mooslim; and there is a very ancient synagogue built over the cave in which it is believed that Elijah hid himself from the persecutions of Jezebel: we were invited to descend into it, without shoes, through a narrow hole with nicks, instead of steps, cut in the rock to tread on — but we declined to enter it, hearing that there was nothing to see in the inside. In the centre of the synagogue there is a space railed off where Elijah is said to have anointed Hazael king, — here no one entered, but otherwise the floor was quite covered with people; a school was going on in one corner, numbers of women were tailoring and making shoes, and men reading aloud in groups.

Passing through the streets, on our return to the hôtel, we met an infant's funeral: the father, preceded by a little boy, dressed in his best, carried the child laid out on his arms, with an embroidered handkerchief thrown over it, but the small face left uncovered: it seemed smiling in its sleep: two friends followed him, and they were all chanting a not inharmonious hymn, or more probably verses from the Korān. The simplicity of the funeral, and the contrast of the little dead face and the bright colours of the dresses, were quite touching. The Arabs all dress in their finest clothes at a funeral, and the widows sit in their richest silks with all the gay colours they can put together for three days after the death of the husband: it is partly from the idea that he is gone to happiness, but more to do him honour and pay respect to the corpse.

The hôtel at Damascus is a good specimen of the

modern style of ornament in houses, and is both clean and comfortable. A miserable little passage is, as usual, the entrance from the street ("called Straight") into a large court, with a lofty leewān on one side and a good room at each corner: in the centre a tank of water is shaded by pomegranate, lemon, and oleander trees. Opposite the leewān is the best room, which my sister and I inhabited: it was forty feet high, with a floor of variegated marble, and a roof ornamented in the old delicate style of painting which is now disappearing before a gaudy coarser kind. A fountain played in the centre of the apartment which had three alcoves on raised floors,—two of them, screened off by curtains, formed bed-rooms, and the other was fitted up for the general sitting-room; the walls were painted with a stencilled imitation of the beautiful old marble mosaic, and the upper windows near the ceiling were closed with carved lattices of intricate Saracenic patterns. It made a very pleasant room, but when we came back from Tadmor we felt half suffocated from sleeping under a roof with closed doors and windows after being accustomed to the open air! it seemed very absurd to have caught the Bedoueen horror of a house, but we had dreadful head-aches, and were very glad when the nights were once more passed in our airy tents.

We mounted donkeys on our last evening in Damascus and strolled through the streets—very amusing and pretty it was: they were generally very dim, sometimes pitch-dark except for the lantern carried by one of our attendants, to prevent our stepping on the horrid dogs lying asleep everywhere; here and there one came on a brightly illuminated *café* or a barber's shop, or that of a grocer or tobacconist, noisy with late bargainers and coffee-drinkers. The bazaars seemed very endless in

their darkness, a single oil lamp now and then revealing a figure rolled up in a dark *abbah*, asleep on the boarding which served as the counter by day; the shop itself being closed in by a heavy wooden lid, which is lowered by night over the recess and locked. Sometimes a long vista of arches ended picturesquely in a brilliantly lighted *café*, or a group of white-turbaned Turks sitting on the ground smoking nargilehs. But the prettiest sight was the various Mosques, most of them lighted with hundreds of hanging lamps and filled with rows and groups of men kneeling in prayer: in one, which was much less illuminated than the others, the polished marble floor shone darkly like a lake of black water, reflecting back the few lamps like stars, and throwing out finely the figures of the Mooslims, dressed in bright colours and white turbans, standing in groups, or prostrated in prayer,—as one passed quickly along it seemed like a dream, the beautiful Mosque with its numbers of slender columns and horseshoe arches in particoloured marbles, and the dim light shining on the worshippers, chanting their prayers in a wild and sweet harmony.

We left Damascus on the afternoon of the 2nd November, by the Bab el Salahîyeh, our last view of the fair city having been from the same point as the first: then we descended into a lovely winding glen, full of thick foliage and the rushing, tumbling stream of the Barrada, and emerged from it on to the Desert and the desolate Sah'ra mountains just as darkness fell upon us —such a hideous country that we were rather rejoicing that the young moon gave scarcely light enough to show it in all its dreary loneliness and silence, when—voices called to us to stop. The dragomans immediately fell back to ask what they wanted, and we soon guessed

they were the robbers or Syrian banditti which, as we afterwards learned, infest this road: fortunately we were, every one of us, dressed in the white mash'lah of the country, and we believe that they mistook us in the dim light for men,—at all events they seemed to think we were too strong a party for them and let us alone, and we made the best of our way on: of course, as *contretemps* always come together, one of the horses was lame from a bad shoe, and we could only go at a walking pace, and the fun of the thing was, that, though we all showed our pistols and revolvers, not one of us, even the dragomans, had remembered to re-load them on leaving Damascus. We expected the robbers would pursue us in greater numbers, but they kindly changed their minds if they had such intentions, and we heard no more of them,—we continued the dreary road, however, with the pleasing expectation of finding they had possessed themselves of all our baggage and tents, which had been sent on before us; the little dog's bark and the mule's bells seldom sounded more melodiously in our ears than they did that night when two hours later we came upon the tents near the village of Dimâs.

The ride of the following morning led through a charming green vale, full of sweet bright flowers, and lively with caravans of camels bringing corn from the Haurân: two men among the camel drivers recognised one of the horses which had been purchased in Damascus as having belonged to a brother of theirs, and fell to kissing and hugging the pretty creature most enthusiastically, to the apparent delight of the horse, and the immense surprise of its rider, until the origin of their affection was explained by the dragoman. We crossed a circular plain with a pretty lake at one side, and then reached the Druze village of Deir el Ashayr, where the

villagers were so poor, that they could not even supply us with milk or bread or fruit. But we had an interesting Temple to examine, under whose shade we rested for some time, admiring the fine view of the Anti-Lebanon mountains, with the whole valley of Zebdany lying at their feet, and Bludân perched on a mountain nook among dark green woods. The Temple is small—standing on a platform of fine blocks of stone, which measures 126 feet by 69, and about 20 feet in height, curiously finished with a simple but bold cavetto cornice, exactly the same as that at 'Ain Fijeh, only *inverted;* the platform reminds one in miniature of those at Baalbek and Tadmor, and in the extensive ruins strewed at one side of the Temple a large court leading up to it is still traceable. There was an entrance under the platform, into a vaulted passage as we were told: above there are the remains of a hall with three small chambers at one end, and a portico in front: only one column of this is standing, but two capitals lay on the ground carved with a simple circular horn or roll, something like the Ionic but very rude — it might be the forerunner of the Ionic but could scarcely be an imitation. This Temple is the more interesting as it is one of the semi-circle of Temples closing round the foot of Hermon, all built to face the sacred mountain,—and was, most probably therefore, one of the Baal Temples —like those of Baalbek and Tadmor; the style of the building is simple but good, strongly resembling that at 'Ain Fijeh, except in the Ionic kind of capital.

We rode on through a wild pass of rocky hills, covered with prickly oak and hawthorn, where we saw hundreds of goats with long black silky hair. They came at the herdsman's call, and gavé us plenty of milk which we drank from a fine old silver bowl en-

graved with Cufic characters. Early in the afternoon we reached Rukhleh, a Druze village, where our tents were pitched, but we rode on half an hour further, or more, to examine some other Temples of which the villagers told us; we found the remains of three Temples, which seemed all of them to have been turned facing Hermon, but they were now only such heaps of jumbled stones that one could make out little or nothing of them. The faces of the cliffs in these little valleys are quite full of tombs, which ought to be much more narrowly examined than they have been as yet; we entered one large excavation fronted by two arches—it contained places for five bodies, and two huge stone sarcophagi with high peaked lids, broken, but unusually deep—three or four bodies might have lain in them; there seemed to have been a bracket carved in each angle of the cave, but we could find no further ornament or inscription. There were stone sarcophagi lying about in many places, and several hewn in the rock under one's feet, so that now the lids were gone they were open pits into which one might unwarily step. We passed, soon after this, by the face of a rock, smoothed to about thirty feet high, with a rude pilaster at each side, and the remains of an altar before it—close in front of the altar was a large, deep hole which the guide said was the opening of a passage hollowed underground for several yards' distance: one could not help thinking it might have been made to carry off the blood or water from the altar: it was a curious, mysterious-looking place altogether. Passing back to our tents we saw a well-cut bit of frieze, and then the mouldings of an arch built into a terrace wall—in fact, the whole of the valley seemed strewn with architectural or sepulchral remains.

Then we went to the large Temple of which a great

deal still remains *in situ;* it was placed with the angles to the cardinal points in order that the S. W. side should face the Baal-Temple raised on the highest point of Hermon, and in the centre of this side is sculptured in high relief a face—five feet in diameter—supposed to be the representation of Baala (or Baltis, the feminine of Baal), who was called by both the Phœnicians and Hebrews "the queen of heaven." * The remarkable face on a Temple at Kunawât in the Haurân is the only other example that has been found of this singular and interesting subject: this one is a good deal defaced, but there is a soft and solemn grandeur still expressed in the large eyes and mutilated features; several mouldings surround the face, wide at the top and narrowing under the chin, showing that it was to be seen from below: the innermost moulding seemed to represent thick curls—the outer one was of the egg-and-dice pattern; there was something touching in the large sweet face, still looking out through centuries of long years at the setting sun, whose last rays were now passing a mellowing tint over the unchanging features.

The style of the Temple is massive and simple: a lofty triple doorway stood on the N.W. side, a smaller one on the S.W. side, and the S.E. end terminated in an apse. The lintel of the great doorway has fallen, but it lies on the ground showing the figure of a large eagle well sculptured on the under side—the wings are expanded, and the claws hold a long wreath of palm branches, and a laurel crown sculptured on each side of the eagle—these ornaments closely resemble those

* Jer. vii. 18; xliv. 17; 1 Kings xi. 5, 33. Her great temple was at Sidon, but there were very many others raised to her in Syria: she was also called by the Hebrews, Ashtaroth; by the Greeks, Astarte; and by the Assyrians, Mylitta.—See *Munk's "Palestine."*

around the eagle on the famous onyx of Augustus in the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna, but the bird itself is very different. Palm branches and laurel leaves were sculptured on other stones near by. A row of columns extended through the centre of the Temple, with the same rude Ionic capitals we had seen at Deir el Ashayr; the rolls, which formed the volutes on two sides of the capital, passed horizontally along the other two sides, and were bound, in the centre of each, by a fillet, with leaves curling up from underneath them: on the other two sides besides the volute at each end were scrolls and other ornaments. Dr. Robinson thinks that Banias may be the site of "Baal-gad," in the Valley of Lebanon, under Mount Hermon (Josh. xii. 5)—I should like humbly to suggest, that, if Baal-gad be not a collective name for the *whole group* of Baal-Temples* that encircle the N. W. and S. sides of Hermon, which seems the most natural interpretation, it may be applied with more probability to the numerous remains—of *four* at the *least*—of temples at Rukhleh rather than to Banias, which, though certainly "under Mount Hermon," is completely south of the range of country usually called "Lebanon;" while Rukhleh, on the *northern* foot of Hermon, seems to be more indicative of a land extending from "Mount Hermon unto the entering in of Hamath," a place precisely to the N.E. of Hermon, and therefore "toward the sun-rising."

Winding glens thickly wooded with prickly oak led from Rukhleh to Kefr Kook, the Lebanon mountains opening before us as we advanced towards the sea, the double peak of Jebel Niha forming a pretty point in

* The same word precisely—*gad*—is used here in the Hebrew, as in Gen. xxx. 11, where it signifies an indefinite number.

the view. As we came to Rasheiya the view extended far up northwards, and the snowy summits of our beloved Sunnîn, Kunisiyeh, el Jurd and Makhmel came in with much beauty. Rasheiya is very picturesque—the houses overhang each other on the sides of a steep hill rising out of vine terraces, and crowned by the Emir's Palace, a castle-like building looking very grand in contrast with the low stone village houses. We spread our cloaks under some shady rocks while we had our usual luncheon of fresh *lebben*, and looked at the silver ornaments which are largely made here; presently the Emir's brother came down to visit us, with numerous attendants, and invited us to rest in the palace, which we declined. He seemed very intelligent and sat a long time examining with pleasure the few things we had to show—lunettes, travelling fans, measuring tapes, &c., and our large map of Syria, which always delighted the Arabs. He left us at the sound of the bugle in the castle, and we went on, an hour further, to a large pool of brackish water in a little plain, where the mules, released unusually early in the day, enjoyed a thorough scamper, galloping about like school-boys just let loose from school. We had to send back to Rasheiya for water, which makes this otherwise pleasant spot an awkward camping-ground—there is a large pond here, but it was then too brackish to use: we had chosen it in order to shorten our expedition to the summit of Hermon on the following day, which would, we knew, be very fatiguing.

We started at 8 A.M.—much too late—on the following morning, sending the mules by Rasheiya to Hasbeiya. The path commenced among pretty woods and tangled vineyards, until it became very steep, and had to be ascended in zigzag, the horses slipping con-

tinually and the saddles occasionally coming off, not having been properly secured with braces across the chest. With *good* horses, three hours is ample for reaching the end of the path: after this the ascent is really difficult and very bad,—a long, steep slope of loose, small shingle in which both man and horse sink up to the knees, slipping backwards at every step. All dismounted but myself: my gallant old horse—a Crimean charger—carried me, with the aid of two strong human arms, to the top of the second summit from the north, whence all the northern view is shut out: thence we found grassy dells and little hills along the lofty ridge to the highest and most southern summit. Here we stopped a couple of hours to enjoy the magnificent view, for seeing which we were highly favoured by the weather. The heat was tempered by a cool, gentle breeze instead of the terrible wind usual at this height—and the distance was perfectly clear and cloudless.

To the south-east the Haurān lay mapped before us, blue hills on the horizon faintly bounding the far, far distance, deepening in colour as they swept round to the south—Damascus lying gem-like in its verdure, on the barren country towards the north. Then came the long, white ridge of the rugged Anti-Lebanon; the heights of Makhmel and Sunnîn, &c., all rosy beneath the snow, headed the confusion of peaks and slopes and craggy heights of the Bârûk range occupying the whole of the western country between Hermon and the blue sea: we looked down into the very heart of the deep, narrow ravine of the dashing Litaany, with its sharp, sudden bend towards the sea, half hidden in thick woods. Saïda and Sour lay underneath the cliffs, range after range of mountains filling up the space between

the Litaany and the coast, till Carmel ran a deep blue promontory into the sea; then came the purple and green mountains of Galilee to the south, among which Tabor and Hattîn and Jermûk stood conspicuous, while, paling in blues behind them, lay the Judæan hills —the mountains of Gilboa and Samaria. At our feet the lake Houleh ("the waters of Merom") seemed close to us, and beyond that, shining in clear blue serene loveliness, the beautiful lake of Tiberias sunk deep down in the dark purple mountains—like a sweet smile on an aged, rugged face. From thence one could trace the winding hill-tops of the Ghor, the valley of the tortuous Jordan—till it was lost in the faint distance of the Dead Sea mountains. At our feet the craggy summits of the lower spurs of Hermon clustered over Banias—on one of which it is supposed Christ our Saviour was transfigured.

Hermon was to the Israelites the principal mountain in the land—it stood like a sentinel commanding their northern border, and they did not much concern themselves about those beyond it; it is however, supposed to be about 300 feet lower than the Cedar Mountain. Its beautiful cone, snow-covered nearly throughout the year, is seen from many parts of Palestine: we ourselves saw it distinctly from the Dead Sea—and it is so much loftier than any of the more southern mountains, that it naturally takes the name of Jebel esh Sheikh—the chief or prince of mountains: this is its commonest Arabic name, but it has many others. Its ancient Hebrew names have much the same meaning—Hermon and Sion both signifying the "upraised," the "lifted upon high," the chief thing—as Sion was the name given Jerusalem to express that which excelled all others,—and it is, perhaps, in the same sense that the

word is applied in Ps. cxxxiii. 4, where it expresses the fact of the loftiest mountains catching the most dew from the clouds. The Phœnicians called it the "Breast-plate," in the language used by them at Sidon—*Sirion;* and in that used by the Amorites—*Shenir;* both words, in the two dialects, having the same meaning: it is natural that Scripture should mention names peculiar to these tribes of Phœnicians, as Hermon appears to stand over Sidon, and the possessions of the Amorites extended to the skirts of the mountain itself.* It may be worth noticing also that in the days of Abraham, the Amorites were settled in the mountain of 'Ain Jidi, on the coast of the Dead Sea†, from whence, on clear days, Hermon is well seen—almost the only view of it to be obtained from the south of Palestine. An old pilgrim tells us, that every morning at sunrise a handful of dew floated down from the summit of Hermon, and deposited itself upon the Church of St. Mary, where it was immediately gathered up by Christian leeches, and was found a sovereign remedy for all diseases: it was of *this* dew, he naïvely adds, that David spoke prophetically in his Psalms.‡

A massive wall once encircled the highest peak of the mountain, and a Temple stood here: the ground is covered with the large hewn stones of the outer wall; a few of them were bevelled, and we saw some bold, simple sculpturing on some of the others—the style reminding us of Deir el Ashayr. That a Temple dedicated to Baal once existed here is to be gathered from the name of Baal-Hermon, applied in Judg. iii. 3, and 1 Chron. v. 23, and St. Jerome testifies to the

* Deut. iv. 48. † Gen. xiv. 7.

‡ Itinerary of St. Antony.

fact*; and no one could stand on that summit and turn his eyes from east to west from north to south without feeling that no worshippers of the Sun could have left so grand a spot unconsecrated to their God: and by sympathy one seems, when standing here, to enter into something of the feelings of the untutored child of Nature who daily witnessed the incomprehensible mystery of the sun's all-glorious course, and believed his quickening rays to be the source of all the life and well-being of the world around him. The stones of the old wall were mostly covered with a very minute lichen of a bright scarlet colour which had a curious effect; while between every stone grew tufts of a velvety thorny plant, very dense and tough, covered with the tenderest little pale, fragile blossoms, a kind of *immortelle*, which fell or blew away at a touch or a breath—they grew on the Cedar Mountain also, and we afterwards found them near the Dead Sea.

We refreshed ourselves with a little snow or ice melted in some wine which we had fortunately carried up with us, and at two o'clock commenced our descent, which, after the first half-hour, became really terrible. We thought it quite hard upon the horses to have taken them to the summit on either side, but from Hasbeiya it is really a cruelty: we were three long hours and a half descending that gully, jumping and scrambling from stone to stone, the horses following as best they could, often standing still, trembling and casting imploring looks at us as if for help. The walls of the ravine closed in boldly and sometimes quite perpendicularly on each side. Numbers of caverns and holes were observable which are, they say, infested with bears and jackals; eagles' feathers, often bloody, lay about

* Porter.

on the rocks, and numerous lovely fossil shells, which we could not stop to detach, lay half imbedded on their sides. Alas! the sun set when we reached the beginning of a path, and we were soon in darkness, though, when the moon rose, she lighted the rough path every here and there, and showed Hermon towering up very grandly over our heads. The descent was very steep, but most of it seemed richly wooded and we doubted not commanded fine views by daylight. About half-past eight we arrived at the village of 'Ain 'Ata, where the people seemed to commiserate us very much for being so late on the road. It was vexatious to find that our tents had passed through this village, and that had we been better informed of the distances we might have been saved all the long additional and disagreeable descent which we were compelled to make in the dark. How we ever got safely over the succeeding road is a mystery to me; it seemed nothing but a succession of smooth beds of rock turned up at a steep angle, down which the poor horses slipped and sliddered hopelessly. Hill after hill had to be passed, until at last we reached the town of Hasbeiya, the rows of lights in the houses on the terraces looking very pretty up and down the sides of the mountains. We descended to the very bottom and learned there, to our intense vexation, that the tents had gone on two hours further, and there was nothing for it but to follow them through a very narrow ravine along the edge of a dry torrent bed. The path was frequently not eighteen inches wide, and darkly shaded with trees, and at last my poor tired horse slipped his hind legs over the edge, was too worn out to recover himself, and fell, turning over in the air, on to the rocks below! We were both of us soon picked up and I remounted for the very long two hours which ensued —

very thankful to have escaped without serious injury; but I was so much bruised that I could not stand, unassisted, for three days after. At last we reached a thick grove of fine old olive trees, and, after firing pistols and shouting repeatedly, to our great joy we were answered, and soon after reached our tents—at last—at exactly one o'clock in the morning, having been seventeen hours on horseback, and without any food but a bit of Arab bread.

Our tents were pitched in a delightful spot near the village of Kaukāba, not only under the shade of the olives, but on rich greensward, an uncommon luxury in the East, with the waters of the Hasbāny close by, coming from a large spring, one of the most northern sources of the Jordan; the rocky vale between us and Hasbeiya was filled with tall white asphodels and fern, every little crevice held its bunch of pink cyclamen. The fair of Souk es Khan was going on a mile further down the valley, and we had plenty of gaily-dressed passers-by: this fair is said to have been held annually since the time of the Romans. After some days' rest, we went into Hasbeiya, to make a visit to the Emir, whose palace stands, with much the air of a fortress, above the town on the steep mountain side. The castle walls are quaintly ornamented with square bay windows, supported on carved machicolations, and brightly painted—pink, red, blue, and green. We dismounted in a small court in front of the building, in which several servants and gaily-caparisoned horses were standing. We had omitted to send beforehand to announce our coming; but the Emir received us very graciously: he led us into the palace by a long flight of steps, and through several darkish passages and chambers till we reached his reception room, a small

and ordinary apartment, with the daïs railed off, below which stood a crowd of attendants. This Emir is called Sa'ad-ed-dîn, and is chief of the ancient family of Shehâb — they are now Mooslims; but having once, some generations ago, been Christians, they are much despised by the true believers. He looked about fifty years of age, small, and not handsome, with a crafty expression of face. He made us many pretty Arab speeches, for which he is rather famous, assuring us that he had never admired his palace until we praised it, and that our words had made it lovely, &c. &c., and then he offered to show it to us, telling us that it had been built by the Crusaders, about a hundred years before his family came into possession of it, and that they had occupied it eight hundred years. It has been a fine old building, but is now much decayed and dilapidated. He took us through a handsome inner court and up two stories of staircases to a lofty leewān arch, the entrance to the hareem — the most perfect specimen of Saracenic architecture possible — a fairy-like structure of rose-coloured limestone, inlaid with various polished marbles most delicately and tastefully carved; the deeply receding arches with honeycombed semi-domes, were supported on slender spiral columns, with wreaths of flowers twisted round them, there were richly carved medallions, and in the centre a broken fountain; the whole thing was most rich and elegant. The hareem apartments seemed gaily painted, and a number of female slaves and handsomely dressed little girls kept peeping out at us. The Emir's father, too old to govern now, but consulted on every occasion, sat in one of the courts wrapped up in fur. Sa'ad-ed-dîn himself was shabbily dressed; but his servants were all well clad, and seemed respectable Arabs, not slaves.

He accompanied us down to the court, standing while we mounted our horses, and sent a janissary to guide us to the Druze Khulweh (place of worship), to which my sister rode with a friend, while I remained sketching in the town, not being as yet very active again.

They found it rather a long mount up to the Druze settlement, but the way commanded wild and beautiful views of the mountains. At last they reached some low houses and an arch, under which was a strong screw press, for pressing honey from the comb, the janissary said; above this was a well-built stone terrace in front of the chapel, called a Khulweh, which means "solitude." Some very old Druzes, with long beards as white as their turbans, came forward to meet them, and led them into a small enclosure, shaded by a large oak-tree, where eight others were sitting in conclave on a stone divan; they were most cordially welcomed, and carpets spread for them to rest on, while the old men reseated themselves in European fashion on the divan. One of them was a hundred years old, and had a white beard reaching below his waist; he was bent and rather deaf, but with all the fire of youth in his clear, blue eye. They said they knew the English were always good friends with the Druzes, and, in reply to the request of their visitors, professed themselves happy to show the inside of their chapel to them; so the oldest Druze led the way into the chapel, in the outer passage of which they took off their shoes, and thence into a room where two rows of pillars supported an arched roof; the floor was covered with thick carpets, a divan of cushions round it, and piles of small cushions in the corners; they apologised that it was very poor — they had no ornaments to show, no hanging lamps, like the Christians, or fine Priests' dresses; they said they had

no distinguishing dress for those in authority, and no ceremonies; they only prayed the prayers transmitted from generation to generation, and read from the sacred books; they had, they said, thirty Priests or Akhals (the initiated), who lived in this chapel during the winter. They insisted on their visitors eating or drinking with them — it was "their rule," and they "must," a refusal would pain them so much, — so they brought an osier tray heaped up with raisins, figs, and roasted maize, of which they partook: but the Druzes were much grieved that they could not stop to take a real dinner with them, and implored them to return on another day; they made the servants fill their pockets with all that remained of the dried fruits. Opposite the window of the room there was a very strong-looking door of polished metal or stone, which they saw by the outside must have led into a room which had no outer windows; this was probably the *real* chapel, into which they never admit a stranger, and the outer room perhaps had only been passed off upon their visitors, to prevent their asking any more questions; this was the very Khulweh plundered by Ibrahim Pacha, when their sacred books were scattered about and many of them burned. Their visitors left them with many salaams and good wishes, and returned to Hasbeiya, where the Emir came out to salute them as they passed by. I had in the mean time been sketching on the road, to the immense surprise of the people, who crowded round me, explaining to each other what I was doing, and at last fell into a discussion which greatly edified me as to whether I was man or woman—"welled" or "bint;" — they became quite excited in their perplexity, and propounded the difficult question in a loud voice to every fresh arrival; when I stood up and they saw how small I was and

my long riding-habit, besides the hat which they admired greatly, they seemed overcome with astonishment; but they agreed then that I must be a "bint," not a "welled," while the dragoman chaffed them for their stupidity.

From Kaukaba we determined to make a long *détour* to see the natural bridge over the Litaany, so we left our tents the next morning at 9.30, and ascended the other side of the valley, passing the mines, whence the workmen brought out huge cakes of pure bitumen to show us; there are about thirty pits containing bitumen of the finest quality lying in horizontal strata; at the top of the hill came lovely views, looking back, of the Lake of Galilee, and looking forward, of the ravine of the Litaany, into whose depths we saw more distinctly as we rode along the uplands, and over brow after brow of the mountains, until we reached Yah'mour, a miserable Metouaalee village; thence the mules were sent on by a more practicable route, while we descended a break-neck path, cut out of the rock, and overhanging the river, to the natural bridge of El Kouweh — a scene of splendid beauty, enthusiastically admired by Dr. Robinson, — the grand cliffs rising perpendicularly about 400 or 500 feet at each side in masses of grey limestone and bright red soil, with oak, oleander, ferns, crocuses, and cyclamen bursting out from every crevice. The bridge, which is formed by masses of rock which have tumbled down, is about forty feet high; some fine fig trees grow under it, leaning over the madly rushing, foaming water, which throws up its white spray among their branches. It is a glorious spot, and we lingered there long before we commenced the very steep and difficult ascent on the other side; this surmounted, we found a good path up the pretty, wide green valley of Mushgharrah, along which I imagine many a band of

Crusaders passed wearily. The wady opens up into the Bukaa, with a fine view of the Anti-Lebanon range, which was then crimsoned in the setting sun. Mush-gharrah is situated at the foot of Jebel Tom Niha—the twin peaks—to the west of the valley of the Litaany; the village is large, and thickly shaded with trees; at the bottom of it, beside the dashing river, is a bright little cemetery under fine walnut-trees, and near it a picturesque waterfall, embosomed in foliage, rich ferns and flowers; travellers should encamp in this pretty meadow rather than mount into the village as we did. Opposite to the village, on the very summit of the mountain, are two thick groves of aged trees, doubtless one of the "groves and high places" of Baal-worship; the peasants have many legends about their sacredness.

Our ride of eight hours on the next day was one of much beauty; an excellent road led through the whole valley, and we had pretty views in every direction; by-and-by we crossed a ridge which divided the valley of the Litaany from the district of Esh Shŭkîf, when we found ourselves among the rich red soil and stone pines familiar to us at our beloved Beit Miry; we followed a very tortuous path over the shoulder of Jebel Rihân, with beautiful views of the lakes Houleh and Tiberias, and of Hermon, looking excessively grand under a dark stormy sky, with thick black clouds gathering about his head, from whence peals of thunder saluted us at intervals. We passed a rock thickly incrusted with a brilliant sulphur-coloured salt, and quantities of fine fossil wood; while all the paths were shaded with myrtle bushes in full flower, from which the mountain takes its name of *rihan*, the Arabic for myrtle; the horses ate the flowers most greedily. Then came two hours of descent among a forest of prickly oak and arbutus, but in which all the

really fine trees had been burned for charcoal—several were burning as we passed, the fire lighted round the roots and left to burn till the tree falls. The sound of a pipe attracted us, and we searched the bushes till we found a shy shepherd-boy playing really pretty airs on a rude pipe of two reeds, surrounded by his goats, who seemed enchanted with the melody, — two of them were standing on their hind legs with their fore paws on his shoulders.

We found our tents pitched on the hill-side, by the black-looking village of Jermuk. A rich valley lay beneath us, closed at the southern end by the noble Castle of Belfort, called Khŭlat esh Shŭkîf, which we were very anxious to visit, as a spot famous in crusading annals, and because it is frequently mentioned in the old Chronicles by the same name as our own. The thunderstorm we had been expecting broke upon us in the night, and we were nearly drenched by the morning, our tents not having an outer cover; we therefore determined to push on to the Castle, contrary to the advice of the dragomans, as we thought it quite as unpleasant to sit in the rain inside as outside the tent.* So we wrapped ourselves up and started, whereupon the sun came out approvingly, and turned the clouds into a beautiful fresh day. We sent the tents by a different route, and followed ourselves a pretty path, over breezy downs, through two villages, Nŭbatîyeh and Arnoun, to the foot of the Castle hill; thence we had an ascent of about an hour, partly on foot, to the summit.

This Castle is well worth a visit. It is perched on the brow of an absolutely perpendicular cliff, rising 1500

* I may as well remark that this night of rain and the day on Sunnîn, in the month of June, was the only rain we had during all the months we were travelling with tents!

feet from the bed of the Litaany, which dashes in white foam over the rocks at the bottom of the chasm. The other side of the ravine is not so lofty, but beyond it the country slopes up to the foot of Hermon, in every variety of colour: and the chasm of the river is thickly wooded. There is a deep moat round the other three sides of the Castle, only a very narrow ledge on the river side being left for entrance. Some of the towers are sixty or eighty feet high, with sloping masonry at the foot of each, resembling the Tower of Hippicus at Jerusalem. Much of the foundation of the Castle is built with massive stones, bearing the Phœnician bevel; probably the Crusaders only added their own work to an already strong and ancient fortress, since, commanding, as it did, the principal road from Sidon to Damascus, and to Laish (Banias), it could never have been left unfortified; and the name still used being the same as the Hebrew, seems to indicate that it was a Hebrew fortress. Shŭkif means to overhang, or to look out from, and is used to signify the same kind of overhanging or projecting rock in Numb. xxi. 20. The walls are very thick, and a great number of finely-vaulted chambers remain uninjured, as well as five or six staircases. In the centre is the now ruined chapel, built by the Crusaders, with a groined roof, and a little ornament remaining on the doorways and walls. How many an ardent prayer may have arisen under its arches for the restoration of the Holy Sepulchre, and victory against the infidels, before the pious and valiant Knight went forth to conquer, or — far more often — to die!

Various are the stories connected with this Castle and its possession now by the Crusaders — now by the gallant Saladîn. It must ever have been a place of great importance to either party. The view from it is

very fine indeed, and the two sister fortresses of Banias and Hunîn are easily distinguished. We sat here a long time, sketching, and thinking over its old history, with visions of the pious Louis, and Philip Augustus, and our own brave Cœur-de-Lion, and listening to the utter silence of the lonely spot, when, from the ruined keep of the Castle, a huge eagle, disturbed by the unwonted voices, uprose on

> "proud and ample pinion . . . .
> Sailing with supreme dominion
> Through the azure deep of air,"

and flew majestically over to the opposite heights.

A quarter of an hour further, the river, which flows due south from the valley of the Bukaa, turns at a sharp angle to the west, and the chasm, scarcely three feet wide at the bottom, bends round, presenting a lovely and splendid picture. The sides are richly covered with wood of many kinds, and, as far as we could see down by leaning over the edge of the cliff, bright with flowers. This is one of the finest spots in all Syria, and it is indeed of very singular beauty.

We walked down to Arnoun, and then descended a very rough path, full of lovely views, to a delightful old bridge, at the very foot of the Castle cliff, called Jisr Khurdeli, of high, pointed arches, half hidden in trees and oleanders. We had a steep ascent on the other side, ere we reached our tents, placed on the top of the ridge of hills between the Litaany and Hermon, near a village called Khurbeh. The great mountain was densely shrouded in clouds, and for the last hour or two had appeared awfully grand and black: but the sun set just as we reached the tents, and the whole scene was in a moment transformed as if by magic. The thick clouds changed to sheets of rose-colour and gold,

and, breaking asunder, revealed the majestic mountain standing in the midst, robed in a mantle of deep, dark violet and indigo blue, from whence the snowy cone shone out like silver. The glorious colouring lasted about a quarter of an hour, and then paled and darkened away, till, from behind the immense mass, the moon rose like a globe of fire, her beams touching all the mountain-tops and the white villages in the valley below, where only the screaming jackals disturbed the exquisite beauty of the night.

The wide valley which we had to cross the next morning — the Merj Ayūn, or meadow land at the southern end of the Wady et Teim — was delightful ground for cantering on; indeed, nearly all the roads in this part of the country are good, as they pass usually along wide valleys. These paths not being known to dragomans, we had brought an old guide, on mule-back, all the way from Mushgharrah, who was clever at avoiding any "bad steps." In consideration of his venerable white beard, I had addressed him with "O Sheikh!" which so delighted him that he stuck close to my side ever after, and insisted on talking to me. He was a fine, intelligent old man, and knew the country thoroughly. He told us quantities of stories about the mountains and the flowers and the people, and asked numbers of questions about the "Ingleez;" what did we do? how did we dress? what did we eat? &c. &c.; and concluded all by telling us he knew very well how to go to England, — viz. you must go to the great water with many mule-loads of figs and bread and clothes, and get into a great ship, and the ship would wabble very much — (here he nearly fell off his mule, with the excess of the wabbling) — and then would go "aha ha ha ha" . . . . . a note prolonged for about

two minutes, to signify the immense length of the journey. We volunteered a letter of recommendation for him to future travellers, and parted, the best of friends, for — oh! rare exception — the old man was actually contented with the money given him, and did not ask for more baksheesh!

We came after a couple of hours to the dyke of the Hasbany, of which we followed the windings looking down on the river, tumbling over black basaltic stones, and, by-and-by, to the bridge with an unpronounceable name, which belonged to a tribe of half-breed Bedoueens in the neighbourhood — Jisr Gkhujar — where there were delicious nooks for bathing under thickets of nebbk and oriental plane, gay with oleanders. In half an hour thence we reached what is called the Source of the Jordan, a beautiful spot, where the water wells out with wonderful copiousness from under a grove of lofty valonidis oak-trees, in a wide circle of clear crystal water, one of the largest fountains known.* Above this is a hill of rubbish, covered up with trees, and stones, and huts, which cover the ruins of Dan, the northern limit of the land of Israel,—"from Dan to Beersheba;" a good situation for an important town, the hill being just high enough to command the whole plain, with the "Waters of Merom," now Lake Houleh, beyond, and the mountains closing in a fine circle all round it. It was from this place that Abraham chased the Mesopotamian chiefs who had taken his brother prisoner, and pursued them as far as Damascus, — hence that the children of Dan expelled the careless colonists from Sidon, who had settled in the "place where there was no want of any-

* There is another source of the Jordan on the eastern side of Banias, called Lake Phiala, from its circular shape—mentioned by Josephus.

thing that is in the earth," and set up a city and an altar for themselves; and here that Jeroboam erected a golden calf to save the people the trouble of making pilgrimage to Jerusalem; the meaning of the Hebrew name Dan was "judge," and thus the Arab of to-day does but translate the ancient word into his own language, calling it Tell el Khady, the hill of the judge. From under this hill another, or part of the same fountain, flows out, and the old pilgrims, Arculf in the sixth century, and Sæwulf in the tenth century, relate that these two fountains were called Jor and Dan — the union of the two waters making the river Jordan! This was always the frontier town of Palestine, and our next twelve or fourteen days were spent in Galilee.

The two hours after this lay through a charming forest of lofty oaks, the valonidis (from the Hebrew name *allon*), or "oaks of Bashan," plane, caroob, and the bright foliage of the nebbk, covered with its pretty little fruit, which we pulled and ate as we rode along; the trees were tangled over with vines and wild roses, making bowers from one to the other; then we passed all through Banias and fixed our tents in an olive grove on the other side of the town, by the bank of the stream, commanding a beautiful view of the castle and country. This village is so infested with serpents and scorpions, in the summer, that every house has a sort of cage, made of branches and dried leaves, erected on poles above the roof, into which the inhabitants mount by a ladder to sleep, — very odd these airy bedrooms look: the people are disagreeable and troublesome to strangers, and we had several alarms of robbers during the three nights we stayed there, besides paying a large price for the permission to encamp under the olive trees. But we had a delicious spot: the ruins of the old citadel

were close by, and the path led through an ancient square tower of bevelled stones, over a picturesque bridge, under which a cataract of foaming water, the Za'areh, dashed down to the Jordan; the rocks over which it tumbled and the old stones of the bridge, were thickly hung with long streamers of vines and blackberries, bending down to catch the light spray from the water, and with lovely fronds of hart's-tongue and giant maiden-hair fern of deliciously fresh green; then the stream tumbled on under an arched avenue of large plane and willow trees, which met and interlaced at the top, shading a pool that made a bathing-place *par excellence*. It is no wonder that travellers coming up from the arid, stony ugliness of Judæa, should think Banias a perfect paradise of loveliness, and as Josephus calls it — a "place of great pleasure, — famous and delightful;" its freshness and luxuriant verdure are remarkable even to eyes lately come from the thick foliage and flowers of Damascus.

Quite on the other side of the town, at the foot of a cliff of bright red limestone, one of the lowest spurs of Hermon, are the remains of the old Greek shrine of Pan, from which the place derives its name — Pan being the Grecian representative of the Syrian god, Baal. A deep cave and a very copious spring made the spot suitable for the commemoration of that sylvan god; and though not now a pretty spot in itself, it must have been a fine one when the cavern was open and the sculptured niches perfect, — still more so when the "beautiful temple of white marble," erected by Herod the Great, in honour of Cæsar-Augustus, was standing. Now, the cavern is half filled up, and the water only oozes out at some distance: the niches are broken and hidden under the heaps of *débris* of stones,

broken so small that the ruins of a temple are scarcely discernible, and the only "odour of sanctity" to be perceived at present is a handsome little Wely, dedicated to the Mooslim St. George, called El Khudr. This Tomb is prettily built with twisted and sculptured columns, and we found in it a carved stone, hollowed at the top, which seemed like the remains of an ancient altar. The view from it is fine. We scrambled down the hill, and followed the stream into its delicious and lofty thickets of ash, bay, laurustinus, myrtle, vine, clematis, nightshade, ever so many different roses, and a thousand other plants, shading the little cascades of water and hiding many remains of ancient buildings.

But the grand object at Banias is the noble Castle of Subeibeh, which stands on a cliff something more than 1000 feet above the town. It took us nearly two hours to reach the top, partly on foot, for the way is very steep. It has been an enormous Castle, Carnarvon and Raglan put together would scarcely equal it, but its chief merit is in the splendid workmanship of the masonry. The stones are *very* large, and nearly all of the Phœnician bevel; the plan of some of the towers and sloping substructions closely resembles the Tower of Hippicus, while near the west end a Saracenic hall has been built, like that at Baalbek, the groined roof supported upon a central pillar. At the eastern end the castle expands into almost a second castle, mounted on much higher rocks. There are some remarkable cisterns hewn in the rock, one so enormous that it must have been able to supply a large garrison for a year or two; this is finely vaulted over, and has two stone staircases descending to the bottom. Altogether this has been, I suppose, not only the finest fortress in Syria, but probably was one of the finest ancient strongholds in the

world; and it is said to be "the most perfect specimen extant of Phœnician military architecture." It commands a noble view from one side, but is not in itself well placed for modern warfare, as, instead of being an isolated eagle's eyrie, like Khulat esh Shukif, Subeibeh is commanded on three sides by mountains closely bending round it, for the ridge on which it stands is like one finger running out in the space between two other fingers, both of which are much loftier than itself. Some peasants were cultivating tobacco in the light soil on the summit, and in the turned-up earth we found quantities of bits of ancient pottery and glass, some of fine colour and delicate texture, with the iridescence of time very strongly marked upon it. The slopes of the rocky hill are now thickly wooded, and the whole place was spangled with flowers.

The prophetic blessing pronounced by the patriarch Jacob on his death-bed comes naturally to one's mind in Banias; for the little colony of Danites seem to have been planted here exactly in the spot where they could be "a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward." The children of Israel were always subject to the incursions and raids of the Syrians of Damascus, the Assyrians, and others; and whether they entered the land of Israel by one side or the other of Hermon — whether they swept down the Bukaa and the Wady et Teim, or chose the shorter route through the upper part of Ituræa, the men of Dan were always lying in ambush, as it were, under the foot of the mountain, to intercept their progress, or to attack them from behind; and thus make them "fall backward." But Banias had a deeper interest for us than any mere historical one — this was the first place in which we came upon the

Footsteps of our Lord, — for it is the Cæsaræa-Philippi of the Gospels, — a name given to it when it became part of the territory under the jurisdiction of "Philip Tetrarch of Ituræa, of the region of Trachonitis;" it was here that the Son of Man pronounced a special blessing on the ardent Peter's confession of His Divinity, and promised that His Church, built upon a rock, should be sustained through all ages: and then "six days after" He went "up into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them" — most probably, from what can be gathered from the Gospels, one of the lofty peaks, wooded and lonely, immediately above the town, — as no change of place is mentioned between His coming to Cæsaræa-Philippi and His going up into a "high mountain;" — Hermon was, both in reality and in name, the loftiest of all the mountains of Syria—*the* "high mountain" *par eminence:* it had also always been considered a *holy* mountain, probably from the worship carried on in the Temple upon, and those all around it; and perhaps St. Peter alludes to this as well as to its after and holier consecration, when in his second Epistle (i. 18,) he calls it the "holy mount."

It was to Banias that Agrippa II. withdrew with his sister Berenice when he found the Jews would not be ruled by him, nor submit to the Romans; the city was afterwards visited by both Vespasian and Titus when the Roman army was encamped on the plain of Esdraelon previous to the Fall of Jerusalem: and it was here, 1100 years after, that Baldwin IV., King of Jerusalem, disgraced the word of a Christian and a knight, by carrying off the numerous herds of the Arabs and Turkcomans to whom he had vouchsafed his royal protection: a treachery amply avenged by Nour-ed-dîn. The coins of Cæsaræa-Philippi are still extant.

On leaving Banias we retraced our steps to the Jisr Gkhujar, and thence crossed the valley to the opposite side, among herds of buffaloes and the fine horses of a Turkish Bey, put out at grass among the rich pastures, and guarded by the tents of the Bedoueen shepherds; a number of buffaloes followed us up the long and very steep ascent to the Castle of Hŭnîn, and made themselves very disagreeable companions on the narrow path. This fortress is small and poor after Shŭkif and Subeibeh, and much ruined: it is a jumble of Phœnician, Roman, and Saracenic masonry — a fine hall yet remains, which has been a Mosque, and is now a cow-stable; the most curious thing about the Castle is the large deep moat, which seems to have been hewn out of the solid rock. We passed on by a very pretty path with fine views, shaded by arbutus-trees full of red berries, and found our tents on a bleak barren spot beside a pool of very dirty water, — all the water in the neighbourhood,—in a village called Meis el Jebel, of strict Metouaalees, the only village of that sect down here, I believe. A storm passed over our heads without breaking, presenting a beautiful scene of stratified clouds — five and six layers piled over each other on one spot with the thunder growling through them.

Early in the morning we rode on to Kedesh, the royal city of one of the Canaanite or Phœnician kings smitten by Joshua (xii. 22), a "fenced city," and a "city of refuge" of the tribe of Naphtali (xix. 37; xxi. 32); and a *holy* place, as its name signifies in Hebrew, the name which it still retains. We were very anxious to see the ruins here, and dismounted at a small square edifice built in a very massive but simple style, wholly unornamented, save one bold moulding: the entrance faced the South, — inside, the four angles are filled up with

solid masonry, continued between each to the height of about three or four feet; the lower parts contained three cells for bodies on each side—these had evidently all been used as tombs; in some of them the lids of the sarcophagi were yet remaining, and all of them were full of bones; some of them may have been brought in by jackals, but some were human bones: in all, there were eleven sarcophagus beds, the place of the twelfth being occupied by the doorway. The conjecture of its having been a synagogue seems more than extraordinary, as no Jews could ever have met for prayer in such close proximity to dead bodies. The style of the building appeared to us Roman.

Somewhat further on were several sarcophagi—two of them double ones, with places for two bodies, cut in one stone and under one lid, which was peaked and sculptured all over with a pattern of pine-cones or scales. The sculpture on the sides is almost quite worn out and corroded by the weather, but in some lights one can indistinctly see an eagle sculptured at one end, and, on other sarcophagi, wreaths of leaves or pine-cone, bound together with fillets or ribbons, are really distinct; at the angles we all thought we distinguished rams' heads with horns curling round, or ends of ribbons united with the wreaths; there seemed also to have been rams' heads between the wreaths.

Beyond these, some parts of a temple still stand on a platform—the triple doorway, handsomely ornamented with egg moulding and wreaths of leaves, resembling those of Baalbek, but much worn; on the lintel of one of the side doors we espied an eagle displayed, but without crest, or streamers, or wreath, sharply carved and still very clear, a double rose and other flowers sculptured on each side of him; and in a small niche a

graceful-looking little figure in a toga or flowing drapery. On the ground lay some capitals of rich acanthus leaves; and half buried in the soil, and overgrown with thorns, we found a stone, which we thought looked like the slightly curved side of an altar. We made our saïs and some others dig it out and turn it up, and found that it had indeed been an altar, ornamented with three cones on each side at the top, and having a depression in the centre; on one side was a representation of itself, and on the other, between two palm-branches, a Greek inscription, in which the word ΘΕΟΙΣ was alone distinct. It appeared to us that every building here, and all their details, are indubitably Grecian or Roman; and we sought in vain to discover any of the grounds upon which Dr. Robinson founds his "conviction" that the sarcophagi were of Jewish tombs, or where he found the "splendour" of which he speaks so strongly.

Here lived Barak, a man of much consideration among the children of Israel, whom Deborah, the prophetess, desired to go with his 10,000 men to Mount Tabor, and thence to give battle, in the name of the Lord, to Sisera, the Phœnician general, which he did near the river Kishon. Everybody remembers how the defeated Sisera was treacherously assassinated by Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, whose tent was pitched under "the terebinths of Zaanaim, which is by Kedesh.* Curiously enough, all about Kedesh, there is still a remarkable number of lofty terebinth trees—fine, large, old trees, with their pointed leaves and pretty bunches of red berries, which turn green when they are ripe enough for eating, and from which the Arabs press an oil, good for burning, but which is very irritating if applied to

* Wrongly translated the "plain of Zaanaim," Judges iv. 11.

wounds; from the stem a great deal of gum exudes, smelling strongly of turpentine. It is curious that though the Arabic name for these trees is *Butm*, they call the young, tender, bright green foliage in Spring "tarabinth," a name we often heard used for them at Beit Miry. The inhabitants of Kedesh-Naphtali were among the first Jews carried into captivity by the Assyrians.

Our road led us up and down deep and wild ravines in steep, zigzagging paths. We stopped for luncheon in the village of Alma, where in the cemetery we saw a long plait of woman's hair bound upon one of the tombs, perhaps all the mourner had to offer — flowers lay upon another, twined into a wreath, and upon a third, a covered tomb, was a pottery vase full of ashes, in which incense had been burned. Splendid views of the Lebanon and beautiful Hermon made the road pleasant: and late in the day we reached Safed, a city set upon a very high, steep hill, up which our weary horses toiled. The hamlet at the bottom was full of gaily painted houses and little gardens, neat and tidy enough to do credit to an English gardener; but, indeed, all Safed is neat, being inhabited chiefly by Germans and Poles, thrifty, industrious, and thriving — and the town, having been almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake in 1837, and remained in ruins for many years, all the houses are newly built or building. We saw numbers of very handsome girls and boys in the village.

Safed is one of the "holy cities" of the Jews, and Israelites from all parts of the world come to reside here. It once possessed celebrated schools, at which many a learned Rabbin was educated, both before and after it had been one of the chief strongholds of the

Latin kingdom of Jerusalem: now the streets are full of foreigners, and the variety of costumes and countenances is very grotesque. The views from it are magnificent, extending over what was the kingdom of Bashan to the east, with the lovely lake of Tiberias at one's feet, and the mountains of Hattîn and Tabor to the south: on the other side are the stern, wild-looking hills of Jermuk, very dark and bold. In truth the view from the crumbled-down Castle of Safed is one of the loveliest in Syria, for all the country round it is varied and mountainous, with rich woods and green valleys. The path by which we left it wound down a steep ravine with ever-changing views of the Lake, while from every crevice between the broken rocks bloomed an infinite number of giant pink cyclamens and purple auriculas. We came soon into a green grassy valley, and were slowly crossing it, when suddenly a Bedoueen appeared in the distance, and soon after another and another. They reconnoitred us a little, and then rode straight down upon us. As this part of the country has a tolerably bad character, we all thought we were *in for it*, and closed up in a body; but they only parleyed with our guide, kissed him, and rode off. We, however, took the hint, and waited till our baggage came up, uniting our forces for our mutual protection. Turning round the next hill, we looked down upon their encampment of black tents, with large herds of cattle; and further on we found a delicious valley of nebbk trees, where scores of graceful camels with their young ones were feeding. A lovely scene it was, increasing in beauty as we reached the shores of that Lake, so dear to the heart of the Christian, and so constantly trodden by the feet of our blessed Lord, that one almost looks to find some visible trace remaining of His Presence.

CHAP. XVII.

HIS OWN CITY AND HIS EARLY HOME.

"But all things feel
The power of Time and Change! thistles and grass
Usurp the desolate palace, as the weeds
Of Falsehood root in the aged pile of Truth." —*Thalaba.*

THERE are few places about which the reports of travellers seem to differ more completely than the Lake of Tiberias. Miss Martineau says she thought, at first sight, that she had never seen a sheet of water with so little beauty: Lord Lindsay calls it lovely: Dr. Robinson says its attractions lie in the associations, not the scenery: while Strauss pronounces it the most beautiful place in all the earth. Much of these diversities of opinion arise, doubtless, from the road by which it is reached; but very much more is owing to the season at which it is visited. Most persons go there late in the spring, hurrying over the end of their Syrian tour, after witnessing the Easter ceremonies at Jerusalem; doubtless, then, and for probably six or seven months after, it is intolerably hot, feverish, unhealthy in the extreme to strangers, and very dreary; grey vapours, hot mists and fogs, thicken the air and obscure the delicate tints of the colouring; and the fact is, that in spring and summer the barren mountains of Palestine *have no* colouring—they are veiled in a monotonous dust-coloured mist, neither interesting nor

striking. At all times of year the basin in which the Lake lies is very hot: as the country rises in a steady though gentle ascent, from the coast of the Mediterranean to the brow of the mountain which forms the western shore of the Lake: while from that brow the Lake is sunk down 653 feet below the level of the Sea, the cliffs on the other side rising to about 1000 feet. The thermometer in summer frequently rises above 100° in the shade, and fevers are prevalent: the hot and cruel blasts of the scirocco commence in the spring, filling the air with the burning sand of the Desert, but ripening the melons (for which Tiberias is famous), tobacco, and grapes, a month or six weeks before those of Damascus or Saïda. Towards the end of the year the southern and eastern winds die away, and pleasant breezes from the north and north-west take their place, laden with the cool freshness they gather from the snowy summit of Lebanon; and it is said that snow has occasionally fallen on the Lake in the winter.

We arrived there on the 17th of November, and found, although the full sunshine was intolerable and the air altogether oppressive, yet it was not sufficient to make any of us feel ill, — we were, on the contrary, very comfortable in the shade; there was sometimes a refreshing breeze, especially on the water, and the colouring of the scenery was really beautiful: the mountains, arid and barren masses of rock on the eastern side, were clothed nearly all day in delicate lilacs and purples, sometimes rosy, sometimes golden — the water was always of a light greyish blue — the nebbk and walnuts that fringe the western shore were in their highest luxuriance, and the blossoms of the oleanders were absolutely glorious.

The Lake is about twelve and a half miles long: the

miserable town of Tiberias with its broken walls, the single dome of the Hot Baths, and the hamlet of Mejdel, all on the western side, are the only signs of humanity to be seen around its waters,—north, south, and east, the same silent, arid, desolate aspect, meets the eye; the little sail of one rickety old boat, on rare occasions, is seen on its sacred waters, and the most really beautiful object in the panorama is the lofty cone of glorious Hermon, snow-crowned, and, for most part of the year, snow-covered, filling up the whole of the northern end of the lake. Probably few places in Palestine present a more striking and complete contrast in its modern appearance to what it once was: in the time of our Lord seven or eight cities graced its banks, several of them magnificently adorned with stately palaces, spacious halls, theatres, forums, race-courses, and splendid Temples; the wares of every known country, from the far shores of Spain, Greece, and Egypt, to those of Persia and the Indies, mingled in the market-places with those of Damascus, Tyre, and Jerusalem, while the white sails of numerous ships crowded its waters carrying merchants or their merchandise, fishermen, or troops of Roman soldiers; now, not one stone lies upon another of all the edifices that lined the shores; silence reigns on all around—and the disappearance of Sodom and Gomorrah is not more complete than that of the cities of the Lake.

It was in Tiberias that Herod Antipas held his court when Tetrarch of Galilee, and there it is said that, seated on a throne of Parian marble inlaid with precious stones, he gave the fatal order to Salomé, the daughter of the miserable Herodias, for the execution of John the Baptist—while not one of the dissolute crowd gathered around the person of the infamous king, put forth a

hand to save the stern saint,—well might it be said of the inhabitants of the voluptuous cities then standing on the shores of the busy lake, that they were "a strange intermixture of Hebrews without faith, Romans without honour, men without courage, and females without modesty." Among such as these, how must the gentle spirit of the pure and holy Jesus have been bruised, stricken, and afflicted! Yet here He, who came not to do His own will, was found more often than in any other place—here, after He had "increased in wisdom and stature," He removed from the home of His childhood and dwelt in Capernaum, thenceforth called "His own city," with the sufferers whose infirmities He had taken and whose sicknesses He had borne, the woman whose sins He had forgiven, and a few poor fishermen who had left all to follow Him, as His companions and friends,—here He was especially the Son of Man, the Friend Who sticketh closer than a brother, encouraging the weak fears of one, healing the little daughter or faithful servant of another, restoring the lost, and taking little children in His arms, binding up the broken-hearted, bringing good tidings to the meek, and opening the prison to those that were bound—the Comforter of all that mourned, changing the spirit of heaviness into the garment of praise—the Consoler and Giver of Rest; here, too, He was essentially the Divine Teacher (whose lessons sunk into the hearts of His hearers by their homely words and examples taken from all that their eyes gazed on day by day), the Conqueror also of the spirits of darkness and evil, and of the stormy wind and sea; the Anointed of the Lord proclaiming the acceptable year, as well as the day of vengeance of our God: here, "the people which sat in darkness saw great light,"—and thence, He departed and began that long

journey which was only finished on the Cross of agony. Every spot seems living with Gospel associations — and here, more than in any other place save Jerusalem, the natural features of the landscape bring to mind His discourses and daily teachings. This is the great charm of the Lake of Galilee.

We reached the shore at 'Ain Tabighah, and pitched our tents beside the bubbling, rushing stream, which gushes out from among thickets of nebbk, and agnus castus; the hum of the tent pitching soon died away, and we wandered out to the low rocks and loose stones upon the sandy beach, just at the edge of the water, and spent the evening in watching the lovely scene before us. The hills that sloped down from Safed, backed by Jebel Jermuk, and Kurn Hattîn, all green and verdant, swept round on our right at the back of the little plain of Gennesaret, to the mountain behind the town of Tŭbariyeh (Tiberias), now dark and purple in the sinking sunlight, while the dark brown town, and the white Baths, were distinctly to be seen beyond the luxuriant foliage of the little plain; on the left, every gully, ravine and crag of the rugged mountains of Bashan were lit up by the dying rays, while to the south both sides united in the blue, clear distance of the Jordan hills at the foot of the lake; the flowers of the agnus castus perfumed the air, the fish sported visibly in and out of the waters, and not a sound was heard but the bubbling of the fountain, and the little tinkling bells of the mules.

This 'Ain Tabighah is the only creek on the shores of the Lake, where, from the shelving, instead of rocky nature of the beach, a boat could be drawn up on the land,—and it has, therefore, been conjectured (with some little reason) to be the scene of the second miracu-

lous draught of fishes; it is with much more probability considered as the home of Simon Peter, and Andrew, James and John. It is now agreed upon by most learned men that there were *two* Bethsaïdas — one of which was exalted into the dignity of a city by Philip, the tetrarch of Gaulanitis, Ituræa, and Trachonitis, and to which the name of Julia, the daughter of Cæsar, was given by him, after he had enlarged and embellished it: this town, of course, stood on the *east* side of the Jordan, where only Philip had jurisdiction; no more than a few heaps of stones now mark the spot, but much more is probably hidden under the mound that covers the site; looking down from the hills above, we had been able to discern the place with the river flowing past it into the Lake — a deep ravine behind it, and some uplands of green grass, on which, or on the grassy meadow between it and the river bank, it must have been that the multitude was miraculously fed by our Lord: and from thence He "passed over the lake to Capernaum." (John vii. 15, 17.) The other Bethsaïda was called "of Galilee" (John xii. 21), thus implying that there were two towns of the same name, and that this must have been on the *western* side of Jordan; it probably stood near the beach, since its name, "house of fish," seems to denote a village of fishermen. It has been supposed to have occupied a position near this little creek, though no remains of buildings have fixed the spot: and it was to this place, when sad and lonely at His absence, knowing indeed of His Resurrection, but no longer dwelling familiarly with Him, as of old, that seven of his disciples returned, with their hearts full of deep but awed affection, pondering over His sufferings, and their own weakness, and recommenced their old occupations; here, therefore, close by that little creek, after a night of

weary and fruitless toil, they saw Him standing on this shore, in the dim twilight of the dawn, and heard His sweet, gentle command to them, to cast in the net for the fish they sought,—the loving heart of St. John quickly recognised his Lord, and St. Peter, trembling with eagerness and affection, threw on the rough garb that lay beside him, and hastened through the shallow water, to the spot whereon He stood, yet durst not ask Him, Is it Thou, O Lord? Here, too, the solemn question came to Peter, "Lovest thou Me?" to which the zealous disciple, his heart beating with the joy of having again found his Lord and Master, readily answered, "Yea, Lord;" and a second time, thinking perhaps that the strength of his love was doubted, or that the Saviour desired, as the affectionate disciple would have done himself, another assurance of his devotion, he answered with the same readiness,—but when yet again, the third time the question was repeated, Peter paused; had he been unmindful of its true meaning? did the love his Lord demanded imply another kind of love, than the half careless mind, though ready heart had fathomed? pangs of conscience perhaps struck him, memories of opportunities wasted, warnings forgotten, advice and precepts thrown away; a horrible remorse arose from the threefold question, when he remembered how three times he had denied his Lord in public, while again in the stillness of the morning the crowing of the cock sounded in his ears: and who can tell whether in that moment visions swept not across his mind of future sorrow, and pain, and suffering, and something told him of a love, so far exceeding all he *had* felt that it would enable him to bear agony and wrong in patience and gladness of soul;—and so with a heart bursting with humility and self-abasement, and yet of profound love, he

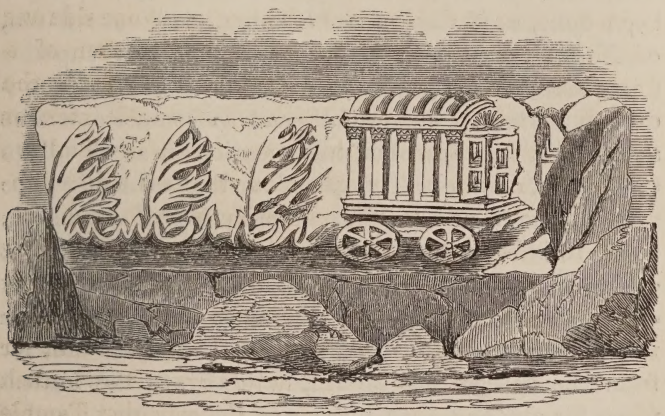
answered, "Thou only, O Lord, knowest! fain would I have this love, but thou only canst give it, or keep it in me. I am Thine, do with me as seemeth good in Thy sight;" and Jesus gave him His divine command. He laid the Cross upon his shoulders, and put the Cup of which He had drank into his hand, and when He had done this, He said unto him: "Follow Me unto the fountains of living waters, where God Himself shall wipe away all tears from thine eyes."

There was not the faintest ripple on the water as we rode along the shore the next morning, skirting the hillside, to the ruins of Tell-Hûm, the difficulties of exploring which are recounted as very terrific by most travellers, owing to the dense crop of thistles, about the height of a man on horseback, which flourish over the ruins: now, in the autumn, they were all dead, and gave us no inconvenience. The site, which is close to the beach, is covered thickly with heaps of hewn stones, of a very dark limestone, almost black; those *in situ* are only foundations with bases and plinths of columns, while masses of ornamented lintels, doorposts, cornices, and friezes lie on the ground confusedly piled up. There was one acanthus-leaved capital, the egg moulding, a profusion of other ornaments, and a great number of huge stones shaped thus , of which we could not devise the use. Among the broken columns were several bases composed of one square and two round columns combined, one side of the square being rounded out into two half-circles, and all cut in the same block,—the same combination as we had seen on the Triumphal Arch and other buildings at Palmyra: Dr. Robinson and Mr. Porter say that they are indicative of a Jewish synagogue. But our chief interest

soon centered in a large stone, on which, stooping down into a hole, we saw some curious figures, and immediately got three men to upturn for us, in order to obtain a more distinct view; and of which, in spite of the burning midday sun, I took a careful drawing. The stone was of a very white limestone, about three feet and a half long and eighteen inches high; on one side was carved, not in high relief, the representation of a Temple on wheels, with pilasters against the wall, the capitals of which were a rude kind of double nick or tooth, something like the usual top to a Greek altar; the door, a double one with panels, has one side sculptured so as to appear ajar, or pushed a little open outwards; in the tympanum was an ornament resembling rays, or possibly leaves. The roof was arched over with regular depressions on the arching, to our minds unmistakeably representing curtains pressed down, or drawn in with cords; two wheels with six spokes in each were carved beneath the side. Beyond the Temple three large *half*-acanthus leaves were rather richly sculptured, with a border of leaves curling up from under them. The stone was broken at each end. It occurred to us each at once, Should Dr. Robinson be right in supposing that a Jewish synagogue stood here, might not this be a representation of the Tabernacle? possibly part of a panel or a frieze commemorative of the return of the Ark to the people of Israel when it was sent back by the Philistines?* or of "the Ark of God set upon a new cart," and brought up by David from Kirjath-jearim to Jerusalem, with music and dancing, and the sound of the trumpet†; the half-acanthus leaves may have been a comparatively modern represen-

* 1 Sam. vi. † 2 Sam. vi.

tation of the flowers, and wreaths, and green branches spread in the way? In the Mishna we are told that the sanctuary of Shiloh "was a structure of low stone walls, with the tent drawn over the top."* The Tabernacle was undoubtedly only covered over at the top by



STONE FOUND AT TELL HUM.

hangings, *one* of which was hung entirely *inside* the woodwork, the others were thrown over it.† In the embellishment of the sides of the edifice the artist may have added imaginary pilasters, according to the buildings of the time in which he lived; but the *fact* of the open roof, with only the curtain of fine linen and embroidery between it and the sky, he was not likely to forget.

I cannot but hope that the account given here may arrest the attention of some scholars whose researches

* Mishna, ed. Surenlasius, vol. v. p. 59.

† See Munk, pp. 155, 156.

have been directed to the subjects connected with Hebrew archæology, and that some interesting result may be drawn from the consideration of this very remarkable stone.*

It would seem, from the expressions used by Christ in upbraiding the cities in which His mighty works had been done, as if Capernaum (Capher, *a village;* nāum, of *Nahum*, a proper name), had been a city superior ("exalted to heaven") to the others; but so immediate had been its downfall, and so complete was its abasement, that Josephus only mentions it as "a village called Capernaum." The splendour that evidently once existed here, from the unusual profusion of ornament, seems to indicate that Tell Hûm must be the site of a city more than ordinarily handsome. It is also worthy of mention that Josephus, being wounded in a skirmish fought where the Jordan falls into the lake, "not far from the banks," was carried, naturally, to the nearest place for aid, and that place was Capernaum†; and if Capernaum stood upon an elevation, as has been thought probable from our Lord's custom of singling out those characteristics of places which most obviously struck the eye, Tell Hûm is the *only* site between the Jordan and Mejdel, where ruins have been found, that is placed on a hill: the city which once stood here, whichever it

* The Jews first commenced the institution of synagogues in their towns after the Captivity, or about the time of Ezra. They were at first only rooms, and afterwards buildings, set apart as places of meeting for the purposes of joint prayer and religious instruction. Each synagogue was served by several ministers, under one chief or principal, one of whom recited the prayers and expounded certain chapters of the Pentateuch, or Prophets. At other times the synagogues served, then as now, as school rooms for the children, who were gratuitously taught to read by the scribes and doctors who frequented the synagogue, or by the ministers attached to it.—*Munk.*

† Joseph. Life, 72.

was, must have been much more conspicuous than any other, except Tiberias, on the western side of the Lake. There are no other ruins between Tiberias and the Jordan to be at all compared, either in extent or richness, to those of Tell Hûm; but beyond it, two miles further north, there are heaps of hewn stones enough for a town, called by the Arabs *Kerâzeh*, exactly answering to the description given by St. Jerome of the situation of Chorazin. Probably the positions of Capernaum and Bethsaïda will never be ascertained, but the remains at Kerâzeh deserve to hold a place as one of the three, all the more as there are really *no* remains of ancient buildings at 'Ain Tabighah, unless, indeed, the ground has closed over them.

We were unable to make any investigation to the north, beyond a general view, and, much to our regret, we found it impossible to ride to Kerâzeh or to cross the Jordan: Bedoueens were encamped at both, the two tribes were at war with each other, and we could not find a guide to take us to either in safety. Two men offered themselves for the purpose, announcing that they were Bashi-Bazouks, but we had no means of ascertaining that they were such, and it would have been highly unsafe to venture among the Bedoueens without protection. So we reluctantly turned round and rode back to 'Ain Tabighah, whence the tents had already gone on, as we thought a second night in such close neighbourhood to the Bedoueens might be too strong a temptation for them to resist, and we had been warned by several *prowlers* coming in the previous night about the tents, who received a somewhat warmer reception than they expected.

In about a quarter of an hour, passing along a rock-cut road, we had reached the little Plain of Gennesaret,

a semicircular plain left by the suddenly receding hills, and covered with rich vegetation, the only flat meadow land on the borders of the lake, except just where the Jordan falls into, and runs out of it. On the north side of the plain a few stones lie scattered about, and a few more, it is said, lie under the trees and little mounds further on; if this be really the site of Capernaum, as some believe, never was there a city more entirely levelled and annihilated! The principal argument for this idea is that here, gushing from the base of the cliff which borders the plain to the north, is a fountain or spring containing numbers of very tiny semi-transparent fish gliding about among the pebbles, and these have been suggested to be the same as the fish alluded to by Josephus, similar to some in a lake near Alexandria, and which fountain, he says, the people of the country called Capernaum. The spring is shaded by two fine fig trees, whence its name, "'Ain et teen" (*teen*, Arabic for fig); a number of camels were browsing on the nebbk bushes and drinking from the clear water, while the baby camels were gambolling about the plain. A little further on, some old walls are all that remain of a khan mentioned by many writers even 300 years ago, as Khan Mineyeh. This little plain, once the rich garden of whatever city stood here, is now covered only with deep thickets of oleanders loaded with blossoms, giant thistles of beautiful colours, nebbk and agnus castus, whose pretty spikes of lavender flowers made the air fragant; the shore was one mass of tiny shells, which the muleteers kept picking up begging us to admire them; we brought away great numbers after strolling over the plain. Mejdel, the modern representative of the old Magdala, from whence Mary Magdalene derived her name, is only a collection of wretched hovels, looking

picturesque enough at the moment, from a large caravan which was resting there, laden with apples and pears, *en route* from Damascus to Nazareth. We found our tents pitched by the cemetery on the site of ancient Tiberias, a little to the south of the modern town, and close to the edge of the water; this position was very quiet, cool and pleasant, free from all the annoyances and uncleanness for which the town is so famous.

We engaged the one fishing boat of Tiberias to take us on the following morning to the ravine directly opposite the town, Wady Fîk, the site of ancient Gamala, but finding that some Bedoueens were encamped between the shore and the Tombs, we turned southwards and in two hours reached the pleasant grassy banks where the Lake passes quietly into the Ghor, or valley of the Jordan: we landed on the eastern bank of the river, and walked across the meadows between one or two of its windings among nebbk trees and flowers and dhourra fields. The banks were bordered with thick cane brakes, with their long lank leaves floating like streamers on the wind and the waters, and listened to the wild boars moving about in the depths of the brake; a camel was suckling two pretty little camels under a tree, and kids were sporting in the stubble; then we got down to the river's edge and began picking up lovely shells, when presently I saw a little snake, about two feet long, come swimming slowly towards me; its body was lying in curves just under water, and its pretty head stood erect some three inches out of it, perking about from side to side in the most knowing fashion, but very gracefully: it stopped and regarded me with wonder, and I threw a little stone at it to see what it would do; the creature swam rapidly to shore at my very feet, stopped a moment turning round for another

look at me, then rushed among the pebbles and darted away into a hiding-place.

We sat down under the shade of the rocks, and one of our boatmen walked knee-deep into the lake with a little net; in a few minutes he had a dozen fish each about the size of a mackerel; the other man collected two or three sticks and built up a little pile over a morsel of charcoal, on which he placed the fish; the sticks were lit with his cigarette, and in five minutes he brought them to us nicely broiled: most excellent they were, and it was interesting to us to have them thus cooked, remembering the "fire of coals" (charcoal), and "the fish laid thereon," and the blessed invitation of the Risen Lord to His apostles, "Come and dine," while we could look round at the very mountains and lake that had met His own human eyes, and feel that we were indeed seeing the same objects, breathing the same air, and treading the same shell-covered shore that our blessed Saviour Himself had done. We went very slowly back to Tiberias late in the afternoon, enjoying the sweet gentle air and the lovely view — the sunshine purpling the barren eastern mountains, and illuminating the old fortress above Gamala, Safed castle standing up aloft on the left, while the golden clouds mantled in long ribbons across the head of noble Hermon, and tinged all the snow with beautiful rose-colour. If any one wants to *feel* the beauty of the Lake of Gennesaret, let him spend a November or December evening on its bosom, watching the varying scene, till all has faded into darkness — till he has done that, he has not understood that Lake; here above all places one realises in the scenery, over which the familiar associations of Scripture have cast their halo, that

> "The colouring may be of this earth,
> The lustre comes of heavenly birth."

This lake is literally teeming with fish, we had four kinds at dinner, caught by a man standing on the shore in front of our tents, but as no one catches them in any other way, of course very few, comparatively, are taken. Josephus says the water in it is very remarkable for its coldness and "subtle flavour," we thought it, however, particularly flat and mawkish; the bread made by the Polish Jews in the town is delicious. Tubarîyeh, as it is called, is most melancholy-looking, from the utter ruin caused by the earthquake of 1837, when several hundred houses were thrown down, the walls crumbled into heaps, the towers broken into holes, and the place more than half destroyed. This is one of the four *holy cities* of the Jews, in one of which they expect the Messiah will come upon earth; the chief part of the population is composed of Jews from Poland, Bohemia, Russia, and Spain. When the Jews ceased to fight for Palestine as their country, many learned rabbins retired to Tiberias, where a celebrated academy was founded; and here, about the year A.D. 180, the holy Rabbi Judah, who traced his descent from one of the skeletons restored to life by Ezekiel, made the famous collection of Jewish laws and traditions known by the name of the *Mishna*. The Jews in Palestine were united into a sort of religious society, under a *Nasi* or patriarch, who resided at Tiberias. The town was originally built by Herod Antipas, who bestowed lands and privileges on the Jews to induce them to settle there, in spite of the repugnance they felt for a town, the foundations of which had been laid among many ancient tombs. The hot baths close by are said to resemble those of Aix-la-Chapelle, and not far from them, to the south, is the site of Tarichæa, the unhappy town taken by Titus, aided by a small fleet, when the

whole lake was discoloured with blood, and 6500 corpses left upon its shores, while 30,000 still more unfortunate Jews were taken captive and sold in the market-place of Corinth.

The governor of the town came down to our tents on Sunday morning, to answer our inquiries for a guide to Um Keis, the ancient Gadara in Gilead, on the eastern side of Jordan; he brought a man whom he warranted a safe guide, as he declared him to be one of the Beni-Sahkr Arabs who inhabit the mountains about Um Keis, —a great and noble tribe whom we were anxious to see; but the man turned out to be one of the pretended Bashi-Bazouks at 'Ain Tabighah, and we therefore thought that he was likely to make a very indifferent guard or guide: the next morning the governor, meeting one of the dragomans in the town, whispered to him that the man was altogether a rogue, but that he knew of no other more honest to go with us, so we were obliged to give up that expedition also, and a very great disappointment it was. In consequence of this delay it was late before we started for the caves of Wady el Hamâm, of the fortified caverns of which Josephus gives such an interesting account (B. J. i. 16), and from which Herod the Great only succeeded in dislodging the banditti who inhabited them, by letting his troops down in chests by ropes, from the brow of the perpendicular cliffs above; he subdued them, but not one yielded to his entreaties that they would save themselves by surrender,—one father slew his wife and seven sons, before he threw himself down the precipice, rather than yield to the hated Roman.* It was a steep and hot ride up the

* These caves had been the scene of another bloody massacre of Jews, who had taken refuge in them in B.C. 160, by the troops of Demetrius, king of Syria.

romantic glen of the little river, the horses barely finding room for their feet along the mountain side, after which we had a great *pull* on foot up to the caverns — natural caves artificially deepened, with internal passages and staircases communicating with each other hewn out behind and in front of the rock — story after story, one above another, here and there a strong wall, or a tower, a passage or a bastion, prettily built of yellow and black stones in alternate layers; there were cisterns also in each, but all were now full of the bones of bears and jackals, and crammed with bats, smelling powerfully, like the Zoological Gardens in summer. We reached the bottom with some difficulty, and continued our way as best we could through the thickets in the bottom of the ravine, where monstrous boulders were lying, and whence the cliffs on either side rose, often quite perpendicularly, to the height of six or seven hundred feet. Then we turned up suddenly to the left, to visit the remains of Beth Arbel (Hosea x. 14), the Arbela of Josephus. The ruins extend for a considerable distance in heaps of broken stones, with here and there a roughly-built arch which looked Roman; but in the midst of them there is an important ruin, which has been suggested to be that of a Jewish synagogue. The columns of two portals, one within another, still stand erect, remarkable for being dissimilar in the pairing, a round and a square column supporting the same arch; an acanthus-leaved capital lay on the ground, and a slab on which two small columns with their bases were sculptured in high relief, one of a close spiral pattern, the other enriched with vertical flutings filled with roses or quatrefoils; probably many more pieces of sculpture are buried under the débris. It was a noble site for a city, overlooking the ravine below, and the blue lake to

the right, as well as the sites of more than one of the cities that surrounded the lake; Safed sitting aloft in her shining whiteness seeming quite close on the summit of her peaked mountain, — "a city that cannot be hid," and Hermon filling up the distance.

We were now in the plain or plateau where it has been conjectured the Sermon on the Mount was delivered beneath the two horns of the curious-looking mountain called Kurn Hattîn: it seems a very long way from the Lake and from Capernaum, near which such numbers of people were more likely to have been collected than on this rather out-of-the-way upland. But here, indeed, the dreadful battle of Hattîn was fought by the Crusaders against Salah-ed-dîn in 1187, when Guy de Lusignan, the King of Jerusalem, and the Grand-Master of the Templars were both taken prisoners. Here also, only a few years ago, Agheel Agha, the Sheikh of the Hawâra Arabs, fell upon the Governor of Tubariyeh, and killed him and ninety of his followers. We plodded on through fields of stubble and tall thistles, teazles, and wild caraways, with the round, ungraceful hump of Tabor as our goal. But, alas! our long détour had taken more time than we had counted on, and the sun set ere we had crossed the desolate, lonely hills and reached the Khan of Tughjar, a place famous for robbers, but beautifully situated in a park-like country of noble oaks. Our guide would not face the Bedoueens whom we found encamped at the foot of the mountain, and we had no idea how to reach our tents on the summit; it was very unsafe to go up to their camp without a guide or *introduction*, but we could not help ourselves; we had not shawls or cloaks enough in which we could lie down till daylight, and we were besides dreadfully hungry, so we rode boldly

in among the open tents and glaring fires, and were soon in a crowd of men, women, and children: we told them we had a letter to Agheel Agha, their chief, and wanted a guide up the mountain. They gave us water, and three men accompanied us beyond the savage-looking camp, but it was impossible, in the thick darkness, to ride; the guides felt with their hands in advance, and then called to us to come on, but they were often at fault, and then we had to retrace our steps amid the dense thickets of trees. After three whole hours of groping, clambering, and scrambling of a very unpleasant nature, we gained the summit, and arrived at our tents at 10 P.M. When we saw the side of the mountain by daylight afterwards, it seemed a miracle how we had ever got up it in the dark; even the regular path is bad enough.

Tabor* is an isolated hill, clothed on two sides with a thick covering of oaks, some of which are said to be peculiar to this mountain; they grow only too closely, but there are many noble trees amongst them, besides quantities of terebinth and nut-trees, with lentisk and other shrubs, while the rich, soft grass is covered with gum-cistus, gigantic cyclamens†, and white crocuses. The other sides of Tabor are entirely bare; it is said to stand 1400 feet above the plain, and 1860 above the sea. It was probably the boldness and peculiarity of its outline, and the impression of strength and mightiness that the mountain gives, rising abruptly from the very

* The word Tabor expresses something of the purity or light attainable at an elevation, figuratively speaking,— just, in one word, "excelsior."

† We found great numbers of the leaves of the cyclamen measuring eight and nine inches in length; they were like thick, soft, green velvet, most beautifully marked and mottled.

flat plain, that caused the Prophet Jeremiah to say the King of Babylon shall comeup "like Tabor among the mountains" (xlvi. 18) to destroy Egypt. Except for its delicious verdure and lofty trees it has no great beauty, and its outline is remarkably ungraceful. It seems to have been always a gathering place for the northern tribes of Israel, standing as it did on the line that divided Zebulon from Naphtali, whence they descended, sword in hand, into the rich plains below; and it probably soon became one of the "high places" of idolatry (Hosea v. 1). A strong fortress, it is believed, has ever existed on its summit, and extensive remains, possibly of the fortifications erected by Jo sephus, are still to be seen. All this entirely precludes the idea of this mountain having been chosen for the scene of the Transfiguration, which was evidently on a place apart from the world. The view from the summit—our first into the south of Palestine—is fine; the plain of Esdraelon lies immediately below, with "Little Hermon" (Jebel Duhhy) and the graceful mountains of Gilboa beyond; Carmel and the "great sea" on the right; the Jordan with the hills of Gilead and Bashan, and a corner of the Lake, on the left; to the north, Hermon, Safed, and Hattîn, with some of the mountains behind Tyre, shut out the Lebanon. One feels one has left the romantically beautiful country north of Hermon, but the country one now sees is very verdant, and not less interesting.

A Russian hermit used to live on the top of Mount Tabor: he was the son of the Archimandrite of a monastery in the Crimea, and took holy orders at a very early age, the intention being that he should succeed his father at the head of the brethren; soon after he had settled down in this quiet life a dream, or vision,

as he thought, appeared to him, in which he saw a mountain of most peculiar form, and heard a voice say to him, "Arise, my son, and behold thy home upon earth." The dream was repeated seven nights running, and at last the dreamer did arise; he knew not where to go to find the mountain, and no one gave him any information about it; however, he set out, and went first to Mount Athos,—there was no mountain there like that he had seen in his dream. Then he went to Mount Sinai, and then to Mount Ararat in Georgia; but none answered to the picture in his dream. He travelled far into the East, then into the West; eleven years of travelling, and at last he stood before Mount Tabor. "This is it," he said, "I have found it, this is the strange shape I saw in my dream; I have sought and found nothing like this!" so he ascended the mountain and never left it again. Many years he lived there, studying and praying, and doing all kinds of good works; attending to the sick, and labouring among the peasants and shepherds around him. They soon loved him with grateful affection, and sought him in every sorrow and difficulty, and he never wearied of administering to them. One winter's day a noble panther approached the cave in which he lived: he threw him a piece of bread, and the panther crouched down at his feet; he soon became quite tame, and thenceforth, wherever the hermit went, the beautiful creature was seen at his side, following him like a dog. Mr. Rogers, the English Consul at Hhaïffa, who told me this story, frequently saw them together on the mountain; he had learned the history of his dream and of his wanderings from the hermit himself. He lived to be very old, but had died about two years previous to our visit to Mount Tabor.

We should have been glad to stay here for some days, but we had not time enough to spare, and were obliged to go on at once: our mules, therefore, were sent on the following day direct to Nazareth, while we descended the north-east side of the mountain and rode away over wild valleys and among pleasant woods to the camp of Agheel Agha el Hâsy; we were curious to see something of Bedoueen life when actually in camp, and as the Consul at Hhaïffa had been kind enough to give us a letter of introduction to him, we took advantage of having some friends with us at the time, with whom it was both pleasanter and safer to go than by ourselves; the Hawāra were not, indeed, a tribe that we at all cared to visit, but we were not sure of another opportunity of seeing the inside of a camp, and we therefore determined to go. The Hawāra Arabs are not, in fact, a real tribe—they were formed only a few years ago by Ibrahîm Pacha, who appointed Agheel as their Sheikh, and gave him the rank and title of an Agha: he is of good family but a Syrian, and originally an Osmâli or Bashi-Bazouk, the generic name given to any of the Arabs of this country who attached themselves to the Government and fought for pay: the tribe is composed of fellaheen or peasants, chiefly Egyptians, or of any one discontented with his former position who chooses thus to enrol himself in a new confederation—many are scamps and ne'er-do-wells from Barbary and Tunis, united under a blood-thirsty chief, with the title of Hawāra—or *destruction*.

We sent on one of the dragomans with our letter and to announce our coming, and some Bedoueens came to meet us, wild and ill-looking men, who seemed to us quite *vulgar* when we thought of our dear Anazehs: they led us into the camp, and we dismounted among a number of tiny baby horses tethered all together in a ring. At

the door of a low tent, somewhat larger than the others, stood a tall, heavy, stout man, with his back to us, dressed in a long blue cloth coat or *kaftan*, the sign of a Turkish agha: he wore also a kefiyeh and the red boots of a Sheikh; he was very busy giving directions to his black Nubian slaves about preparing his tent for our use: he scarcely condescended to turn round and look at us—at last he nodded carelessly enough, a half salaam, to a gentleman of our party, but he took no notice of us, and went on talking in a monotonous, oily, lifeless kind of voice, while he fingered his beads. The slaves hung a variety of gaudy Tunisian shawls round the inside of the tent, and placed carpets and couches of cushions for each of us on the ground, some of which were pretty and embroidered: Agheel waited till we were seated, and then he squatted on a bit of stone outside the tent:—we begged him to enter, but he said it was "not the custom—and his people would think he gave himself strange airs if he entered a tent when his guests were inside—in fact, he only sat down anywhere in sight because we were Europeans—had we been Arabs it would have been impossible." We had scarcely any conversation,—for he did not seem disposed for any—he spoke sometimes to the dragomans, but he asked no questions and had evidently no curiosity whatever about us, and the only remark he made was, when we took off our hats, he laughed a long unctuous chuckle, saying, "Europeans always uncover, Arabs never do." We mentioned Sheikh Miguel of the Anazehs, and Mr. Rogers of Hhaïffa, but though he listened he made no answer, and there is scarcely any expression on his sleek, fat face, with his small, sunken eyes, low forehead, and thick lips,—smooth but repulsive,—if it has any expression it is one of mingled sensuality and cunning.

The tent which he had given up to our use, of course his own, was about six or seven feet high, of dark-brown camel's or goat's hair, "black as the tents of Kedar," closed on three sides but open in front, and supported by three poles; the earth was left uncovered between our couches, and a skin of fresh water was brought in and placed in one corner for our use. A sheep was killed according to custom for his guests, and in about two hours the dinner arrived, a metal basin having been handed round just before by a black slave, and water poured on our hands; then came a huge wooden bowl containing a heaped-up mountain of stewed rice, covered over and hidden under lumps of boiled mutton, with the bones broken small, but it seemed to us as if the meat had been taken off,— at least we never could find any, though we gnawed the bones for some time perseveringly, throwing them to the dogs when they were done with. There is much knack in taking up the rice,— the fingers should be lightly closed so as to grasp a little ball of it, as otherwise the hot grease only runs down the hand and the rice is spilled; the rice was very good, but we burned our fingers so horribly in getting at it, that we soon gave it up, and left off nearly as hungry as when we began: the Agha and the slaves, with a rudeness very unlike the fine politeness of true Bedoueens, stood round us laughing at our awkwardness in this new experience. They gave a small piece of bread to each of us, and then the bowl was lifted up and carried to our servants, after which it was given to the slaves, one of whom brought us a calabash of water, and tried with much energy to rub the grease from my fingers with a morsel of dirty soap.

A few minutes after, the Agha got up from the fire outside the tent beside which he was sitting, and asked

if we wanted anything, and then went away to his own dinner and sleep, — sending us, alas! as a compliment, two large mash'lahs and a cloak from his own person; my sister's was lined with wolf-skin fur, mine was of sky-blue silk embroidered with gold; a slave laid one upon each of us, and of course we were very grateful, but the consequences were fatal. There we lay — "martyrs all o'er" as the hymn says, a prey to thousands, every now and then pacing up and down in the open air before the tents with our maid, trying to cool our unhappy skins; we looked the next morning as if we had had erysipelas, and we thought that morning never would come: however interesting in a natural history point of view it was to have ascertained, that fleas belonging to Bedoueen tribes are, like those children of nature, far more agile and sanguinary than their civilised and domesticated cousins. We had a little lamp of olive-oil in an earthen cup brought to us at dinner-time, and two bits of candle for which we built small towers of stones by way of candlesticks, much to the amusement of the Nubians, but the stars gave plenty of light though we were very glad when they paled, and we could send word to the Agha that we wished to go on to Nazareth; there was nothing to stay for, as we had discovered they would not show us any of the amusements we had hoped to see; the Hawāra considering it unbecoming in men to dance. However, we begged to see his mares, to which the Agha acquiesced not very willingly and four were brought up and walked past us as quickly as possible; he said he had no more of his own, but he showed us a horse completely covered with saddle-cloths and trappings of gay-coloured tassels, &c., which the gentlemen requested to have removed; he hesitated long, but at last gave the order, and for half a second

they were lifted up; the horse was a fine creature, and he probably feared, if we saw his good points, that we might cast the "evil eye" of envy upon him. Thinking to please him, we asked to go to the hareem, but he did not seem much gratified: however, we were taken to a tent close to his own, in which we found his two wives, who kissed our hands. The first wife was handsome enough to have been really beautiful, if she had not been tatooed all over her chin, cheeks, and lips; her features were well cut, and her eyes large and soft; she was showily dressed all in silk, but very dirty, and had a very fine Bedoueen necklace of coral, and gold coins, among which were many Napoleons and Austrian eagles, eight or ten bracelets, very fine onyx rings on every finger, and gold ends to the long plaits of her hair: but she looked very sad, and seemed filled with sorrowful envy of the younger second wife, who, though dressed in cotton and with few ornaments, was very happy and merry nursing a ten-days-old son, tightly swaddled up, but with its little eyelids carefully painted with kho'hl. We left them very soon, and returned to take leave of the Agha, to whom we paid the usual compliments, which he only received with a stolid smile, and we parted with little regret on either side, the Nubians only appearing interested in our departure on account of the baksheesh; the fact is, that encamped, as he always is, in one or other of these valleys just in the route of travellers, he is continually being visited by Europeans, who are moreover sent to him frequently by the Consuls; those, however, who see Agheel Aga, and the Hawāra tribe only, have little idea of the fine manners and high breeding of a *real* Bedoueen.

We were guided over the hills by a guard of honour of several Arabs with their long lances, and came in

sight of Nazareth in an hour and a half,—this first view was rather striking: the hills closing round the city, "like a rose enclosed in its leaves," as old Quaresimus says, in an almost circular basin, very fertile and full of olives at the bottom, but the hills are flat-topped and barely covered with a scrubby thorn, so that the town and hills are all glaringly white together; there is but little *beauty* in the view, but all is gentle, harmonious, pleasing, just the kind of scene one would wish to see round the earthly resting-place, for thirty years, of our Blessed Lord. The views from the hill-tops are on every side extensive (the city stands 1237 feet above the sea), and beautiful in their variety—the hills of Tabor and Tiberias in front of the heights of Jordan and Bashan—Hermon standing up proudly to the north-east, and to the north-west the rich plain of El Buttauf, and thickly-wooded hills sweeping round to meet the forests of Carmel with its sea-washed bluff—then the plain of Esdraelon and the mountains of Gilboa and Nablous blue and graceful in the distance. The town is a pretty one containing a few goodly houses, and some Mosques, round each of which fine cypresses cluster—olive groves and walls of prickly pear surround it.

Our tents were pitched close to the fountain, the mouth of which is a long hole sunk in the ground, and paved in with stones—which, as it is the *only* spring in or near the town, must be (happily without question,) that from which the Blessed Mother of our Lord, and He Himself, in the life of loving obedience that He led when "subject to His parents," daily drew water, like the hundreds of women, girls and boys who now throng around the fountain at all hours of the day, and even of the night. The women of Nazareth are certainly handsome, they have fresh, bright complexions and

merry faces, but they have been a good deal overlauded by travellers, in my opinion, for, like the rest of the women of Palestine, it is a coarse, bold, unloveable style of beauty: they wear a curious head-dress of large silver coins overlapping each other and sewed on to a cushion which is put round the face like a bonnet—the colours of their dresses and wide trousers are unusually gay, and they add a gaudy cotton scarf hanging down from the back of the head; the Greek Christians are the best-looking, but even they, like most Syrian women, are very untidy and rather dirty—and extremely unlike one's idea of the Blessed Virgin—indeed three or four Jewesses in Jerusalem, some of the women at Nablous, and the sweet-faced, soft-eyed, gentle-looking women of Suediyeh near Antioch, are the only women I saw in Syria which made me think of *her* face.

We went of course to the Latin Convent to see the Grotto of the Annunciation, so often described: the Church was full of people attending the funeral of the Superior, who lay, with the head uncovered, on a bier in the centre of the Church, and I could not help thinking that the happy look of peace on the wasted and care-worn features was a better explanation of the "scripture fulfilled" in this place than all the sights of the Virgin's kitchen and the angelically upheld column &c. &c. shown to the faithful pilgrim.

The Protestant Bishop in Jerusalem has established a Mission here which appears to be very energetically worked: the clergyman, Mr. Zeller, has a school of sixty boys, including Mooslims, and both Greek and Latin Christians, who read the Scriptures in English as well as Arabic; Mrs. Zeller teaches a few girls, the number of whom are constantly increasing, and are indeed, as

many as she could manage unassisted; they had also established evening classes for young men, which seemed to be successful so far, and from which they hoped much. There is a small Church in which the service is performed in Arabic.

We rode the next morning along a pleasant path to Sepphoris, a town built by Herod Antipas as the capital of Galilee, but destroyed by the Romans to punish a revolt of the citizens in 339; it was called by them Diocæsaræa. A square tower or fortress on the top of the hill is interesting from the lower part being built of stones with the Jewish bevel on them, a good deal less "rough" and prominent than the Phœnician or Roman; further on there are very picturesque remains of an old Gothic church, the cathedral of the town when Sepphoris was the seat of a Bishop. Then we rode on through charming olive and caroub groves, and drove across the pretty plain of El Buttauf; the wild caraway plants reaching above our heads and the thistles to the horses' shoulders; underneath the wild plants several sarcophagi, handsomely carved with wreaths, like those at Kedesh, lay almost hidden, and also some wells: on the other side of the little plain, rising a few feet up the hill-side, are the ruins of a lately deserted village, believed to be the real Cana of Galilee: its name has been time out of mind as it still is in Arabic, Kana el Jelil, and all the early pilgrims in Palestine so accounted it by the unquestioned tradition of the natives, until the journey of Quaresimus in 1639, when the monks at Nazareth chose to find another at a village called Kenna a few miles to the south-east, more easy of access from their own convent. There is no water in the village itself, but at some little distance in the plain there is a deep well, a shadow of a reason

for the previous collection of so large a quantity of water for the marriage-feast.

This Kana el Jelil is one of those sites of the truth of which the traveller longs to be assured,—the winding valley with the pleasant flowery meadows at the bottom and the wooded hill-sides, the unbroken stillness and yet cheerful loneliness of the spot all seem most thoroughly appropriate to the place where, doubtless, the feet of our Blessed Lord frequently wandered, watching the lily of the field and the fowls of the air, the ripening of the grape and the growing of the corn, — conscious of the glory of His Father in each and all, and conscious of that hidden glory in Himself which He waited to manifest because His "hour" was "not yet come." And dear to the heart of every Christian must be the place where He sanctified all human relationship by His loving Presence, and consecrated to Himself those human joys and natural instincts, through which, by not destroying, but ennobling man's nature*, the human heart ascends to immortality and infinity.

We returned to Nazareth by Kefr Kenna, so as to be quite sure of having been at least along the road travelled by the Saviour.

* Robertson.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE ROYAL CITIES OF ISRAEL.

In about an hour after leaving Nazareth, we found ourselves safely at the bottom of the rocky ravine by the so-called Mount of Precipitation (the most unlikely of all the monkish traditional sites we had yet seen), and entered the rich, fine Plain of Esdraelon: it was a pity to have to ride over it when covered only with stubble and dead thistles, but at any time and under all aspects it is a place of so much historical interest that one is apt to forget the present in the past. We took the path down the eastern side, passing close to the mountains of Little Hermon (Jebel el Duhhy) and Gilboa* on the left,—both of these run out in promontories on the plain, and both are of graceful outline—but Gilboa is by far the most so. On the northern end of El Duhhy, lying on a little grassy slope half-way up the hill, there is a small quiet hamlet, with white houses shining among the trees—this is Nain—still bearing the name it bore when our Blessed Lord made the widow's heart to sing for joy. Lower down, and more to the east, then wrapped in a dark shadow, is Endor,—where the prosperity-spoiled Saul heard his doom, and the sombre voice of the spirit announced to him, "to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me,"—and so on the morrow, and only at a few miles' distance, was the pro-

* Gilboa means the gushing-out fountain.

phecy fulfilled,—for "the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines and fell down slain on Mount Gilboa," and David, forgetting all the injuries done to him by the ungrateful Saul, sang in the sorrow of his affectionate heart, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places! how are the mighty fallen!" while the dry and barren sides of the unsmiling mountain recall vividly to the mind, the curse which came upon it, that there should be neither rain nor dew, nor green crops upon the soil where the father and son had fallen. On the southern side of El Duhhy is yet another site of interest —a little village prettily nestled in a green nook of trees at the foot of the hill — Solem, the ancient Shunem — and one could readily fancy, while riding oneself among the wide flat fields, how the Shunammite's child was sun-stricken, and the reapers carried him home, and then the mother urging on the tardy steps of her ass, all across that wide plain, to the home of the good Prophet, on that side of Carmel — there, on our right, — and her joy in his restoration to life.

A low, round, isolated hill, called El Fouleh "the bean," stands in the midst of the way, bearing the ruins of a strong castle called the Château de Faba by the Crusaders, where Richard of England, surprised by the Saracens at day-break, leaped from his bed and slew four men in his tent, taking captive seven more. A little further is the point of Gilboa, where the miserable mud hovels of Zereen huddle together over the royal city of three kings of Israel, first planted here by the wicked king Ahab. Though the whole place is filthy, and the people crowd round you as if you were part of a wild-beast show, and though there is neither tree nor shrub nor any plant on the hill save a few hedges of prickly pear, it is one of the most inte-

resting of sites mentioned in the Old Testament, to stand on:—not the faintest trace remains above ground of the palace of Ahab, whence Jezebel was thrown from a window, trodden under foot, and gnawed by the dogs of the foul city, but one looks down into the green "valley of Jezreel," * between Gilboa and Little Hermon, where the smiling vines of Naboth grew which Ahab coveted to his cost,—the very same valley where sixteen years later Jehu, the avenger appointed by the Lord, came up with his company and met the son of Ahab in the very vineyard and shot him there, while the King of Judah who was on a visit to his brother-in-law of Israel tried to escape yonder across the plain, but was overtaken and slain at Megiddo (now Lejjun). Seemingly just under one's feet among the green grass, at the bottom of the hill on which one is standing, a spring of clear water attracts the eye, now called 'Ain Jaloud, but, in the Bible, the well of Haroud, where the Lord delivered the Bedoueens of Midian and Amalek into the hands of Gideon and the three hundred who had lapped the water of the spring; further on in the valley, nearer to the Jordan, is a curious-looking low hill, covered with the ruins of Bethshean (or Scythopolis as it was called after the captivity) whence the grateful men of Jabesh-Gilead fetched the mangled corpses of Saul and his sons, and buried them under their own village tree: Burckhardt says that this once great city was three miles in circumference — many columns (easily distinguished from Jezreel) and a very perfect theatre still remain,—this city was the seat of an archbishop in the time of the crusaders;—a little to the south, near the Jordan, so that the mountain of Gilboa hides it from Jezreel, it is

* Jezreel means God sows.

supposed, lay the Salem or Œron, where John baptized the multitudes who flocked to him,—and across the Jordan, recognised by its band of rich foliage bordering the sacred stream, one can just see the ruins or rather site of Pella, the place of refuge of the Christians during the siege and destruction of Jerusalem. This is all seen in looking east,—while, to the north, the mountains of Galilee stand as a great wall across the country, only breaking down before they reach Carmel, which is green and smiling at every season of the year, stretching back southwards along the whole side of the Plain of Esdraelon, even to the wooded hills of Samaria, with the Kishon running near its verdant foot the whole way. This was the great battle-field of the wars between Judah and Israel—the plain of Megiddo where Barak triumphed over the Philistines—where Josiah was killed by the King of Egypt, for whom the mourning and lamentation was so great, that the "lamentation of Hadad-Rimmon" (a town on this plain), became a proverbial phrase for the expression of any extraordinary sorrow—as Zechariah uses it to describe the mourning of the repentant Jews, in the day of their restoration, for the crucifixion of their Messiah; the name of the plain is also taken by St. John in the Apocalypse, as a type of the great gathering-place for "the battle of the great day." * The name Esdraelon is but the Greek form of the Hebrew word Jezreel. We were to see this plain again in the spring, standing on Mount Carmel, with our thoughts full of Elijah the prophet and his good works,—now, we were thinking chiefly of all this kingly strife and of the tents of Issachar resting in the pleasant land.

* Zech. xii. 11.; Rev. xvi. 16.

The palm trees of 'Ain Jenîn—the En-gannin of Scripture and Ginea of Josephus—were a pleasant sight at the southernmost point of the great plain, after our long ride—very bright and refreshing to the eyes were the green gardens of the town, watered by the abundant springs from whence it has evermore been called "the fountain of gardens," and plentiful indeed seemed the supply of cabbages, cucumbers, sweet lemons, melons, &c. &c. that we saw in the streets as we passed along to our tents; this place used to be considered very unsafe, and travellers generally found some of their property appropriated by the villagers, but a new Mutsellim has brought the people into better order, and it is now as safe as any other town in Palestine. This was to be our last night in Galilee, and in the land of Issachar—on the morrow we were to enter the kingdom of Samaria and the tribe of Ephraim.

There could scarcely be a prettier combination of mountain and meadow, wood and rock, with the bright sand of the beach and the blue sea in the distance, than the scenery throughout this next day's ride, changing at every quarter of an hour; the sun was very hot, and the eight hours were fatiguing enough, but on the whole it was a delightful ride full of variety and beauty; the road was generally excellent, frequently passing under the shade of thick olive groves, gay with women and children gathering the fruit shaken down by the men from the fine old trees; others were picking up the broken sticks or storing the olives in sacks: while the hills and plains were alike gay with the large white stars of the sweet-scented crocus, and real English daisies, not indeed very "wee" or very "modest," but fine luxuriant things, golden-eyed and "crimson-tipped." The whole day was a continual change of hill

and dale and valley—we crossed one little round plain, or basin, rightly called Merj el Ghuruk—the Drowning Meadow, as it is under water throughout the winter, but which was now full of stubble—near to which is the Dothan where poor Joseph was sold to the Ishmaelites, (whose caravans still take this road from Egypt to Damascus,) and where the servant of Elisha was allowed to *see* plainly that if God be for us none can be against us:—beyond this is a fine old fortress called Sanour, which is supposed to be the ancient Bethulia, the scene of the acts of Judith while the army of Holofernes was lying encamped in this little valley extending to the fountain near Dothan:—then the venerable woods of Jeba, till, coming down into a bare, rocky valley, we found ourselves at the foot of the least pretty side of the city of Samaria—still called in Arabic by its Roman name of Sebaste; a steep hill surrounded by such ancient terraces, that they look now like natural formations of the rock. There are many ruins scattered about on the hill, chiefly of decapitated and sunken columns, but neither the broken colonnades nor the Church of St. John, are very picturesque or interesting: the Church, a semi-ruin of the Crusaders' time, and now a Mosque, is poor, ugly and of a debased style of architecture; a scrap of moulding here and there, and a few small lancet windows, are all that there is to see, except some marble tablets, with oddly sculptured crosses on them, the tombs of some Knights of St. John of Jerusalem,—and the entrance to the cave or tomb in which St. John the Baptist is said to have been buried. The finest view of Samaria is from the hill on the south-west side, from whence one readily sees how splendid a site it was for a city, and how grand it must have looked, when encompassed by colonnades

and triumphal arches and crowned by one noble Temple, such as Herod the Great built in honour of Augustus on the summit of the hill, with the thick olive groves richly grouped about its feet. Samaria must have stood there like a crown or a wreath round the top of the mountain—the "crown of pride to the drunkards of Ephraim," now "trodden under foot—a glorious beauty on the head of the fat valley," now withered as "a fading flower and as the hasty fruit before the summer." * Ephraim seems to have been most famous for its rich vineyards; but, in sad consequence, so habitually drunk were its sons, that their chief city, Sichem, had acquired from the Jews of later times the contemptuous *sobriquet* of Sichar †—from the word *sichar*, to drink to inebriation. Omri, king of Israel, left his royal abode on the beautiful hill of Thirzah, a few miles off, for this place, which he bought from Shemer, and made it his palace and the seat of government, which it seems to have been for many years after, although Jezreel was also occupied by some of the kings. Two hundred years after its erection Samaria was taken by Shalmaneser, the King of Assyria, who removed the inhabitants and placed colonies of his own people in the half-ruined houses. In the time of the Maccabees it was again destroyed, and after having been slightly rebuilt by Gabinius, the Roman Governor of Syria, Herod the Great embellished it with fine buildings, and called it Sebaste (Augusta) after Augustus Cæsar. It is called by the Arabs Sebaste or Sebastîyeh.

Noble and grand as Samaria must have been, the site of Nablous is more picturesque and beautiful. The town is fixed on a low eminence damming up the centre

* Isaiah xxviii. 1-4. † John iv. 5.

of the narrow valley—almost hidden by, but with its domes and minarets rising out of the rich olive gardens and deep foliage of all kinds; the one is proudly "set upon a hill," the other lies nestling in the shade. There are not many cities older than Nablous,—the "place of Sichem" was known in the days when Abraham pitched his tent in the forest of terebinth, called Moreh, or Moriah, as it is written in the Samaritan scripture—but the city was probably founded by Shechem, son of Hamor, the Prince of the Hivites in the time of Jacob, and it was here that the bones of Joseph were buried after they had been brought up from Egypt; the possession of the "land of Israel" was declared by Joshua when, having crossed the Jordan and taken Jericho and Ai, he advanced straight to this valley, and having ascended Mount Ebal, built an altar, on which he offered sacrifices, and read out to the people all the words of the Law of Moses. Abimelech the unworthy Judge, and Rehoboam the wicked king, were both proclaimed here, and Shechem was for some time the capital of the kingdom of the Ten Tribes; it had originally fallen to the lot of Ephraim, but was afterwards chosen as a Levitical city. When the Assyrians came to Syria under Tiglath Pileser (Arbaces), all the wealthy or influential inhabitants of Samaria were carried off, and made emigrants by force to the countries watered by the Euphrates,—their places were filled by various peoples brought from other parts of the vast Assyrian empire—and again, in the invasion of Shalmaneser, the same thing took place, and still more strangers were brought into the land — probably it was chiefly the men who were carried off, and the Assyrians who took their places married the Samaritan women who had remained in the country. These people, who went under the generic name of the

Cuthæans, each served idols after the custom of the several countries they had come from, until, having suffered much from wild beasts and disease, they began to think that they must be offending the "God of the land:" so they petitioned for the return of one of the priests who had been carried from hence into exile, and under his instructions, they "feared the Lord," keeping up, however, their own idolatry at the same time. The restored priest of Samaria, who established himself at Bethel, probably taught them to worship Jehovah under a visible image—that of the golden calf set up by Jeroboam, until the good king Josiah, by breaking all their images, forced them ostensibly at least to worship Jehovah: they are believed at this time to have received the Pentateuch from the hands of the King of Judah. It was in consequence of this strange anomaly—the mixture of idolatry and true religion—that the Samaritans or Cuthæans were refused a share in the building of the Temple under Zerubbabel, and although closely intermixed with a few of the old Jewish families of Samaria they were ever cordially hated by the Jews. In the time of Darius, Manasseh, the brother of Jaddoua, the High Priest of Jerusalem, who had married the daughter of the Persian Satrap of Samaria, Sanballat, got permission from the Persian king to set up a rival temple on Mount Gerizim, of which he was himself to be High Priest; and a few years after it was duly established, the people of Shechem—a mixture of old Assyrian colonists, a few older Ephraimites, and those Jews who did not choose to conform themselves to the stricter laws and vigorous reforms of Ezra and Nehemiah—declared it their opinion that Moses had clearly indicated their mountain, Gerizim, as the place whereon the sanctuary was to be established; they rejected all

Jewish traditions, as well as the Books of the Prophets, accepting the five Books of the Pentateuch as the only really sacred Scripture. Seventy-six years after the Samaritans applied to Alexander the Great to accord them the same favours as he had accorded to the Jews, but as they could not reply with a direct affirmative to his question whether they were Jews or not, he said he would tell them his wishes at another time, and meantime, he accepted their addition of 8000 men to his army, to whom he afterwards assigned lands in the Thebaïd. On his return from Egypt he found the governor he had left in Samaria had been foully murdered, and he expelled the Samaritans entirely from the city; they settled at Shechem, at the foot of Gerizim, and when Antiochus Epiphanes forbade the celebration of the Jewish religion under pain of death, they declared themselves descendants of the Baal-worshippers of Sidon, and dedicated their temple to Jupiter Olympius. This Temple was entirely destroyed by John Hyrcanus, the Jewish prince, in B.C. 129, but the Samaritans, with their hatred to the Jews redoubled, continued to perform their own rites on the ruined site of their 200-years-old Temple. Vespasian rebuilt the city and called it Neapolis (whence its present name of Nablous), but it is believed that the temple on Gerizim was never rebuilt. The message of salvation through Christ was first taught here by the Saviour Himself in His memorable conversation with the woman at the well, and afterwards by the Apostles, and Christianity appears to have flourished here early, bishops and martyrs bearing witness to the true faith. One church was enclosed in a strong fortress built by the Emperor Justinian, and there were probably others. The Samaritans had colonies in Gaza, Damascus, Cairo, and even in some parts of Europe, but the little community of 133 souls at Nablous are all that now exist in the

world. They believe Mount Gerizim to be the Moriah on which Abraham was ordered to sacrifice his son Isaac, because of its original name, but the distance from Beersheba would appear to be far beyond the foot journey in three days, of men laden with wood.

The first person we saw, on reaching Nablous, was Jacob Shellaby, a Samaritan who went to England some years ago, and having interested very many learned and pious clergy and laymen in the present state of the Samaritan sect, returned to his home with a rich harvest of subscriptions to aid in their education and general improvement. He speaks English well, but he can neither read nor write in *any* language, even Samaritan, although he professes to be able to do so: as he is the showman-general of the place, and we then knew no other, we set out under his guidance to see the schools, &c. He took us first to his own house to show us a large stone covered with an inscription cut in Samaritan characters, which he says he found fixed in a wall in a dark lane, where a Samaritan synagogue once stood. He told us the inscription was of the Ten Commandments, but on his giving us a copy of a translation made by Mr. Rogers, the English Consul at Hhaïffa, we found it was a short summary of the first chapter of Genesis, in which the name of God is given as "the Ancient;" but it is written *Shema*, which Rabbi Schwartz says, quoting from the Talmud, was the word used by the Samaritans to express GOD, from the name of the idol worshipped by those who came from Hāmath (see 2 Kings xvii. 30), an idol made in the form of a goat; the idol of those who came from Cutha was made in the form of a cock, and called *Nergal*, which meant a bird, and Schwartz says that they had a bird carved in wood always fastened on the upper end of the rolls of the Law. Dr. Levisohn, however, a learned Jew, who since his conver-

sion to Christianity has devoted himself to the study of the Samaritan Pentateuch while living in Jerusalem, maintains that the Samaritans are but Hebrews of the tribe of Ephraim, declares that this is all Jewish fable, that they have no carved birds on the Law, and that the word Shema here used is *Ha-shema*, "the name," a reverential manner of alluding to a name too holy to give more definitely. The Samaritan language is the same as the Hebrew but written in a different character, the Samaritan character having been formed on the model of the more ancient Phœnician, while what is now called Hebrew, or square writing, was modified from the Samaritan, little by little under the influence of the Chaldean writing, with which the Jews had become familiar in their exile, until at last the more ancient Samaritan finally disappeared among them, and was replaced by the Chaldean character, which is retained to this day, and to which the Palmyrene was closely assimilated.* It is interesting to observe an incidental proof that this change had been fully established before the Christian era, in our Lord's reference to the *Yod*, as the smallest of letters (Matt. v. 18), which it is in the later writing, but was not in the Samaritan. When the Asmonean or Maccabean princes restored the Jews to be a free and independent nation, and established a coinage of their own, they inscribed it with the more ancient character, from a natural wish to return to the purer times of Israel's glory; five final letters have been added in the later writing: while the earlier is evidently an alphabet more suited for carving upon wood or stone.

We obtained from Shellaby a copy of this inscription,

* See Munk, p. 437.

but we learned afterwards in Jerusalem that though genuine, it is impossible to be sure that the stone is very ancient, as up to fifty or one hundred years ago it was the Samaritan custom to place such inscriptions on the lintels of their doors, and to use them as ornaments on their walls; this one therefore may have belonged to some Samaritan house, taken down to make way for the Mosquewhich nowstands on the site of the old Synagogue.

We then went to the school, which is held in the outer room of the Synagogue. Shellaby said that he paid the schoolmaster entirely from his own funds, and that there were usually about twenty scholars,— at this time there were only ten or twelve, but nearly half the number were girls — quite a new admission into a Samaritan school. One pretty little creature, who wore quantities of rings and gold ornaments and was about seven years old, read to us with much clearness and fluency, from the Samaritan Pentateuch, blushing immensely at this exhibition of her accomplishment. She is the first Samaritan girl who has learned to read, and he said she had been in school only eight months; she, as well as all the other children, had the most extraordinary ears — large round constructions of flesh falling forward like elephant's flappers ; they were intelligent looking children.

The Synagogue is a small low room, with two recesses, in one of which the Law is kept behind an old curtain, embroidered with a pattern something like censers. It is rolled round two tubes of metal and each end of the vellum is cased in metal — it was wrapped in a crimson velvet embroidered cover: the handwriting on the roll is remarkably fine and firm ; the parchment on which it is written is old and torn and has been remounted on

another vellum now in its turn alike old, dirty and ragged, at least in the middle,— but the Law is read out from a copy in a book in order that the ancient roll may not be handled. Shellaby affirmed in the most positive and solemn manner that this was really *the* ancient copy—the Roll of the Pentateuch, written, as they affirm by the hand of Abishua, the son of Phinehas, the grandson of Aaron—that is, about three thousand years old—though most of the Samaritans believe that it was written in the time of Moses. But Amram, the High Priest of the Samaritans, assured Mr. Mill* that *the* old copy has *never* been shown to *any one* but a member of their own congregation, and we found afterwards that there was so little dependence to be placed on Shellaby's word, that this is probably the truth. Numbers of dirty, torn books were lying on a shelf at the end of the room, seeming still less cared for than the dirty room itself. A few tin lamps and a broken stool, besides one desk, were the only furniture or ornaments. The men and women sit separate. They assemble in Synagogue every Saturday, and the Roll is read through once in the course of each year. The Priesthood is hereditary, descending from father to son.

Almost at the summit of Mount Gerizim, at the foot of the crowning knoll, there is a level piece of ground, to which the Samaritans ascend four times a year—at the Passover, Day of Atonement, Feasts of Tabernacles and of Dedication,—and pitch their tents here; a small pit in the ground is lined with stones, a fire lighted within it and the paschal lambs, suspended from sticks laid across it, are roasted, or rather baked in the hole:

* The author of "The British Jews," whose acquaintance we had the pleasure of making in Jerusalem.

there is another small pit, where they are cleaned, and a trough into which the calcined bones are afterwards thrown; when all is ended the oven is unbuilt, and the stones dispersed, lest infidel hands should touch them. The Passover is eaten standing, with a staff in the left hand, while, with the right, each person seizes from the animal whatever portion of meat he can reach; they afterwards wipe the grease from the hand with handkerchiefs, which are then thrown into the fire—and the remaining bones are burned. They have no objection to Mooslim or Christian being present at the sacrifice, but they must not taste the lamb—and they have been sometimes obliged to pay a penalty of five thousand piasters to a Turkish Governor, rather than allow him to eat of the smallest morsel of it.

A little above this place there is a natural ledge of rock cropping out, divided at rather equal distances by chance cracks,—these, they say, are the twelve stones brought by Joshua from the Jordan. They also declare that a sloping mass of bare, smooth rock near this is the spot where Abraham commenced the offering of Isaac, and they show the natural cavern evidently existing underneath as the pit into which the blood was intended to run off. This sloping rock they believe to have been also the scene of Jacob's vision of the heavenly ladder. Some old ruins on the summit of the mountain (which is 2650 feet high) have been thought to be the remains of the Samaritan Temple, but Dr. Robinson considers them to be some of the stones of the fortress built by Justinian: the church which then stood there is now represented by a small Mooslim wely: probably the Temple of the Samaritans enclosed the sloping rock and that they had chosen it in imitation of the Sacred Rock in the Temple of Jerusalem: they entertain the most

profound reverence for it — never approaching it without taking off their shoes — and it is said that they always turn to it — as the Mooslims to the Kiblah — in prayer; there are some very old-looking remains of walls near it.

The view from the summit is extensive — including an expanse of sea, with Jaffa among its green gardens and light-coloured sands,— but it prepares one for the Judæa one is to enter at a very few hours' distance, so barren and dreary are the mountains all round: one is glad to have one last view of pale, blue Hermon.

The eastern end of the narrow valley, in the centre of which Nablous stands, opens out into a small circular plain called the Wady el Mokhua: just before the plain commences there is a semi-circular recess exactly corresponding, on each side of the valley— and hence it *seems* self-evident that this was the spot (as no other appears as suitable), where Joshua assembled the children of Israel, and, ranging six tribes in the one recess on Mount Ebal, and six in the other on Mount Gerizim, with the elders and officers, the judges and the Levites assembled round the Ark in the centre, read out "the blessings and the cursings" and all that was "written in the book of the law." How often, in after times, did these two mountains that then echoed back the solemn words of warning and of promise, resound to the tumultuous shouts of the idolatrous multitudes who brought "strange gods" from their heathen homes to be worshipped in the once holy valley!

Just at the commencement of the little plain the *eye*, as it were, of the valley — are the melancholy remains of "Jacob's Well,"— somewhat further on a little wely marks the site of Joseph's Tomb,— and on the slope of the hill, to the east, "before the city" of Shechem, is the village of Saleem, the ancient Shalim,—there

Jacob pitched his tent and built an altar to the Lord God of Israel, "the parcel of ground" which he bought and gave to his son Joseph, and in which Joshua laid the bones which he had brought up from Egypt.

But nearly all one's interest settles in "Jacob's Well," of which now alas! one can see only the site, as even the hole still visible is but the choked up entrance to the vaulted chamber above the well, part of a Church which was standing in the time of Bishop Arculf, A.D. 700: strange, indeed, it seems that a spot, reverenced alike by Christians and Jews, Mooslims and Samaritans, and a site in which all traditions have ever and ever agreed without shadow of doubt or question, should have been allowed to fall into such a miserable state of ruin and decay,—it will not, however, remain so much longer, for on our inquiring in Jerusalem whether we might be permitted to restore it into use and order, we found that only two or three weeks before, the Greeks had bought it, intending to build a Russian convent around it. The well is said to have been excavated entirely in the solid rock, with the sides hewn smoothly and regularly in a perfect circle—the last measurement known of it gave nine feet in diameter and seventy-five in depth,—but it was then probably much filled up at the bottom. There are few sites more interesting to a Gentile than this, few where the scene around has been so little changed in the long intervals of ages—we looked now on the fields that were then "white already to harvest"—yonder is the path by which the "disciples had gone away into the city to buy meat"—women carrying pitchers on their heads were passing to and fro—and towering grandly above us was the head of "this mountain" of Gerizim, to which the Samaritan woman

pointed as she spoke of the Temple wherein "our fathers worshipped,"—one fancies one hears the grand message of universal salvation in the spiritual religion of the true and pure heart, echoing silently, as it were, still in this quiet spot,—one enters into the mingled astonishment and joy of the woman, who perhaps had felt something stirring in her heart, a groping after something better and holier than the jumble of idolatrous fetishes around her, who, accustomed only to the harsh bigotry of the narrow-minded Jews, heard now for the first time that religion was confined neither to one place nor to one name—that God was not "like unto gold or silver, or stone, graven by art or man's device," but a Spirit "in whom we live and move and have our being;"—that Messiah was come neither to judge nor to condemn, nor to destroy, but to save men—to gather them into one fold under one Shepherd, Whose yoke was easy and Whose burden was light—Who was ready to lay down His life for His sheep, and to be "indeed the Saviour of the world."

The Crusaders had a Church in Nablous, which is now of course a Mosque, but the nearly perfect doorway is well worth seeing:—it is in the Gothic style, then prevailing in France, with a good dash of Saracenicism in it—it is very richly and well carved. We found the people of Nablous, unlike their former selves of even only ten years ago, remarkably civil and obliging: the present Governor punishes any instance of incivility in the severest manner, and it is now an agreeable resting-place for travellers: we stayed two days and walked much about the town, admiring the handsome and well-dressed women and children. Seeing we were strangers, some men invited us into a large court filled with some hundreds of water skins, for the

making of which Nablous is famous; the roots of the red-oak, which grows very plentifully in the valley, being used for the tanning: they are then sewn up at the extremities, filled with water, and laid out to season them: I never saw anything look more horrid than this immense family of black sheep, all lying on their backs, with their heads cut off and their legs in the air! The chief trade of Nablous is in soap: there are four large manufactories, and heaps of ashes and refuse nearly as large as those of Jerusalem.

We traversed the whole town on leaving it, and met so cold a wind as we rounded the stern cliff of Gerizim, that my lips were cut and chafed: this whole day's ride was very dreary,—the little valleys between the hills would have been cheerful enough in summer, but they were now filled with stubble or with yokes of patient oxen turning up the soil with a primitive plough, or rather a couple of ploughs employed on each field closely following each other: scarcely three trees were seen in the whole day, and the hills were barren, rocky and ugly to the last degree,—one narrow winding glen Wady el Haramiyeh—the Robber's Valley—was all the beauty we had—there the rocks were relieved with olives, the ground sprinkled with starry crocuses, and the terraces covered with tangles of red hawthorn berries and a beautiful yellow bell-shaped clematis, with a drooping head and pretty leaf. We stopped beside the fountain of Yebroud, and had enough to do to warm ourselves in the very cold night, which we were glad to shorten in our impatient anxiety for the memorable day which was to give us our first view of Jerusalem. Yebroud seemed as if it must be a pretty place in summer, and soon after leaving it we came to a fine *barranca*, where the perpendicular walls of four

small valleys met in a little plain full of trees: but after this all was utterly stony and hideous, however interesting from the numerous sites mentioned in the Scriptures still to be traced on the country. After three hours' riding, we came to a conical steep hill, called Tuleil el Foul—the ancient Gibeah—so long the home of Saul and the seat of his government,—which we insisted on mounting, as we felt sure it would command a fine view of the neighbourhood of Jerusalem—and we were not mistaken,—for after we had seen all the views about the City many times over, we always returned in thought to this one, as, with two exceptions, the most beautiful of all: from no other place is the simile, used by the Psalmist, of God's love encompassing His people "as the hills stand round about Jerusalem" so well illustrated as from here,—we looked over Scopus, to where the domes and minarets of the Holy City seemed rising directly from thick olive-groves, enclosed and surrounded in the embraces of the wild hills and blue mountain ridges on all sides—Jericho and Bethany were alike hidden, but the Mount of Olives stood up proudly with the little Church of the Ascension on the summit,—while under the stern range of the Moab mountains lay the Dead Sea, in a sweeping curve, of the most lovely turquoise blue, calm and peaceful, scarcely sad, but, lying among the dreary, barren mountains like the smile of peace on the rugged face of a dead man,—I never afterwards saw the Dead Sea without remembering the peculiar feeling of solemn but tender beauty that it gave me from Tuleil el Foul.

Passing the desolate hill where stood Nob, "the city of priests" destroyed by Saul, we came to the brow of Scopus, where hundreds of small stones, mounted in threes and fours upon each other, told of the farewells,

or first views, of generations of pilgrims to the Holy City; the view is here confined to the City and its own olive-groves, with a few of its domes and minarets rising above the walls which are more quaint than grand, having a very fanciful Saracenic parapet above them—their extent and the old stones lying on the masses of living rock beneath them—the olive-trees looking so infinitely sad as they grow out of the white stony ground—the half ruined tower in each garden—the dreary heaps of grey ashes by which one passes—and the utter silence, so unlike the outskirts of a great city—all combine to press down with a very solemn, very sad weight upon the heart, yet strangely harmonising with the instinctive feeling of its beauty, with the prettiness of its graceful minarets, and the happy peaceful feeling of being, at last, in the haven where one would be; and the quaint expression of old Fuller came naturally into my mind, describing the arrival of the way-worn Crusaders at the longed-for goal — "All had much ado to manage so great a gladness!"

We went into the City for our letters, and then passing along the northern wall, descended into the valley of the Kedron and climbed the Mount of Olives, on the summit of which our tents were pitched. The first sight of Jerusalem from *here* would be solemn at any time, but we were greeted with a scene of such glorious magnificence as probably few persons see twice in a lifetime, and which it is hopeless to render into words: floods of flame and fire had spread over the sea, above which heavy clouds of a deep plum colour were closing down, crimsoning the brown plains below—the City domes seemed stained with absolutely bloody tips, above which a strange, orange glow was hanging in the air—the bare flat hills on each side paled off in indigo

and pale blues—while behind us, were the mountains of Moab,* wrapped, covered in a mantle of silky, shining gauze of the most exquisite shade of peach blossom, like the petals of a rhododendron, which seemed absolutely unearthly; this gradually deepened into violet, and the glory of it faded away—the stars came out, and the new moon rose, and everything relapsed into silence and darkness, save only the howling of the jackals and a light here and there in the City, while the wind blew with a bitter whistle through the tents—but never, while life lasts, shall I forget our first view of Jerusalem by the sunset light of the 30th November, 1859.

We stayed here for some days: the nights were bitterly cold, for Olivet is nearly 3000 feet above the sea, but the days were lovely, and the quiet enjoyment of the sacred view, which we could now study at leisure and in all the changing lights of day, was worth almost any discomfort; we found reason afterwards to rejoice that we had been thus able to get the general topography of the City, and the relative position of the hills within, and of those without its walls, thus thoroughly into our minds; for the narrow tortuous streets, and the constant up and down of apparently steep hills (which are on so small a scale that one cannot at first rightly distinguish one from the other), is so very confusing to the mind, that one needs to be really conversant with the general lie of the ground, before one can understand or reckon up the connection of the details. But yet without this, there is an inexpressible pleasure in the feeling of a rest on the holy mountain, while encamped under the shade of the olives, gazing on the City, which from this point is really beautiful;—only one thing was still more

* "Une ligne droite, tracée par une main tremblante," as Châteaubriand well describes them.

impressive to us wanderers—and that was the descent on the following Sunday morning, by the steep winding path on the hill-side, across the narrow Kedron, through the gate of St. Stephen, till "our feet stood within thy gates, oh Jerusalem!" along the Via Dolorosa up to the little Hebrew-and-English Church, where the familiar prayers of our beloved service, fell with holy sweetness, "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb," on the long unaccustomed ear, and we sang those words, to the well-known notes, that re-called many a happy Sunday in Christian England, in company with fellow-Christians met together on Mount Zion, literally from all the quarters of the globe—"the holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee!"

CHAP. XIX.

THE SEPULCHRE OF ABRAHAM AND THE SEA OF LOT.

As the Syrian winter does not commence till January, and December is the best of all months for travelling in those regions where the heat is intolerably oppressive during the summer, we thought ourselves fortunate in having secured it for a visit to the Dead Sea, as we were not inclined to make the hurried excursion which the heat renders imperative upon most travellers. We therefore only remained a few days on the Mount of Olives, and started afresh on the 5th of December for Urtass—skirting the Holy City—passing over the plain of Rephaim, and by the rich woods of Beit Jala, along the rocky hills of Bethlehem to the Pools of Solomon. Between Beit Jala and Bethlehem a little Mooslim wely marks the spot where the beloved Rachel died (a site on the authenticity of which there is happily no doubt)—whence Jacob went sorrowfully on, and pitched his tent beside the little tower built for the flocks of the neighbouring herdsmen to take refuge in, and close to the spot, where many hundred years after, our Tower of Refuge*—a "strong tower of defence"—

Genesis xxxv. 21. Migdol Edar means the "tower of the flock:" not only every vineyard had its tower of defence, but there were small towers or fortresses built for the shepherds and their flocks to sleep in on cold nights, and into which the flocks could be gathered on a sudden alarm from the raids of the Bedouins. The Targumist Jonathan, who lived in the time of Herod the Great, says: "And Israel pitched his tent at

should arise in the mean and miserable stable of an inn, taking for His earthly mother one yet more weak, tender, and pure than the dutiful and affectionate Rachel.

Our tents were pitched in the gardens of Urtass, and on the morrow we borrowed a labourer from the owner of the rich valley to be our guide among the mountains: the man was instructed by Mr. Meshullam, in case we were attacked by Bedoueens, to say that we were friends of his. Our dragoman was not particularly willing for the expedition as these Bedoueens—of the Ta'âmreh tribe—are remarkably unruly and belligerent, but as Mr. Meshullam, who is thoroughly acquainted with the whole country, had not seemed to think it unsafe for us, we determined on proceeding, and continued our route over as dreary a succession of barren stony mountains as one could see anywhere—without even the common little thorny plant among the stones, though in the valleys, and under the stones which encumber every slope, the ground is mostly as rich as any soil in Syria. We passed round the foot of the Frank Mountain—an odd shaped hill like a cone with the top cut off—familiar in almost every view about Jerusalem: its Arab name is Jebel el Fureidîs—the Mountain of Paradise—but in its present barren condition it certainly does not merit such a name, whatever it may once have done when crowned by the palace of Herod and beautified with his gardens,—it was probably then a delightful spot, while the fine houses and palaces built beneath the hill encircled it with splendour; its having been fortified by the Cru-

Migdol Hedar, the place where the Messiah will be revealed at the end of time;"—as saith the prophet Micah in that remarkable verse—iv. 8.

saders is the cause of its present name. These barren and dreary hills and dales are the commencement of the wilderness of Judæa where most of the history of David and Saul was enacted, and we were now on our way to the Cave of Khurieytîn, which is believed to be the cave of Adullam—it must be undoubtedly near it, if it is not the cave itself, and it is a fine specimen of the enormous caves with which these limestone hills are riddled in every direction.

We were in the middle of one of these silent desolate valleys, when a Bedoueen, dressed in a couple of unshorn sheepskins, suddenly started up and stopped us, informing us that the paths here had not been made for travellers, but for Arabs (their usual formulary when they intend mischief), and then another and another head appeared, peering over the brow of the hill. As we were entirely at their mercy, the only plan was to make friends by the mammon of unrighteousness, and we therefore engaged Sheepskin as a guide—once in our service, we knew he would be faithful to us. Soon after we came to a deep, narrow ravine, on the perpendicular cliffs of which not even a thorn was to be seen: here we dismounted and proceeded along a little ledge, about two feet wide, left on the side of the cliff—a very dizzy path it was, overhanging the precipice, and across it lay a single block about six feet high, over which we had to be pulled up on one side and let down on the other, after wriggling over the top, between which and the overhanging rock there was a space of only a couple of feet: it was not exactly pleasant, but Sheepskin's foot and hand were firm, and grasping tightly his horny fist, without venturing to glance below, the last jump, an oblique one, over the chasm, and in at the mouth of the cave, was successfully performed. A

low passage leads into a rather fine hall, arched at the top—about 120 feet long by 40 wide—with many recesses, from whence winding passages lead for an untraceable distance under the hill, one of which has, I believe, been followed to an opening near the top of the hill; the hall is large enough to contain a great many men, but not 400, I should think, unless they were packed as closely as the bats which lay like thick curtains, one overlapping the other, on the sides of the rock—and which we were careful not to disturb, as the Bedoueens said they were very vicious. It is scarcely worth encountering the peril of the way to see the cave, except for the association of David and his mighty men with it: Adullam is said to mean "to quit the true road," and certainly if this is Adullam there is no true road at all to it.

When we had made our way back to the horses, another Bedoueen joined us, demanding baksheesh as well as those who had helped in getting us to the cave and had held the horses, &c.; this we refused, and rode off a few paces, when the disappointed Arab wrenched a bag from off our maid's saddle, and ran down the ravine with it! The other Bedoueens pursued him, the dragoman succeeded in knocking him down, and the others gave him a drubbing; while to impress them with a sense of our power, I fired three shots over their heads, and told Sheepskin when he came back that I could fire six shots all at once at bad men: he looked grave and astounded—as well he might, for I soon remembered I had told him *sixty* instead of *six* in my bad Arabic, and doubtless he thought my little revolver a gift from Sheitân himself.

He was soon dismissed in content, and we proceeded on our way to the ruins of the ancient Tekoa, a hill on

which a Christian town, founded by St. Saba, existed for six hundred years, but which has been deserted since 1138: the only ruin of interest is that of the church, in which lies a noble font of rose-coloured limestone* sculptured with Christian symbols and with a *seat* round the inside. From this hill there are lovely views of the Dead Sea which shone as blue as the Mediterranean in the mid-day sun. Tekoa is interesting as the birthplace of the Prophet Amos, who was keeping his father's sheep, and feeding on wild figs in these hills when the Spirit of the Lord came upon him—in the time of Jeroboam II.

The country becomes prettier between Tekoa and Hebron, as the valleys are full of terebinth—then crimson-tipped with the autumn tint—lentisk, and oak, and the hill-sides were clothed with vineyards which were now, however, very nearly leafless—only great bare stems straggling about on the ground. The country seemed very silent, for there were no villages, but we stopped among a flock of sheep and milked some of them into our tin mugs, by way of luncheon, as we found no water till late in the day, when, reaching a small village, a woman drew some and then coolly demanded my sister's gold bracelets in payment! They were uncouth people, for the children spit at us as we passed!—the only real rudeness we ever experienced in Syria. The villagers were busy with a number of little new-born lambs, which they were laying out on soft mats in the sun. At last we turned into the valley of Eshcol—rich in fine vineyards—and Hebron opened out at once, rising up one side of the valley, enclosed in olive gardens. It is a very large town, handsomely

* There is much rose-coloured limestone in the hills about Tekoa.

built and rather picturesque as every house has one or two little domes and the windows are furnished with brightly painted shutters. The Mosque is in the centre of the town, which forms a good picture, although the hills around are each one uglier than its neighbour—shapeless brown undulations of no external interest—till one remembers that there—on the brow of one of them, Abraham stood to watch the burning cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Between 2000 and 3000 years before Christ, Palestine and the neighbouring countries were inhabited by eight different races of men of giant stature: one of these races, the children of Anak, had inhabited, we know not how long, the hills and valleys about Hebron, when a tribe of strangers, probably from the shores of the Persian Gulf, arrived in the country, over which they soon spread themselves, without, however, destroying the children of Anak, who continued to dwell in the land for at least a thousand years after; these strangers were called, from the country of their adoption, the Canaanites—and afterwards the Phœnicians. Some time after a little band of travellers one day passed by, going down into Egypt because there was a famine in the land of Canaan; they returned in two years, but they were now very rich in gold and silver and cattle, and so numerous that they had to divide themselves into two parties—he who chose for his portion the borders of the river Jordan, where it afterwards became a lake, was called Lot; and he who pitched his tents under the fine oaks in the valleys about Hebron was called Abraham—and here, nearly a hundred years after, he was laid by his sons in one of the caves* on the hill-side which he had bought with some of his princely wealth, from the chil-

* Machpelah means *double cave.*

dren of Heth, a family of the Canaanites* settled there; by this time the children of Anak had built the city which they called after their fore-father Arba—Kirjath-arba—"which is Hebron;" and the valleys had been named after Abraham's friend, Mamre, who belonged to the Amorites, another family of the Canaanites.* Damascus was at this time a city also, but which was the oldest of the two we shall probably never know.

Hebron seems to have been in the centre of the land assigned to the tribe of Judah on the partition of the country, and after Joshua had slain its Canaanitish king—and thence Caleb, to whom the valley was specially given, drove out the original inhabitants, the children of Anak,—Hebron was afterwards apportioned as a city of the Levites, but in 400 years it became again a royal city, as David was there "anointed king over the house of Judah" and Israel, and there he reigned seven years and a half until he had taken the stronghold of Zion and made it "the habitation of the Lord." Long after, the sacred caves containing the bones of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah, were enclosed within massive walls, and it is believed that these sepulchres still remain intact and unrifled of the dust which has lain there for more than three thousand years,—the Idumeans and the Mooslims have alike at different times had possession of the city, but the bones of the Patriarchs are sacred alike to all. The Crusaders in 1167 built a Church over the tombs—calling it the cathedral of the "bishop of St. Abraham,"—but it was soon after turned into a Mosque by the Mooslims, to which they gave the name of the "Mosque of the Friend

* Heth and Amori were both sons of Canaan, grandson of Noah. Both families were settled in the mountains about Hebron and 'Ain Jidi: they were therefore brothers of the founders of the cities of Sidon and Hamath.

of God"—*Mesjed el Khulîl el Allah:* neither Christian nor Jew have ever been admitted into the enclosure since the day when the Mooslims took possession of the city, nor, indeed, are Mooslims even of very high rank allowed a sight of the real sepulchres—all they ever see are a set of marble tombs, built on a higher story, as it were, in the building, each one over that which it represents below.

The structure enclosing the caves is a very remarkable one; it is of an oblong form with a wall of massive stones, hewn smooth and beveled identically the same as those in the substructions of the Temple at Jerusalem, and there is no reason to doubt the tradition that these walls were built by David when he reigned in Hebron. There are fifteen pilasters against the two long walls, and nine against the short walls—at each end there is a lofty staircase and a Saracenic door. Jews are allowed to ascend only to the *third* step of the flight, and the guards are very chary of letting one even look in at the doors. The stones of the walls are some of them twenty feet long, but they are mostly squares or nearly so of from three to four feet: against these in the outer angles Jewish men and women are usually to be seen kneeling in prayer rocking themselves and weeping. These massive walls have been heightened a few feet all round with a very poor Saracenic wall, plastered over, and castellated; and at each end is a minaret, while, in the centre, the dark tiled *sloping* roof and arched window of the Christian Church rise up, looking more incongruous and unusual than one can say after all the flat-roofed towns and villages of Syria and Palestine.

At the bottom of the valley is the Pool of David, not hollowed in the rock, but built round with stones of the ancient Jewish bevel (since plastered over by the Arabs) with two staircases down to the water, it is 130

feet square: it contains only rain water and is very dirty: there is another smaller tank some way further, built in the like manner, and, doubtless, it was over one of these that David caused the murderers of Ishbosheth to be hanged.

Sheikh Hamzeh, the Wakeel of the Bedoueens on the west side of the Dead Sea, lives at Hebron for the purpose of making arrangements for travellers desirous of going into the Desert, and we spent one whole day in bargaining with him. The price was fixed, after a great deal of bother, for 600 piasters, including baksheesh: Sheikh Hamzeh and Abou Dahouk, the son of Sheikh Salâm, the famous chief of the Jellaheen Arabs, were to accompany us themselves with ten Bedoueens. We were to have five full days, and to go where we liked, and camp wherever we chose. So we started at mid-day. — Sheikh Hamzeh, a most courteous, white bearded old man leading the cavalcade, and never failing to make a salaam and say "Mārahāba!"* whenever he came near us, though it might be twenty times in an hour. Abou Dahouk was most anxious to enter into conversation and was as polite and well-mannered, in his simple way, as any English gentleman. Abou Dahouk was the name of his grandfather, father, brothers, and cousins. It means the father of David, and so strict is the custom of calling a son after his father's father, that every Arab is called among his friends "father of so-and-so," even before he is married, in boyhood or babyhood — since, if ever he has a son, that must be the child's name. Our dragoman, Habeeb, was always addressed among his intimate friends as "Abou Faras," his father's name had been Faras, and therefore if he ever married his son would bear the same. "I have gotten a man from the

* Literally — *mar*, pass on — *haba*, my friend, — meaning "you are my friend, therefore, welcome to my territory."

Lord," seems among the Arabs to invest the mother with peculiar dignity (Gen. iv. 1): and a wife does not bear the name of her husband, but that of her son. We used to be amused to hear the English Consul's wife always addressed by the natives as "Om (mother of) Iskender"—her eldest boy's name being Alexander—and they would inquire from her after the child as "Abou Jacobi," his father's name being James.

The road from Hebron soon changed from dreary hills to absolute desert, with nothing particular to look at save the openings of a few caves here and there, the scenes, doubtless, of many of the adventures and escapes of David during his wanderings in the "wilderness of Judæa." One cave was fronted with columns, and we regretted not being able to examine it: the Arabs call it "the mother of bells," and seemed to regard it with interest and respect—so that it may contain some remains of interest. The word here translated *wilderness* or *desert* should not be misunderstood to mean a sterile place—the root of the original Hebrew word *midbar* means to conduct, to lead, and describes an open country fit for the pasturage of flocks: they were frequently fit for cultivation but were left open for the occupation most congenial to the early Israelite. Soon after, we came to Tell Ziph, the site of the city whose inhabitants tried to betray David into the hands of Saul, and in half an hour more to Carmel where there are ruins of some interest—an old tower of the same masonry as the Tower of Hippicus, and the remains of several churches and other ruins of some extent. It was in this place that Amalric I. king of Jerusalem, occupied in A.D. 1172, so saith the Chronicle, the identical dwelling-house of Nabal, the churl whose beautiful Abigail became afterwards the wife of David!

We went on over still drearier hills, till, turning suddenly up a low rise of coarse, gravelly sand, we found ourselves close to the tents of the Jellaheen Bedoueens, a small number of whom were encamped in a shallow wady below; there were about forty long, low, black and brown tents placed in two rows—a few horses picketed at a little distance, some dogs, and one baby-camel—the camp camels were all in another wady. The Bedoueens were soon swarming around us and were immensely excited at our little dog, whom they firmly believed to be some kind of lamb; these good people are such troublesome beggars and so handy in assisting one to give them what they want, that our servants dared not even take their tobacco bags out of their pockets, and with all their care one of the silver spoons was missing before morning; while a boy kindly picked up a torn bit of newspaper from outside our tent and offered it to us for six piasters! we made the little dog growl at him in return, and he ran away in the greatest terror.

Abou Dahouk left his horse here and continued all the way with us on foot, walking beside our horses and assisting them in difficulties: about every ten minutes he looked up in one's face and inquired "Ya sitt — taïb?" a sort of Bedoueen cabman's "All right, mum?" For some six hours we went on and on over the same uninteresting downs of bare sand, without seeing a bush, scarcely even a tuft of thorn, and with no variety in the shapeless hills to break the monotony: one never seemed to know where one hill ended, or the next commenced, except by following the rings or long lines of white rocks cropping out, in unnaturally regular bands, round or up the slopes. This was the desolate scene of the wanderings of St. John the Baptist, and well the dreary view

E. A. Beaufort, del.

M. & N. Hanhart, lith.

AN ENCAMPMENT OF THE JELLAHEEN ARABS.

harmonised in the mind with one's idea of the stern Saint — a scene far more dreary, forbidding and harsh, than the finest picture of Spagnoletti or Salvator Rosa: they painted the ascetic under the gloomy terrors of darkness,—they did not know the far more terrible horror of the fierce rays of the scorching sun upon the shadeless, glaring mountains of sand. At last we turned into a very narrow little ravine, the bed of a winter torrent, where a few seyāl trees has procured it the name of Wady Seyal. The path was rough enough but nothing to what followed when we had entered the Wady en Nemrîyeh, the valley of the Tigress—too magnificent to be dreary,—the monotonous slopes were left behind and there were now only lofty walls of 1000 feet high, meeting at the bottom in the wildest confusion. Every mule had to be unloaded at the very beginning of the ravine, the first ledge being too narrow for a loaded mule to hold a footing—and there were many places where they could not scramble up or down with any weight to carry beyond their own. We had been slowly getting down the zig-zag for more than an hour when the path was reported good enough for us to mount—but at the very first step the horse our maid was riding, slipped over a smooth slope of rock and threw her on her face, which was severely cut, and she lay so long insensible that we had time to realise in its full horror the sensation of helpless solitude in a desert in time of need: we had no water, but the only thing we could do turned out to be the best cure of all, and that was to wash the wounds with pure wine, after which they heal with wonderful rapidity. Fortunately we had not much further to go—the tents were pitched on a small level spot in the very heart of the ravine, close to the only spring to be found for many miles,—and I do not think there is in all Syria a finer spot: the

cliffs went down about 300 or 400 feet beneath us as perpendicularly as a plumb line—they towered above us about 1000 feet more, while seen through the narrow opening at the eastern end, the Dead Sea lay in calm loveliness with the opposite range of the mountains of Moab varying, with the light of evening, from every shade of the brightest rose-colour to the deepest violet. In the very middle of the blue lake the end of the Lis-ân, or *tongue**, shone out in the most staring white. The silence of this valley, or rather chasm, was almost oppressive, yet it did not quite want life, for the trickling of the little stream fell loud and clear on the ear, and, every now and then, a little gazelle would come and stand daintily on the very edge of the cliff overhanging the tents, and look down with wonder on the unusual scene below.

We left it at nine o'clock the next morning, and rode for a couple of miles, due south, along the foot of the mountains that border the lake, but at a long distance from the shore,—then we turned suddenly up a zig-zag cut out of the cliff, which is here about 500 high, with 300 feet or more above it a little further back. How the horses ever got up that zig-zag I don't know, but they seemed to cast reproachful glances at us at every fresh pull. We found a level plateau at the top, sunk down, however, so as to afford no view on either side: here and there among the sand and white stones there were lumps of stone as black as coal, increasing in number at every step—they rang with a metallic sound at the touch of the horses' hoofs, and soon the whole ground sounded like the crackling of volcanic scoria; yet amongst the very blackest of the stones lay thousands of

* Joshua xv. 2.

tiny, delicate, white snail shells such as we had seen in the Tadmor Desert, and in other Desert places since; and our Arabs picked up great lumps of gypsum, which they offered to us as valuables. We met a couple of goatherds, whose shining bodies were nearly black, and almost naked: they were overwhelmed with astonishment, not merely at the unusual sight of travellers, but at their being ladies! Sheikh Hamzeh engaged one of them as guide, and he led us to a little spring at the foot of the mountain, now called Sebbeh, once crowned with the famous Jewish fortress of Masada. He told the goatherd to show us the way up, but for some time the only answer he got was that woman's foot could never mount that rock! It certainly looked rather appalling.

The rock on which Masada stands is a perpendicular of 1500 feet high, facing the sea—it projects from the line of cliffs, and would be entirely separated from them by the deep chasm which runs behind it, but for a narrow connecting neck of smooth sloping rock—up this neck we were to climb. Sheikh Hamzeh and the Bedoueens took off their sandals and abbahs, and we pinned up our riding habits closely around us—(they were, nevertheless, in rags when we descended)—and then we slowly crept up the slope: above this there was about fifty feet of naked rock *wall* to be got up somehow—once there was but a ledge of some three inches wide to stand on whilst Abou Dahouk scrambled up the smooth face seven or eight feet higher, and then, leaning over, pulled us up by main force! one false step and we should have gone to the bottom of the chasm! We found a paved path at the edge, probably the road leading to the "White Promontory," on which Flavius Silva raised the bank for his battering rams, and were soon on the wide plateau above. Safely landed there, it may be inter-

esting to relate, in a few words, something of the magnificent tragedy* which has made the name of Masada famous for all history.

Simon Maccabeus, the last of the seven hero-brothers of Judah, built this fortress about the year 140 B.C. but it is probable that it had always been a fortified retreat during the wars of the country. Little is known of its history till Herod the Great took possession of it, enclosed the flat top in a strong wall, rather less than a mile in length, upon which he erected thirty-eight towers, and added a lofty and magnificently-furnished palace for himself: the rest of the ground was left for growing corn, as the soil was rich, and a great number of tanks or reservoirs of water were hewn in the rock, so that the garrison holding it could live independent of supplies from the outer world. To this inaccessible fortress he intended to retire in case of revolt among his subjects, or any other great danger. There were but two ways of ascending to it—one by the narrow neck we have described, which was defended by a tower, and the other by a zig-zag path up the cliff facing the lake called the *Serpent*, the danger of which Josephus describes as "sufficient to quell the courage of everybody by the terror it infuses into the mind . . . for that he who would walk along it must go first on one leg and then on the other, and there is nothing but destruction in case your feet slip." Herod laid up stores of all manner of arms in it, and vast quantities of food. A few months after, he made good his retreat from Jerusalem when attacked by the Parthians, and having placed his mother and his beautiful fiancée, Mariamne, in the stronghold, he went himself to Rome, while Antigonus besieged Masada in vain for three months. A hundred years later, the imperial

* Josephus, "War," vii. viii.

army having got possession of the fortress, a band of the zealots, maddened by the outrages of the infamous Florus at Jerusalem, managed to get into the citadel—probably by ascending the Serpent in the night—and massacred the whole garrison. Within the next five years Jerusalem had fallen, after indescribable sufferings, and of all their fortresses, Masada alone remained in the possession of the Jews. To this, Flavius Silva, the Roman envoy and Procurator of the miserable country, determined to lay siege, and led his army there early in the spring. In the meantime the cisterns had been filled by the winter's rain; and such is the dryness and purity of the air, that the remains of the corn, wine, oil, and dates, stored up by Herod, were found to be perfectly fresh and good, while the supply of arms was sufficient for ten thousand men. The Romans surrounded the whole rock, and, blockade being useless, they at last succeeded in building a bank of earth and stones just above the *neck*, on which to place their battering-rams and other engines. The garrison made an ingenious machine of wood and earth to resist the ram, but the Romans set fire to it, and then the soldiers within knew that resistance was hopeless. Their commandant was Eleazar, the grandson of Judah the Galilean, one of the first of those who had encouraged the Jews to resist the cruelties and impious demands of the Romans: neither flight nor submission entered into the mind of his noble descendant,—he knew that on the following day the Romans would make a general assault on walls that would crumble beneath their irresistible power, and he determined to unite the whole company in one grand sacrifice. Assembling his garrison at nightfall around him, he made, with all the eloquence of a dreadful enthusiasm, one of the grandest

appeals on record—he described to them the horrors that awaited them should they fall into slavery and dishonour, and dilated upon the blessed assurance of the immortality and rewards promised to the soul that should escape unstained from its earthly bonds; and having worked them up to a state bordering on frenzy, he conjured them to meet an awful but triumphant death with unfailing courage. The little band of heroes were not unworthy of their noble leader: death was easier to every true Jew than impiety or dishonour—the liberty of the soul was sweeter than even the freedom of the body. Without one instant's hesitation each man embraced his wife and his children, and in the next moment stabbed them to the heart,—then, choosing by lot ten men to complete the dreadful sacrifice, they lay down beside the corpses of those dear victims already gone, and, one by one, each offered his throat to the knives of the chosen ten, who, after piling up all their wealth in one heap, set fire to it and to the palace. One was again chosen to consummate the bloody deed—to put an end to his companions and lastly to himself: and when the morning dawned of Easter-day A.D. 73, the sun rose on nothing but smoking ruins and bleeding corpses! The Romans mounted the breach with a shout of triumph—but only an awful silence answered them—broken at last by the appearance of two women and five children, who had concealed themselves in one of the cisterns, and now came forth to relate the speech of the heroic Eleazar, and to point to the ghastly heap of immortalised patriots! Thus closed, with an awful grandeur, the last scene of the long tragedy of the Jewish War of Independence.

Masada must have been abandoned soon after, for even tradition is silent as to the bloody spot. Nearly

eighteen centuries passed away before Mr. Eli Smith and Dr. Robinson, coming in view of the mountain, conceived that it might be the long-lost Masada; and in 1842 two travellers, Messrs. Walcott and Tipping, having succeeded in climbing to the top, discovered the remains of the fortress and palace. It has since been ascended by three or four other travellers who agree in thinking that the ridge or *neck* on the western side—"fit only for a rope-dancer's foot," as says De Saulcy—is covered with the remains of the mound built up by the Roman general. On reaching the summit, a gateway formed of a single pointed arch is the first thing seen,—it is neither handsome nor particularly well built: the stones have several marks rudely scratched upon them of crosses and circles, one of which, the circle with the cross beneath it, is said to be the sign of the planet Venus: this is the best piece of building on the whole plateau: there are four sets of ruins but they are all of the roughest character, and either Josephus's account of Herod's palace must be enormously exaggerated or the remains of it have totally disappeared. Had the Crusaders ever fortified so remarkable a mountain some tradition or record of it would have been handed down or some token of their building would remain apparent—but certainly none is existing there now: the work is very rude and coarse — the stones are not large and the interstices are filled in with little loose bits without being mortared or even mudded over: inside the largest building, which has a semi-circular apse to one of the rooms, the walls are plastered over with a hard cement, into which common bits of stone or fragments of pots of any shape are stuck in rude stripes or diamonds with a rough attempt at arrangement of colour—but nothing could be coarser or rougher in appearance: there is also a

pavement of the same kind of coarse pebble-mosaic. The cisterns, which have evidently been very large, are now filled up, from the ground and stones having fallen in—and the only sign of life was an eagle, who, disturbed at our approach, soared up into the sky, dropping a feather at our feet, which we carried down as a trophy.

It is worth a great deal—even such an ascent as it is—to stand on the blood-stained soil of Masada; but it is really worth double the difficulty to see the view from the summit of that rock—one of *the* things to remember through life. Somebody says there is no "beauty" in it—I can only suppose he saw it in the spring or summer, when Syrian views are colourless—but to me every other view I have ever seen fades in my memory when I think of the wild, stern, peculiar magnificence of that scene: the Great Desert is, indeed, far more impressive from its apparent infinitude, and nothing, in my opinion, can come up to the strange beauty of Palmyra, standing in the midst of its many-coloured ocean—nor, perhaps, to the lovely luxuriance and wealth of Nature displayed at Broussa,—the view from the Second Cataract of the Nile has something of the same character, untouched by aught that is human, while the vast extent of the scene there, makes up for the variety in this:—yet here, with every trace of man, past or present, seemingly swept away, with the vaporous colouring and quivering mists rising from the hot and accursed Sea, and with the great variety in its outlines of land and water, this view is beyond all others for the splendour of its savage and yet beautiful wildness. To the south, Jebel Usdoum, the Mountain of Salt, believed to be the site of Sodom, seemed close beneath us, a compact low mountain, standing out in the water, in front of range behind range of other mountains, stretching away to the south and curv-

ing round the end of the lake—there the pale grey shore was backed by a range of low, dazzlingly white hills, shining and sparkling in the sunshine, for these are the famous salt-hills,—the mountains of the East side of the sea come down to meet them in ranges of varied form, while, behind all, rose up the noble blue line of the mountains of Edom—among which is Petra. The whole length of the Sea, from end to end, lay before us, with the Lis-ân, or large tongue of white land, only a few feet above the water, stretching out from the south-eastern side: Kerak, the scene of so many events in ancient and modern history, was visible on the mountain over it; while from three several fissures in the rocks, curls of vapour rose up in the still air from the hot mineral springs of Calirrhoe, and from others of which we did not know the names. Utterly barren and treeless was the whole view, save the beautiful thickets of foliage that marked 'Ain Jidi to the north and that lay in two of the wadys opposite: but the most striking peculiarity in the view was the leaden colour of the lake itself: it seemed formed of some liquid thicker than water, with trails of scummy matter meandering over it. It was mid-day—and yet the colouring was superb: the dark hues of Jebel Usdoum and the snow-white glitter of the salt-hills contrasting with the vaporous purples and lilacs of the eastern shore; the dull yellow-white of the Lis-ân and of the coast beneath us,were very remarkable; while all around us the rich brown rock of Sebbeh, the burnt appearance of the crags and the lumps of black stone filling up the deep rents and chasms, made an extraordinary scene—but a perfectly *dead* one: one longed for even a ruin in the distance to give some sign of man. The Arabs who accompanied us, and who had never been up there before, appeared much impressed

with the grandeur of the view, but with the instinct of nature, were still more interested in the accursed Sea itself, repeating vehemently again and again, "Moieh batâl, batâl!" (good for nothing, bad water.)

We retired, with cautious steps, down the side of the rock by which we had mounted—I cannot say it was a pleasant operation, by any means—and thankfully availed ourselves of the clear, cold water bubbling from the spring at the bottom of the *neck*—for there *is* a spring, although its existence has been strongly denied, and probably an unfailing one, as we found plenty of water in December, and the goatherd said they had not as yet had any rain. The horses were sent on to descend the zig-zag we had walked up—at about a mile and a half distance, and we descended by another "Serpent" to the bottom of the chasm—may my feet never pass down such another! The Bedoueens said the goats had made the path, and certainly it was only fit for them; we were heartily glad when we reached the bottom though we had a long way to walk before we met the horses, and plenty of time to observe the stupendous cliff of Masada, much bolder and loftier and with a finer crowning crag than any other on the Dead Sea. The northern face has several caverns in it, which must have been occupied by hermits who had little temptation to "look back"—for no one would willingly retrace any of the steps that led to them.

Perhaps the shore, along which we had now to ride for a good four hours, is one of the most remarkable features of the Dead Sea: it is about a mile in width from the foot of the mountain to the water's edge, and more than double that at the mouth of the Wady Seyāl, the delta of which is cut through in strangely regular terraces by the action of the winter's torrents; the ground is a

chalky mud, sometimes so soft and slimy that it will not bear the weight of a foot. It is strewn with lumps of white gypsum, brown pumice, black bitumen, salt, and sulphur (but the bitumen was in pieces not quite "as large as a horse," as old Maundrell describes the lumps that "the water casteth out every day"). Nowhere was the ground level for the space of twenty yards—it was altogether a succession of fissures and mounds, intermingled with quicksands, like a field that has been long under water, and cracked in the drying of the hot sun: such, I believe, it is, for this plain is usually flooded in the spring. Down in the deepest part of the wady we found several trees: some were sont (mimosa) trees, with tiny leaves and long straight thorns; the others, our old friends the nebbk, here called sidr. The mimosa, called *sont*, or *sunt* in Egypt, is believed to be the "shittim wood" of Scripture: it is here called "seyāl," nearly the same word as the Hebrew *esal*, mentioned in Gen. xxi. 33, 1 Sam. xxii. 6, and xxxi. 13: it is probably a tree of this kind, therefore, to which each of those passages alludes. There is a wady on the east side of the Dead Sea, called Wady *el Esal*, and on the west, as we have seen, called *es Seyal*—the one on the eastern side is said to be also full of these trees. When we came to the large depression on the shore called Birket el Khulîl, we found the ground covered with a crust of salt; and the smell, for the next two hours, of sulphuretted hydrogen was very strong indeed, and immensely more nauseous than that of the springs of Tadmor: it is said to be emitted from the ground, not the water. The shore was thickly strewed with trees — bare, black skeletons, encrusted over with a mantle of salt; they are brought down by the Jordan and the winter torrents in the ravines between the mountains.

The splendour of the sunset colouring had scarcely faded when the full moon — a globe of pure fire — started up from behind the eastern mountains, and spread a broad flood of silver and gold over the sea and land: even the Bedoueens seemed subdued into silence by the superb loveliness of the scene, and left off singing, to repeat again and again, in low tones, "Quiyis — quiyis keteer!" and the sweet cool breeze tried to console us for the excessive fatigue which had now overtaken us. About seven o'clock the welcome sound of rushing waters met our ears, and we were soon struggling up the steep ascent — too steep to ride in the dark — to the "fountain of the kid," 'Ain Jidi, where our tents were pitched, just beyond the thick bosquets of deliciously shady trees that cluster round the spring. We were thankful indeed to see them, all the more when we heard that the servants had had rather a skirmish in getting there, the Rashaidya Bedoueens of the place having refused to admit the Jellaheen Bedoueens, as escort, into their territory; nor would they, even at the last, allow the camp to be placed very near the water. We went to bed, rejoicing in the prospect of a quiet Sunday's rest on the morrow, in this beautiful spot.

Nothing could be more delicious than the climate here, — although, probably, oppressively and most unhealthily hot in summer and spring, it was now quite perfect — warm, fresh and balmy; and we would gladly have stayed for many days, enjoying the superb colouring and the pleasant trees, but that no food being procurable nearer than Hebron, for either man or beast, we could have only one day to linger; and the Arabs were unwilling to grant even that much use of the spring. Soon after breakfast we heard loud and angry words: the Rashaidya Bedoueens refused to let our men take any

water from their fountain, and after some blows, out came the long knives (yataghans), and a serious storm seemed impending. They demanded the payment of a tribute for entering their territory, and we did not choose to pay a single piastre beyond the sum agreed upon with the Jellaheen Arabs for our safe conduct throughout the journey, as we thought the quarrel might be a *ruse*, got up by the Arabs together for the extortion of money, and that our yielding would be a bad precedent for future travellers. But for peace' sake we made them a present of a kid, and took some of them as guards in a walk along the sea-shore, after which they might be supposed to deserve a baksheesh. Sheikh Hamzeh and Abou Dahouk came too, and took as much care of us as if we were wax dolls, besides helping to collect plants and bitumen, &c., and teaching us with much care the Arabic names of each.

'Ain Jidi is the Hazezon-Tamar—"the pruning of the palm"—which was occupied by the Amorites, when Chedorlaomer, the king of Elam (Susiana), came up to chastise his rebellious tributaries, the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah and Zoar, &c., and smote them. The Kenites dwelt here on whom Balaam looked as he said, "Strong is thy dwelling-place, and thou puttest thy nest in a rock." And here the Moabites and Amorites gathered together before they went up to Jerusalem, in the time of Jehoshaphat, from whence not one of them ever returned. Solomon sings of its delightful vineyards; Josephus and Pliny tell of its palm groves and balsam. Hasselquist found vines there in the last century, and the zakkhoum still bears its healing oil; but both vine and palm tree have now entirely disappeared. The tangled woods round the stream are of acacia, nebbk, mimosa, jujube, tamarisk, and almond trees; while the

ground is strewed with wild mignonnette, growing plentifully among the strange fantastic grass and huge boulders that cover the little plateau. Besides these there is the henna, with its small bright green leaf (translated in the Bible as camphire, copher, and cypress), to a branch of which Solomon likens his beloved among "the vineyards of En-gedi;" and large thickets of the Sodom apples*, mentioned by Josephus as "the ashes," or "remainders of divine fire, reproduced in those fruits," the *Asclepias gigantea* of botanists, called by the Arabs *osher*. This plant grows about twelve feet high, and has large oval leaves, growing in pairs, very thick and fleshy, of a pale bluish green: they discharge quantities of acrid milk when broken, which the Bedoueens are most careful not to touch, and which has a horrid smell. The fruit, which also hangs in pairs, is a large blue-green globe, about ten inches long: it is evidently filled with air, and very light; when torn or burst open the thin rind is seen to contain a small pod filled with seeds, imbedded in delicate white silky threads, which the Arabs use as matches for their guns. Perhaps the fruit looks more tempting in the spring, but in the autumn the plant is as ugly and poisonous-looking as one can imagine. The small plant (*Solanum melongena*), which is also called Sodom apple, grows plentifully here. It is remarkably pretty, the large, rough, hairy leaves and the thorny stem bearing both the pretty purple flower and the bright golden fruit at the same time: the fruit, which is like a very small lemon, contains only brown gum and a few seeds. The water of the fountain is of 81° Fahr. temperature, but when cool it is excellent drinking. The source is five hundred feet above the lake.

* Deut. xxxii. 32.

'Ain Jidi is exactly opposite the ravine of Wady Mojîb, on the eastern coast — the River Arnon of Scripture. The view from the fountain is beautiful, but by no means so fine as that from Sebbeh: Jebel Usdôm stands out well, but from hence it hides the salt hills at the southern end of the sea: the three promontories we had rounded between Sebbeh and 'Ain Jidi rose grandly, one behind another, with the ruined fortress crowning the last and loftiest. This was the view, with the calm, still, sullen-looking lake below, which met the eyes of the Essenes, those earnest strivers after purity and holiness who inhabited these caves in the time of our Lord. Here, too, long after, came many a Christian hermit to spend the evening of his days, in silent communion with his God, apart from the noisy world: and in the short, sweet twilight I almost fancied I heard them — the

> " anchorites beneath En-gedi's palms,
> Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
> And singing slow their old Armenian psalms,
> In half-articulate speech: "

but, alas! no sound of Christian prayer or praise rises now from the shores of that beautiful but desolate lake.

All sorts of stories have been related of the horrible aspect of the accursed Sea, of the lurid glare that illuminated its banks with supernatural light, of the strange sounds and terrible forms that were seen around its shores, — and until lately it was really believed that no bird could fly over its waters, and that every creature, man or beast, that inhaled its malaria either perished or went raving mad, as if its very atmosphere was impregnated with the visible wrath of God. The story of the malaria ought to have been proved false by the remem-

brance of how many hermits and recluses lived beside its waters, especially congregating at the very spot where the odours are stronger than at any other: many of them may, indeed, have been mad, but not from the effects of the climate, although doubtless it is one of the very hottest and most oppressive to be found in the world throughout the summer. The smell of the bitumen and sulphur, the slimy ground, the sparkling salt hills, and, more especially, the singularly thick, viscous appearance on the surface of the water, are all extraordinary and strange enough; but there is really nothing about the lake, as we saw it, bearing evidence of the miraculous vengeance of an angry Deity, however frightful and awful an appearance it may occasionally wear when the hot mists and vapours are lifted from the surface of the water, in the middle of summer, by the sirocco of the Desert, and hang in dense rolling masses over the lake alone. Such was the description given to us by the Bedoueens; but this is not of very frequent occurrence, and is confined to the hottest part of the season only.

This Lake has had a great many names; in the first books of the Bible it is usually called "the salt sea," and "the sea of the plain," while Joel, Zechariah and Ezekiel call it "the eastern sea:" the Greeks and Romans spoke of it as the "Lake Asphaltitis:" Eusebius and Saint Jerome write of it by its common modern name of the "Dead Sea," applied because its waters hold no living thing within them. The Arabs have but one name for it — Bah'r Lout — or the Sea of Lot; and for the asphalt or bitumen cast up upon the shores they have retained the old Hebrew name of *hamor* in their word *hamrr*. After the earthquake of 1837 such an enormous lump of bitumen was detached from the bottom of the lake, and floated on to the shore, that the Jellaheen

and Ta'amreh Arabs sold 18,750 lbs. weight of it in Bethlehem and Jerusalem, where it was carved into plates, vases, &c. &c. Deeply interesting are the scientific speculations as to the formation of the lake, sunk as it is at 1371 feet below the level of the Mediterranean; and many savants find it difficult to conceive that even the rapid evaporation, caused by the extreme heat of the depressed valley, can be sufficient to carry off the immense bulk of water poured into its bosom by the Jordan.* It has even been imagined that some subterranean communication or channel empties it into the Red Sea; *I* have, however, no business to meddle with these difficult questions. It was enough for us to think back upon the affluent fountains of the river we had seen pouring out from springs shaded over by luxuriant trees and flowers — to remember the green meadows through which it wound its way into the silvery lake of Tiberias, teeming with countless multitudes of fish, and the pleasant cane-brakes at the southern end of the lake, whence it flowed, as from its cradle, between lands of richest verdure and wealth of wood; while now the *riante* brightness of the sacred stream was suddenly quenched as it laid itself down in the deep silence and stern solemnity of its tomb in the Dead Sea:

> "Besando su sepultura,
> El Jordán viene á morir."

Beyond this tomb there is yet one more thought on which to meditate in reverential silence — the mysterious prophecies of Ezekiel and Zechariah, of the "living waters" that shall one day "go out from Jerusalem, half of them toward the eastern sea," down through the "desert" plain and "into the sea, and the waters shall be healed; the fishers shall stand at En-gedi, and shall spread

* Six millions of tuns per diem, it is said.

forth their nets, and the fish shall be according to their kinds as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many." *

We left 'Ain Jidi, very regretfully, early in the morning, and turned many a loving glance at her fresh bright trees as we toiled up the wady behind the spring: such an ascent as it was! worse than that of wady en Nemriyeh, without the wild grand beauty which, there, compensated for its difficulty: within a few hundred yards of 'Ain Jidi, the mules had to be unloaded, and all the heavy part of the luggage carried up on the backs of the staggering muleteers, whose strength seemed to us marvellous, in men who never taste meat; the Bedoueens are wonderfully firm of foot, and surprisingly active and agile, but they have not this kind of strength in their muscles: we were just one hour mounting the zigzag ascent, and when we reached the top we found the Sheikh and the muleteers congratulating each other and us, in the liveliest manner, upon having surmounted these difficulties without accident. We had then a monotonous ride of six hours among the utterly barren rounded peaks of the Wilderness: they can be compared to nothing as well as the waves of the sea in a violent storm suddenly turned to stone; not a weed is to be seen, nor any change of colour save bands of white rock cropping out in ribbons along the mountain sides, and here and there a few black stones. We followed a N. W. course all day, and at five P.M. came to a miserable village, called Beni-naim, at so short a distance from Hebron that probably no travellers had ever encamped there before—the people tormented us so much with their pertinacious curiosity; they informed us that this was the burying-place of Lot, and they showed us his gigan-

* Zech. xiv. 8; Ezek. xlvii. 8, 10.

tic tomb, into which, however, we were of course not admitted. An hour and a half's ride through narrow wadys, green with prickly oak and thorns, brought us to Hebron in the morning.

While the tents were being pitched we yielded to Sheikh Hamzeh's earnest entreaties to take coffee at his house, and alighted there: he soon brought in his three wives and a pretty sister to make many salaams and "mar'habas," and then showed us his beautiful boys with much pride — the children at Hebron are very remarkable for their beauty — superior even to those of Bethlehem — and, like them, they are dressed very gaily and handsomely. The Sheikh gave us excellent coffee and sugar-plums; and then dinner was brought in on a metal tray and placed before us with plenty of hot bread: the first dish, called *mafrukki*—half-baked bread shredded into hot butter, with abundance of sugar, was excellent; then came poached eggs swimming in oil, and cakes of quince jelly: the tray was passed out when we had done, to the servants, and then to the Bedoueens. We gave dinner to the Sheikh and Abou Dahouk in the evening, seated on the ground by our tent: they had behaved so well and been so untiringly attentive to us that we were anxious to testify our satisfaction in a pleasanter and more uncommon way than only the inevitable baksheesh: they were very much pleased, and conducted themselves with the utmost good breeding and grave politeness, only showing a little puzzlement as to how to carry the spoons to their mouths, and at the unaccustomed heat of the soup — as they never take any hot liquid or food except coffee, which they sip: we had Mooslim-killed meat on purpose for them — but they took more kindly to the mishmish and rice: the rest of the escort were feasted on a sheep, at the same time, in the cooking-tent. We parted with

many "katter hērraks" (thank you), and Abou Dahouk expressed his firm resolution that soon — very soon, he would go to England; he would begin at once to wear grand clothes and to speak English: he seemed to think that putting on a Frank dress would make the speaking English much more easy. We were much amused to hear, six months after, from some gentlemen who went down to Sebbeh, that the Arabs of his tribe — the Jellaheen — were singing a long song, describing in flowery language the two "*Sitteh Ingleezee*" who had sojourned among them —(the poet did not record at what period of the world's history)—Princesses they must have been, for they had given food and drink and a feast to the poor Jellaheen, and refreshed them with coffee — not common coffee only — but actually coffee *with sugar!*

We were so dreadfully cold at Hebron — which stands 3000 feet above the sea — after the delightful climate of the Dead Sea, that we were very glad to leave it, and to bend our steps along the Jerusalem road, trodden probably by the feet of nearly every person we read of in Scripture from the days of Abraham to the Christian era. In half an hour we had reached the noble oak, which the Hebron people believe to be the tree under which Abraham received the angels: it is a very fine lofty and beautiful tree — one of the finest trees in Syria — the trunk 23 feet in girth, but it is needless to remark, not of any so great antiquity, being yet in the prime of its life: nor, as this is the prickly oak (the *sindian* or *ballut* of the Arabs) could it be the terebinth (*butm* in Arabic) under which Abraham pitched his tent: the branches were full of fruit, and they bend down more weepingly than those of the smaller and younger trees of the species; it is beautifully placed among the vineyards of the rich valley of Eshcol.

About half an hour further we turned off the road to visit some ruins that are said to be those of the singularly beautiful basilica built by command of Constantine "over the terebinth of Abraham," in order to put an end to its worship by the common people and to destroy the idolatrous altars set up around it. The remains consist of the three lowest courses of two sides of a building 290 feet long — many of the stones are more than 16 feet long by 4 feet wide, and by their size and workmanship appeared to us to be of a higher antiquity than the time of Constantine: near the top of the hill there are several ruins and some broken columns which seemed more like work of that age. Here we had an extensive though not pretty view, catching sight of the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea, on either hand, at the same moment. All the hills along the road have once been terraced and planted — and then the country may have been pretty: now the hill-sides have returned into almost their natural condition, and are varied only with scanty sprinkling of prickly oak, arbutus, and juniper, with here and there the winter-crimsoned leaves of the *butm* or terebinth; and despite the verdant nooks where the plough is occasionally used, the whole road seemed very bare, bleak and dreary, — still barer and still drearier as we neared Bethlehem, a handsomely built white town lifted up on the very end and ridge of a rocky spur, which runs out into the valley due east; although there are gardens round Bethlehem and the glorious olive groves of Beit Jala are not far off, the whole scene is one of intensely dreary, rocky barrenness. And yet, — so much is everything in Judæa changed — that Bethlehem was formerly distinguished by the name of "Ephratah" — fruitful — doubtless every hill was once clothed with forest and every valley full of foliage or smiling fields; there are

some living even now who have heard their fathers tell of the fine trees that shaded the road the whole way from Bethlehem to Hebron, where now nothing better than a shrub appears; and one chief source of labour among the fellaheen is digging up the huge roots of the trees from the old broken terraces and ledges of the rocky hills to sell for fuel in Jerusalem — we were told that almost all of these roots were of oak.

Bethlehem* is one of the brightest villages in Palestine: it is in truth a town of considerable extent, of substantially and smoothly built stone houses, — and the people, who are all Christians, are a race apart, marrying chiefly among themselves, and taking much pride in their origin, — they are the descendants of the Crusaders and the beautiful women of Bethlehem, *then* degraded and despised, but now proud and haughty: they are excessively quarrelsome and unruly, but also very industrious, and a handsome, bold-looking, blue-eyed people — the children especially are, many of them, remarkable for their beauty, which is set off by the scarlet or crimson mash'lahs they *all* wear, neat and clean of their kind: the women wear a quantity of silver ornaments, and head-dresses, shaped like bonnets, of silver coins sewed on, overlapping each other: their dress is invariably a thick gown of dark blue woollen drugget, striped with crimson, and a coarse white linen veil, with coloured fringe, drawn over the head, but not covering the face.

The Church at Bethlehem is said to be one of the oldest in the world, and there is no reason to doubt the assertion: much is believed to remain of that erected by

* Beit-lahm, as it is called in Arabic, means the "house of flesh." Beth-lehem, in Hebrew, means the "house of bread."

the Empress Helena, though much was added by the Crusaders; it is a large building, consisting of a nave with four aisles, separated by rows of columns — monoliths of red limestone, veined with white and polished— the Corinthian capitals, which are peculiar and handsome, appearing quite poor through their veil of whitewash; the columns have been painted over with figures of saints, and the upper part of the walls and the roof were once covered with a fine mosaic of high antiquity, of which but a very little yet remains.* The Greeks occupy the centre chapel in the choir, adorned with quantities of gilding and a very rich screen; the Armenians are on the south side, and the Latins have a large chapel to themselves at a few yards' distance, dedicated to St. Catharine. From the Armenian Chapel, a small semicircular staircase descends to a pair of fine silver doors, which open into the Grotto—an irregular, oblong cave, with a recess not three feet high, scooped out at one end, where sixteen silver lamps are always burning over the inscription on the ground, in silver letters, "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est:*" over the recess is an altar used in turn by the three communions. Upwards of forty lamps of gold and silver hang from the roof of the cave; they are always lighted, and are all gifts from the pious of other lands, mostly from France and Russia; a marble trough in one corner represents the Manger, and pictures are placed above the altars; the cave is lined with marble, so that, if it is the real place, little of Nature remains visible in it.

We passed through the Latin Church to descend into the grottos still lower down, dedicated to martyrs and

* The fragments still on the wall have been admirably re-produced in a 4to. volume, "Sur les Eglises de la Terre Sainte, par le Comte Melchior de Vogüe. Paris, 1860."

saints, and to the tomb containing the so-called bones of the Innocents: then came the cave where there is every reason to believe St. Jerome spent great part of his life, and where he wrote most of his books,— it is now neatly whitewashed and lined with a stone vaulting, which robs it of all reality,—indeed, the sacred sites enclosed in the Church at Bethlehem pleased me as little as those at Nazareth, and I was most glad to leave them and to sit outside our tents among the fig-gardens, listening to the shepherd boys, leading home their sheep and goats, and singing as they went. It was so dreadfully cold, that we were glad to close in the tent at night with a good charcoal fire.

We sent our dragoman into Jerusalem, early the next morning, to engage a Bedoueen guard for our journey to Jericho, and we pursued our way for three hours, over very ugly, bare and barren hills, towards Mar Saba: we looked down upon two camps of the Ta'amreh Arabs in wadys below us, but they did not molest or notice us,— and once we had a lovely glimpse of the Dead Sea. Then we descended suddenly upon the convent of St. Saba, perched on a lofty cliff, running out between two deep wadys — one of which is the Kedron: two high towers first meet the eye, but on approaching nearer, one is bewildered with the pile of massive walls, domes, battlements, staircases, and five splendid buttresses supporting the building on the edge of the precipice from the giddy depths below; a small garden of orange and pomegranate trees is enclosed within the walls, and the monks were busy at sunset in feeding flocks of little black and yellow birds, which were twittering about the place. They keep a vigilant watch from the towers, and no Bedoueen is ever knowingly admitted within the walls on any pretence,—but they have more than once suc-

ceeded in robbing the convent. The original cave was selected by the holy Saba in A.D. 483, and his sanctity and wisdom drew several thousand disciples round him there: he was not often allowed to rest in solitude or retirement, being frequently compelled to take an active part in the troubled scenes of the Holy City, and having been made Archimandrite of the anchorites in Palestine, he went even to Constantinople to implore justice and favour from Justinian for them and for the clergy of Syria,—the Emperor came out to meet him, prostrated himself at the feet of the holy man, and granted all his petitions. Many men of note have since that time lived within these walls, and the Library is said to contain MSS. of great value. The monks observe a very severe rule, but they are hospitable and kind,—willing to admit guests of their own sex, or to do any service in their power for those to whom their rule does not permit entrance*: we only needed water, but they sent us hot bread and some wine, and they are willing to supply any travellers encamped outside with food if they desire it.

We found a good, but often very steep road, on the following day, leading over wearisome, sand-strewn, desert hills;—the alternations of ground seldom extending more than two or three hundred yards each, were most tiresome, winding up and down as regularly as the waves of the sea. The whole range of mountains in this "wilderness of Judæa" has been aptly described as a

* A vulgar trick was lately played upon the monks by some American lady, who entered the monastery in men's clothes, concealing her hands in her pockets while going over the whole building, but whilst taking coffee, her sex was discovered, and she was immediately expelled by the justly offended monks. To say nothing of the breach of good faith in such an act, one consoles oneself by reflecting, that, though taken for a man, she could not have been mistaken for a gentleman.

multitude of gigantic limekilns—yellow and white towards the south, about 'Ain Jidi—red and pink towards the north; the variety of colour alone saved them from being horribly monotonous. Soon after leaving Mar Saba we had a sudden glimpse of Jerusalem, between two steep and lofty cliffs: the view was striking—the city stood so completely alone and lifted up on her own mountain—like a queen of cities—but so *triste* and desolate, in strange harmony with all the utter barrenness around, that it seemed, as Châteaubriand well expresses it, "the city of Desolation, in a desolate solitude." Dr. Barclay supposes somewhere near this to have been the spot where "Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off" (Gen. xxii. 4), and that thence he went up the valley of the Kedron to the foot of Moriah: from this place Mount Moriah, and that only, can be seen; and the valley is strewn at the bottom with large building stones of high antiquity, called by the Arabs "Khirbet Ibrahim:" it does not seem the road he would have taken from Beersheba, but the idea is worth considering.

Somewhat further on we came to the Tomb of Sa'ha-ed-deen, the herdsman of Moses; and soon after to the Tomb of Moses himself, according to the Mooslims—a large pile of building, but partly ruined; it is visited every year by thousands of Mooslim pilgrims. From near this tomb a splendid view of the valley of the Jordan, the plain of Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the Moab mountains opens suddenly before one: very rich and lovely was the bright green of the plain, from the thick groves of nebbk, which is at this season in very full leaf, and the ribbon of foliage on the banks of the Jordan winding down the centre of the valley. We descended upon the plain by a good path, and were more than an hour on the sand before we reached the trees,

among which our tents were pitched, beside the fountain healed by Elisha, now called 'Ain es Sultan: it is a lovely spot—the clear, pure, warm stream of this source, and of another a little further on, called 'Ain Douk*, gushing out over the plain, carry delicious verdure wherever their waters pass. The nebbk† here forms lofty trees, the lower growth tangling into perfectly impenetrable thickets, for the slender and somewhat pendent branches are thickly set with long, sharp thorns: in spring, when the leaves have fallen, the tree looks like a heap of thorns thrown together for burning,—now they were charming, the gay little rosy yellow fruit hanging among the small leaves, which are shaped like hawthorn-leaves, and of so bright a green that I can remember no shrub at home to liken them to, unless it be the two-day-old leaves of the lilac. Then there was plenty of agnus castus, still in flower, and quantities of the smaller "Sodom," or "mad-apple," as the Bedoueens call it, with its purple flowers and golden fruit, tempting enough almost to induce a taste: they declare that if the goats browse on it, they go mad for five days. The sun left us under the shadow of the Quarantania mountain only too soon, but for an hour or more after we were in

* The "fountain of watching," or, "of the watch tower." The ruins of a castle are still to be seen on the rock above the spring: this was the castle to which Ptolemy, the Governor of the district, invited his father-in-law, Simon Maccabeus, and had him assassinated during the feast; and when John Hyrcanus besieged it to avenge the murder of his father, Ptolemy brought John's widowed mother and brothers on to the battlements, and scourged them cruelly whenever he made an assault: the dreadful sight compelled John to withdraw his troops, although urged by his mother to persevere; Ptolemy managed to escape, but not before he had had the heroic woman and her sons put to death. (Josephus, W. I. ii. 3.)

† Called, by the Arabs of this neighbourhood, the dôm: its botanical name is, I believe, *Rhamnus nabeca.*

shade, the mountain-tops and lake and the bright trees on the plain were all lit up in glorious colours, and made an enchanting scene. How fortunate are those who come to Jericho in December! Instead of the "suffocating air, like the blast of a furnace," such as most travellers experience there, we revelled in the moderate warmth and the refreshing shade of the thick foliage, we enjoyed the gentle bubbling of the fountain and the sweet singing of the birds, and even tried to forgive the abominable jackals who howled all night most cruelly —for the caves in the mountain of Quarantania are favourite abodes of these gentry.

There is no plain more often mentioned in Scripture than this one of Jericho, yet upon none have the historic evidences been more completely swept away: it is so well watered by the streams of the Wadys el Kelt and Es Sidr, and those of the fountains of Es Sultan, Douk, and some others, that there is no lack of verdure; but such is the neglect and utter waste both of land and water, that scarcely a tenth part of the plain is cultivated: the climate is quite tropical, and the soil is so rich that a very short time, two or three years of care would restore the whole valley to the "divine region" it once was: it is now overrun by very unruly Bedoueens. On the western side the fine mountain of Quarantania rises abruptly from the plain, marked with the openings of scores of caves and grottoes once inhabited by hermits. Between the foot of the mountain and 'Ain es Sultan, are many ruins and some large mounds—this is all that remains, of what is believed to have been the ancient city of Jericho taken by Joshua, the fortifications of which he forbade the Israelites to raise again: the city, however, was either not wholly destroyed or else soon rebuilt, for it is mentioned by its

name of the "city of palm-trees" in Judges i. 16,—afterwards as having been taken by the Moabites (iii. 13)—and as the place where the messengers of David tarried till their shaven beards had grown again; Hiel of Bethel did, in the time of Ahab, rebuild the fortifications, and the curse pronounced by Joshua was fulfilled in the fact of his losing one son at the commencement, and the other on the completion of the walls; a school of prophets settled here, and much of the history of Elijah and Elisha took place at and near the city. By a pass between Quarantania and Wady Kelt a path leads in six hours to Beitîn, the ancient Bethel; it was by this road that the Israelites "went up to Ai," and "made it a heap for ever, even a desolation unto this day." Little more is known of ancient Jericho, but one would like to excavate these large mounds and seek for further remains.

Right across the centre of the plain runs a stream called the Kelt: upon the banks of this, a mile and a half east of 'Ain es Sultan, stood the fine city of Jericho built by Herod—it was adorned with a splendid palace, an amphitheatre and a hippodrome. To this *new* Jericho our Lord came when He visited Zaccheus the publican; here he healed the blind man, and told the multitudes that followed him that the Son of man was come to seek and to save them that were lost; here, too, John the Baptist preached to them repentance and good works, baptizing them in the Jordan, as the type of the new birth and purification of the heart—his own coarse food and coarser garments contrasting with the voluptuous luxury, delicate living, and "soft raiment" of the "king's houses" and the palace of the infamous Herod—Great only in wickedness—one, indeed, among the "generation of vipers" against whom St. John warned

them, and before whom he "spoke the truth, boldly rebuking vice;" near this too, on one of those mountains on the east side of Jordan was the fortress of Macherus, where this bold and mighty man was put in prison, and where he "patiently suffered for the truth's sake." In this city of Jericho Herod had his brother-in-law Aristobulus "playfully drowned" in bathing*; and here he himself died in great torments a few years after. Vespasian destroyed the city and Adrian rebuilt it; the Crusaders burned it to the ground: now the most miserable of all wretched villages stands upon the site, bearing the name of Er Riha—a word that means *smell*,—the squalid hovels of the filthy savage-looking people are hedged round with the dry branches of the nebbk, forming a most impenetrable barrier: once it was surrounded by a forest of lofty palm-trees, and by large gardens of the balsam, which was so precious that a handful of its gum was a present fit for a crowned head. Judæa derived great part of her revenues from the balsam grown in the gardens of Jericho and 'Ain Jidi, and Pompey carried a tree of it to Rome as a trophy for his triumph. Not a palm-tree remains in the land, and the only apology for the balsam is the zakkhoum, which grows abundantly—it is a thorny tree or shrub with tiny leaves growing on very thick twigs—the oil pressed from its fruit, which resembles an olive, is much sought after by the Arabs for healing wounds, even though this tree is said by the Koran to grow in hell, and its fruit to form the food and drink of the damned.

Somewhere rather nearer to the Jordan must have been the city of Gilgal—the first encampment of the Israelites in the Land of Promise, where the Tabernacle

* Josephus, "Antiq." xv. iii. 3.

remained till it was placed at Shiloh—here Saul was made king over Israel, and here also he learned that the kingdom would be taken away from him because he had not believed that God desired obedience more than sacrifice from his people,—though it was strange to bring the unholy spoil of the Amalekites to the very neighbourhood where Israel had received so great a lesson on the sin of covetousness*, and had been so signally taught that their conquest of the heathen nations who had inhabited the land of Canaan was to be a religious enterprise, done only in purity of heart, for no self-aggrandisement, but for the glory of God alone.

We rode early the next morning to the village of er-Riha. Our Bedoueen escort were soon stopped to pay the tribute due to the Arabs of the village for conducting strangers through their territory—twenty piasters for each of us, and a sheep added to the bargain. We were glad to leave the noisy crew, and ride on along the bank of the Kelt, which some have supposed to be the "brook Cherith," where Elijah was commanded to go, although the Bible distinctly says, "which is before Jordan," and "before" means to the east of Jordan.† One would rather look for Cherith among the little known valleys, which we see with longing eyes on the opposite side of the Jordan, among the

* The Valley of Achor is believed to be the same as the Wady Kelt.

† Of the three words used in Hebrew to denote the East, one means literally the *sun-rising*, while the two others signify *in front*, or *in face of*, and some difficulties have arisen from the translation of the latter in our Bible, as in Num. xxi. 11; but it is easy to remember that the spectator is always supposed to face the sun-rising, and therefore the "right hand" denotes the South—the "left hand" the North—while "behind" is the West. The word Saracen signifying "man of the East," was derived from the Arabic *Sharakh*, corresponding to the root of the first of these three words, *sarak*, the sun rising.

barren mountains of Moab—now inhabited by such wild Bedoueens that exploring them is nearly impossible. It is interesting to remember in thinking of them, that the word translated as "ravens" in our Bible, who brought food to Elijah, also means Arabs.

Deceived by the clearness of the atmosphere and the level plain, the Dead Sea appeared so near to us that we expected to reach it in half an hour: it was, however, a ride of two hours and a half, before we had arrived at the shore, passing over low undulations, covered with sharp cones, little queerly-shaped peaks, and much sandy mud: the shadeless plain was very hot under the mid-day sun, and the horses occasionally sank so much in the mud that our progress was slow; but the view was interesting: we soon recognised the headland of 'Ain Jidi, and the well-known cliff of Sebbeh, with Jebel Usdoum behind it, apparently forming the end of the Sea—on the left the wreath of warm vapour showed the ravine of Calirrhoe, and one point of the mountain range, which appeared to be higher than the rest, we chose to fancy must be Pisgah. While we looked at the view our dragoman built us a grand little tent with driftwood and shawls under which we spread our carpet, and made our toilets preparatory to bathing in the Lake: the water was as cool and refreshing as its clearness had looked inviting, and very pleasant it was to float upon the strangely buoyant water: the taste is quite indescribable—the first sensation is of the saltness of brine, very naturally, for, whereas there is four per cent. of salt in the ocean, there is twenty-six per cent. in the water of the Dead Sea; the next is of a sickening, greasy bitter which is most disgusting: of the many descriptions of it, M. de Saulcy's is much the best—"a mixture of salt, colocynth, and oil." The strangest part is

the sensation on the skin afterwards: without any touch of towel one was instantly dry all over—literally "dry as a bone"—drier than anything one could think of, and yet greasy withal—not exactly sticky, but oily—the most disagreeable feeling inside one's clothes and gloves. The salt dried on one's hair and clothes visibly, just as it lies on all the driftwood on the shore, but a touch brushed it away. We picked up a small fish quite dead, and a number of very tiny black shells, similar to some we had found in the Lake of Galilee, with indubitably *living* fish in them;—I have it noted in my journal that they were still alive thirty hours after: but the Bedoueens said these had been only lately washed in from the Jordan and that they could not live long in the Dead Sea water. Châteaubriand relates that he heard a murmur in the water which his guides told him arose from millions of little fish rushing into the lake—I conclude he means that they were singing their little death songs: certainly all the shells that we picked up on the shore at 'Ain Jidi contained only dead fish: probably some current washing round from the mouth of the Jordan along the curves of the northern end, enables the fish to live in that particular spot; those we picked up were stationary, sticking to the stones. About twenty feet from the shore there is an islet of mud, which is said to be covered with ruins of great antiquity—but we saw none from where we stood. We gathered also great bunches of tiny pink flowers—something like heath—very dry and very pretty; they made the shore quite gay, and we put bowers of them on our horses' heads in the hot ride of two hours more to the bank of the Jordan, where we were glad to undress again, under the shade of a friendly tree and wash off the uncomfortable feeling of the "bad water;"

the Jordan did not *look* as inviting as the Dead Sea. It is muddy and of a dark leaden colour, and we found the water very cold, but it was refreshing and pleasant.

We had skirted the band of foliage from the shore of the Lake, delighting in the varied tints of orange, red, and greens of every hue, against the background of dark blue mountains behind it: now, descending into the depth of the *ghôr*, or deep valley which the rushing Jordan has worn for itself, we entered into the charming shade of the tall fine trees—poplars, willows, tamarisks, planes, terebinths—and a thick jungle of agnus castus and everlastings, both in blossom, the fine tall canes waving their beautiful flowery heads and flaunting leaves in the breeze—"the reeds shaken by the wind." * The river turns in a sudden bend at this spot—the bathing-place of the Greeks, and the eddy is strong and dangerous; but, a few yards further on, the path between the trees on the opposite side shows that it is one of the fords of the Jordan. Perhaps no one at home can quite enter into the feeling with which one bathes in the sacred Jordan: when one has "come up to Jerusalem" all through the Holy Land, following each hallowed foot-step, and remembering each sacred story—noting sadly the ruin and desolation that has spread over every historic site—apt illustrations of how the Light has shined and yet the people still sit in darkness—and then one comes here where the river has been passing on with the same steady, ceaseless rush, ever renewing the same lovely thickets, since the day when the Ark of God passed over, and since the Son of God fulfilled all righteousness—one can hardly help fancying oneself no

* These reeds are the *Arundo donax*, the "pride of Jordan," in which the young lions lay when they mourned—because the floods came and hid the reeds, and they were chased away. Zech. xi. 3.

longer only a silent spectator of the distant scene, as, plunging into the river, one seems to throw oneself into the past, and to unite oneself, something more than spiritually, to the sacred histories of the stream : truly we have each our "Abana and Pharpar" at home in which we may indeed wash and be clean—without or within,—but a new feeling rises in the heart, and a new prayer murmurs on the lips, as one feels the water of that hallowed river pass over one. "Among all the travellers who visit the Jordan, is there one, however far removed from superstition, who is willing to turn away without having bowed his head in these sacred waters ?"*

The plain of the Jordan—now called El Ghôr—would appear to have been always the most important plain in Israel, as its name in Scripture is *Ha-arabah*†, *the* plain par excellence : and the river is the only really large one in the land of Canaan : its three sources we had seen already —that at Hasbeiya—that at Tell el Khady—and that at Banias—but the ancient inhabitants reckoned only the last as its veritable source ; the Hebrew name is Yarden, the descender, and the old Arabic writers preserved this in the word 'Ordoun for the upper part of the stream—below the Lake of Galilee it is called Scheriat-el-Kebeer, the great watering place. The valley is inclosed between ridges, rising with steep precipitous sides, between 1000 and 2000 feet—the eastern side is the loftiest—the breadth of the valley here is about nine or ten miles ; but it becomes very much narrower farther north. The river is itself sunk below the level of the valley between *two* set of banks—those confining the water are low, the upper ones are much higher, and at a considerable distance from the stream : the continuous rush of its volume

* Miss Martineau's "Eastern Travel."

† Joshua xviii. 18 ; Josephus, "Wars," iv. vii. 2.

of water has worn this track for itself; lower down, all along the Jericho plain, there are *three* sets of terrace banks—the middle one is covered with shrubs, canes, and low herbs. The average breadth of the river is about 150 feet. The Jordan has one very remarkable characteristic in its being tortuous beyond all other rivers in the world, I believe, so that in its 60 miles, course (as the crow flies) between the two lakes, it winds to the length of 200 miles, and, still stranger, that its fall is 660 feet, without a single descent of any very sudden depth, but all one continued downward slope: it is probably from this peculiarity that it bore the name of "the descender." Its valley from being so much depressed below the level of the Mediterranean is of an intensely hot climate—"a gigantic furnace," as poor Van de Welde calls it, in the vivid account he gives of his own sufferings there: he was in the Ghôr in the month of May, when of course the inevitable scirocco was constantly upon them, and he says that the heat was considerably worse to bear than anything he had ever felt even in South Africa.

We turned regretfully away from the "sweet and sacred river" at about an hour before sunset, and adapted our speed to the short time we had in which to find our way to the tents before dark: it was a lovely evening, and even our dragoman forgot his usual fears "*de casser le cou*" and galloped on merrily: we put up a hare and a gazelle and plenty of *khuttar*, a kind of partridge, some of which were shot, and then the two Bedoueen Sheikhs went off, darting about, pursuing each other with war-cries, making their long spears quiver in the hand from end to end, and turning them cleverly over their heads as they wheeled smartly round, each by turns pursuing and pursued. The next evening, for

we spent a quiet Sunday beside the fountain, they begged to exhibit one of their dances, and we were summoned to sit at the tent door as soon as it was quite dark. Here we found a wild-looking group ready for us, standing by the light of a huge fire of dry nebbk branches piled up high, the sparks of which went flying about, lighting up the pretty trees above us, and illuminating the eager faces of the swarthy Bedoueens who stood in a row before us—with the muleteers and our servants squatting on the ground in a ring around them. One of the Bedoueens stood opposite the others, and whichever way he swung his body or threw himself, they did the same, while he improvised a long song, with a verse for each of us, bringing in the names of each, the Sitteh, Habeeb, Suleimân, Nakhleh, Marshet, &c. &c., the others repeating the end words of each line or answering by a rhyme: the verses were about our journey and their good wishes for us, &c.; all through they beat time loudly, throwing one fist into the palm of the other hand, bringing out between each verse a strange hoarse sound, like a camel's grunt, "Adjjā, Adjjā," to each beat, and swinging or rocking the body vigorously from side to side: sometimes they suddenly dropped on one knee, and seemed to feign to strike the one opposite, but they never touched each other.

We left 'Ain es Sultan early the next morning, and turned westward up the pass of the Wady el Kelt, the "going up of Adummin" that is, "the red pass" which was on the western border of Judah; the word is the plural of the same Hebrew root as Adam, Edom, &c., all meaning *red*. St. Jerome says that the name refers to the blood so often shed by robbers on this road; but in the Septuagint it is given as the "pass of the red haired men." It is a very steep and rugged

ascent, with sharp angles, turning on the edge of the cliff, with the 400 or 500 feet of chasm below: but the road is everywhere protected by rough walls—it bears traces of the old Roman work at intervals all the way to Jerusalem. From the summit we looked back once more over the plain, now beautiful in the morning light —the orange and green foliage by the winding river, like a green serpent on the sand—the blue Sea and the stern and lofty cliffs with the cleft of Wady Heshbon, through which, probably, the Israelites arrived at the Promised Land—the eastern and western mountains gradually closing in at the far north, with the castle, Khulah er Rŭbud, standing up prominently on one of the cliffs farthest north—the castles of Jericho and el Hajjla on the plain, and the ruined arches, aqueducts and nameless buildings at the foot of Quarantania, with all the delicious spread of verdure far away across the plain—make a fine and striking picture.

Everybody knows how gloomy and wild is the road from Jericho to Jerusalem—chasms and ravines succeeding one another with dreary monotony—now bordering the road with precipices—now sunk between walls of naked rock that, collecting the sun's rays and seeming to exclude the air, produce an atmosphere of scorching, suffocating heat and a dazzling glare that makes this day's ride one of the most trying in Syria: even at this season we found it, to a certain degree, distressing. It retains as ever its bad name, and no part of it can be traversed in safety without a Bedoueen escort;—the ruins of two large khans are on the road side and probably one of them marks the site of "the inn" alluded to in the beautiful parable of the Good Samaritan. An ancient fountain further on, usually called "the fountain of the Twelve Apostles," is be-

lieved to be the En-shemesh of Joshua xv. 7. One can well fancy the weary followers of our blessed Lord, and He Himself resting at the end of the day beside this fountain in the shade of the rocky height behind it, and then, because "the Son of man had not where to lay his head," lying down beside the trickling water, and sleeping by the roadside as one sees people doing twenty times a day in Syria. Surmounting the steep path above this spring, Bethany and Abou Dis, supposed by some to be the "village over against Bethany," come in sight at once, and formed a sad, but pretty picture in the evening light. Very mournful are the bare heights about here, but fig gardens and fruit orchards are now beginning to fill up the valleys,—and the bottom of the curving slope, on which Bethany nestles with a look of meek, quiet confidence, is filled with luxuriant plantations.

There are few places which hold such a tender, homelike association with the life of our Lord as this little village, where, as in His "own city" among the poor fishermen on the banks of the Lake of Galilee, He had a resting-place with Lazarus and the loving Mary, who here, in the house of one Simon, anointed His sacred feet with precious ointment. Bethany and Bethphage are reasonably supposed to have been different parts of the same village, or rather that Bethany was the name not only of a village, but of a district: Beth-hina, in Hebrew, meant the "house of date-palm"— a species of palm, mentioned in the Talmud, as having a remarkably hard wood — "hard as iron." Beth-phage means the "House of figs," and is spoken of three times in the Talmud as close to Bethany: that they were close together, we learn from Mark xi. 1, and that palm-trees grew there and on the Mount of Olives we know from John xii. 13, and Nehem. viii. 15, as Bethany stands on

the north-eastern slope or end of the Mount of Olives: not a palm remains in existence now, but the figs grow luxuriantly. The houses are rudely built, chiefly of old materials, sometimes with the ancient Jewish bevel, loosely put together; a ruin on the top of the hill appears to be the remains of a tower of which the once massive walls have quite fallen down.

A tomb, excavated in the rock, is shown as that of Lazarus: of course such sites can seldom be ascertained with perfect certainty: but there seems no real reason for doubting this tradition, one more likely than most others to have been preserved; the objection that it is now *in* the village instead of outside of it, seems over critical, as in the lapse of eighteen centuries, it is far more likely than unlikely, that the houses should have gathered round the scene of so remarkable a miracle: it stands now at the north-western corner of the village, and where (should Bethabara have been at "Jacob's ford," as Origen says) it would be passed by one coming by the path *over* the Mount of Olives to Bethany, probably the road that coming down from the north, our Lord would take, without diverging to enter into the city where "they sought again to take Him," and where Mary, "going unto the grave to weep there," would meet Him when He was not yet come into the town." The entrance is by a low doorway cut in the rock, and a passage with several steps descending into a vault, with another vault immediately below it reached by a few more steps: some masonry inside may have been added since: the tomb is alike sacred to Christian and Mooslim; and the village is now called el Azarîyeh from *el Azar*, the Arabic form of Lazarus.

We stayed two days at Bethany, studying the three paths to Jerusalem, round and over the Mount of Olives,

delighting in the quietness of the spot, and in the views of and from the village: there is nothing more striking or more beautiful in its mournfulness, than the view of the Holy City, which, by the sudden turns of the lower road from Bethany round the projecting spurs of the southern shoulder of Olivet, bursts twice upon the eyes of the pilgrim, and most thrilling are the remembrances of all that met the eyes of the blessed Saviour as He passed along that same old road in His last and most memorable entry into Jerusalem; but descriptions of the actual scenery would be useless after the vivid picture drawn by the graphic pen of Mr. Stanley.

It wanted three days of Christmas, 1859, when we took up our abode in Jerusalem.

CHAP. XX.

ANCIENT JERUSALEM.

"The perfection of beauty—
The joy of the whole earth!"

"¡Ciudad de las tristezas!"

JERUSALEM, with its mixture of Past and Present, is not by any means to be realised to the mind's eye by a rapid description, nor can it be understood at a glance: weeks, and even months, are absolutely required to take in the details which make up the whole —and these must be weighed and balanced, examined and considered, unless the traveller desires only to follow some one particular crotchet, or subsides passively under the dictates of some one particular theory; if he chooses to think for himself or to compare the thousand-and-one opinions of those who have gone before him, he will soon find himself launched into a maze — a labyrinth — a confusion confused — from which he will at last turn away in despair, almost with a feeling that as they cannot all be right they must all be wrong. The most satisfactory method for a scholar would be to come here with only the Bible and Josephus in his hand, and to study the ground with these guides only; but even then the results would probably be far from satisfactory until a generation or two has passed away, during which the building of one and another house, the clearing of this or that

locality, may give from time to time glimpses of the foundations which lie concealed under the thirty or forty feet thickness of *débris* heaped over them—the seal on the long closed book of the Past—the sod growing over the grave—in this way only can a knowledge of the true facts of what has been, ever be attained. So much—bit by bit—has been discovered in the last few years, and each discovery has made its predecessor so much more comprehensible than it was before, that one might reasonably hope much more will come to light: if only the eyes that see them and the mind that connects them are unbiassed and unbound to some one prejudice.

It would be very presumptuous, and quite as useless, for me to attempt a detailed description of Jerusalem; but as most of those who are anxious to glean a more distinct image of that one holiest spot on all the earth, have derived some faint idea of the locality from the various accounts of travellers, or from panoramas, models, drawings, and photographs, we may as well try to add some touches to the picture, and to bring out here and there a strong light or a dark shadow. I need hardly say that this small work has no pretensions whatever to any kind of learning: its only aim is to give an outline of what appears to be the plainest and most nearly indisputable evidence towards the elucidation of the great whole: to assist those who are at home in the realising of what they cannot see, and perhaps to guide the traveller, who can give but a few days to his examination, in the unravelling of the tangled knot. There will be scarcely one word on this controverted subject that some one would not dispute, if they thought it worth the trouble; but as I do not pretend to have discovered any one single fact, nor to cling to any one particular theory, I shall be the first to

rejoice at any absolute mistake being corrected by abler heads and hands than mine.

Jerusalem was one of those cities founded by the sons of Canaan, the grandson of Noah*, of which we have already spoken in mentioning Hamath and Saïda; it seems to have been always regarded as a sacred place, as would appear from Josephus having reminded the Jews, during the siege†, that when the Egyptians came up and took possession of "Queen Sarah," Abraham "spread out his hands towards this holy place" to obtain God's assistance, and so the King of Egypt "adoring the place, fled away." It was probably the Salem where Melchizedek worshipped the true God, himself both king and priest, having been called to the true faith, although surrounded by idolatrous Canaanites, and therefore "without father or mother" in his faith ‡; perhaps the remarkable circumstance of this single instance of an altar raised to Jehovah, caused the rock to be looked on as holy: and it does seem as if some special reason must have existed for Abraham's having been desired to take Isaac a journey of three days' distance in order to sacrifice him on that very hill. Abraham gave it a name indicative of that perfect unquestioning faith in

* Gen. x. 16. 1 Chron. xi. 4.

† Joseph. W. v. ix. 4.

‡ Munk considers that this Melchizedek was a Canaanitish priest of the god "Elioun, father of Heaven and Earth," according to the description given by Philo of Byblos and Sanchoniathon of the mythological gods and goddesses of Syria: the words used in the Hebrew by Melchizedek are not those expressing the name of Jehovah, whilst Abraham in his reply takes care to precede the same "El Elioun" with the name of Jehovah, as though he wished to declare *his* God to be the one true and only Most High God. Josephus evidently also believed him to be a Canaanitish priest. War, vii. xi. 1.

Almighty God, of which he had given so signal a proof on the rock—*Jehovah jireh*—the Lord will provide: the period at which this name became transmuted into that of Jerusalem, and the exact meaning of the latter, are both disputed points;—it is generally believed to be a combination of the last syllable of the new name given to the rock by Abraham, prefixed to that borne by the city in his time—Jireh—Salem,—thus signifying that the Lord will provide peace, and prophetic of the daily Sacrifices to be there offered for a thousand years, by the people He had chosen, and of the Lamb, Whose death on that spot should make our peace for ever with God. It was also called Jebus, from the name of its founder, and Zion to denote its pre-eminence and excellence. It is spoken of by both Isaiah (xlviii. 2, lii. 1) and Nehemiah (xi. 1, 18) as "the holy city"—Kodesh—the name which it has retained in Arabic—El Khodds—which appears in Herodotus under the Greek form of "Kadytis," while Homer's "Solyma" comes from Salem.

It is only in reaching Jerusalem from the East, that the length and breadth of the Holy City is seen at one glance—from the South, only that part outside the Zion gate, and the walls and towers on the Western side are visible at the first view, crowning the brow of the hill; the view from the Jaffa road, which has first met the eyes of pilgrims for more than a thousand years and is therefore in some sort hallowed—is the least striking of all,—little or nothing is seen but the Western wall and the old square Tower of Hippicus at the Jaffa Gate, and these rise from the uneven plain apparently undivided from it by any valley or ravine. From the North road, the whole of that side is well seen at once, relieved by the olive groves before it,—but little more than the wall itself can be seen with the top of the Greek Convent,

and a few domes, among which those of the Mosque of Omar and of the Holy Sepulchre are conspicuous above the others.

Every traveller, from whatever side he arrives, should ascend the Mount of Olives before he loses himself in the confusion of narrow streets and crooked houses within the gates, and should, for some hours, study attentively the general features of the view before him—the different elevations within and without the town—the chief buildings, and all the details he can distinguish. Let him sit there from the moment when the first silvery shining ray darts over the mountain wall of the eastern Desert, tipping here a grey dome and there a gilt crescent, till the sun has waxed high and strong, and pours down in the naked, white, shadowless light of noon, and on still till the dark red hills and the grey rocks melt into a maze of deep violet, and the white stones turn rosy, and the old walls change into piles of yellow gold, and the sun goes down behind the far away hills, putting out its fires in the "great sea," yet lingering to throw back grand loveliness of rose and lilac upon the Moab mountains, whence he will come again in the morning: then the quiet city gradually sinks, as it were, into the deep shades of the ravines on each side, and the Turkish soldiers' shout for the Sultan comes up upon the last ray of sunshine; a twinkling light appears in every building, till all is hushed and dark and silent, save the horrible dogs quarrelling in the valley of the Kedron below. It is surprising how necessary it is to watch this view for a whole day, as the varying light brings out one point after another: one such continual comparative observation does more for the right understanding of the whole, than a hundred disjointed, quickly-caught views of passage.

Let us sketch in slightly what we see: the bare hill to the South of the city, with one miserable wind-worn tree on its brow, is the Hill of Evil Counsel (where Caiaphas and the elders are said, upon no authority, however, to have taken counsel together, Matt. xxvi. 3), —it is rocky and irregular, sloping off to the West and dying down in the plain of Rephaim; on the North, long ridges of low brown hills or plains, stony and bare though dotted with olives here and there, stretch one behind another: they seem to rise gently from the city, until the monotony is broken by the low peak of Neby Samwel, marked by a tower, the ruin of an old convent Church, since converted into a Mosque.

Between these two sides of the picture the Holy City stands, apparently on a square, rocky hill, enclosed in crenelated walls, with here and there a bastion or a zig-zag—very quaint and very sad those old walls look, and yet something proudly too they stand,—while beyond them, a long dull, flat ridge rises slightly towards the west, and two deep narrow ravines sweep round the holy mountain—the one, is the Wady Jehoshaphat, or of the Kedron, commencing from some distance to the north of the city, and running along the eastern side of it to the south,—the other is the valley of Hinnom, coming round from the western side and uniting with the Kedron at the south-east corner, embracing at that point, between them, the spur of Mount Moriah which is called Ophel. Furthest from us, on the western wall, is the Tower of Hippicus. Near it to the right, is the Latin convent and the two domes of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—to the left, on Mount Zion, the extensive Armenian Convent, the domes of some new Synagogues, the English Church, and the Tomb of David are seen (the last outside the wall),—these are almost the

only buildings on which the eye can rest among the confused mass of little brown and white domes and grey walls: nor are any of these seen at first, for the Mosque of Omar, in the famous Harâm, the second most beautiful building in all the world, rivets all the spectator's attention. The wall enclosing the Mosque occupies more than half of the eastern side of the city,—in the centre of which stands the Mosque, an octagonal building, pierced with seven windows on each side, narrowing above into a small circle also pierced with windows, and surmounted by a most graceful dome, bearing aloft the gilt crescent of Islam: the whole building is cased entirely in encaustic tiles,—chiefly blue, green, purple, and yellow, formed into intricate and delicate arabesques, and so mingled that it is impossible to say whether the building is green or blue; the cornice is replaced by an Arabic inscription in large and prettily interlaced letters. The Mosque stands on a marble platform, which is reached by broad flights of steps, and round the edge of which are several groups of slender arches and small houses, while little circular *mihrabs*, or praying-places, shaded by a light canopy of fretted stone, are dotted over its surface: round this platform are grassy slopes, with noble cypresses and a few other trees, the bright and dark green of which contrast beautifully with the white and coloured marbles of the buildings.

At the southern end of the enclosure is the Mosque of El Aksa, ornamented with a dome and covered by a sloping roof. The Mosque of the Moghâribeh, the College of the Dervishes, and the Serai, the residence of the Pasha, stand on the west and north sides,—while the whole extent of the Eastern side of the city is only broken by St. Stephen's Gate, and the long-closed "Golden Gate," with its two round arches and small domes.

This is the view over which Jesus wept, when He beheld its beauty, and thought upon its ruin and desolation: and strange and thrilling indeed is the feeling it gives to one now: the gloomy ravines lose much of their effect seen from above: the surrounding hills are one and all the very dreariest, barrenest, and ugliest one can find anywhere, and yet—the whole is beautiful—and even the fastidious and trifling are impressed by it.

There are two other views of Jerusalem which specially deserve mention—all the more as they are seldom seen by travellers: the one is from the easternmost point of Scopus, whence the plateau of the Harâm is well overlooked, and the upper part of the city, Mount Zion especially, appears as a good background to it, while the olive gardens seem richer than usual from being taken in perspective, and contrast well with the bare hill of Olivet rising on the left, the ever-beautiful Moab mountains behind all. The other is, in my opinion, the *prettiest* of all the views of Jerusalem,—it is from the eastern end of the Hill of Evil Counsel, and should be seen when the city is overspread with the bright rays of the western sun, when the Mount of Olives appears more lofty than in the earlier light, and the elevated position of the city is well shown by the deep shadow of the ravines of Kedron and Hinnom.

It is believed that the present enclosure of the Harâm is about the same size as that of the Temple of Solomon; the marble platform on which the Mosque stands, as the Temple stood, was rendered necessary by the inequalities of the summit of Mount Moriah, and because it was not naturally large enough to contain all the Temple buildings; in fact it acted in something of the same way as the platforms beneath Tadmor, Rukhleh, Baalbek, &c., but that here it was only required for giving

the Temple a level standing place on the summit of its own stronghold; in the others it was required also for elevating the Temple to view. But this platform was not intended to *cover* the sacred rock, a rock sanctified to the Israelites by two of the most holy and sacred events in their history: one, the binding of Isaac for sacrifice—the other, the appearance of Jehovah to David in the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite*; and it was therefore left to appear naked and natural in the Holy of Holies, the place of solemn sacrifice and communion with Jehovah. The platform was consequently sunk about twenty feet lower than the summit of the rock: and as on the south side the mount slopes down suddenly, while on the north side it is scarcely of a lower level than the summit, the platform was supported on the south side upon rows of arches, closed in by the exterior wall, which is consequently very deep without and shallow within. As there is no doubt that these substructions supporting the platform must have been made previous to the building of the Temple, they are intensely interesting as being indubitably of the time of Solomon, made "immovable for all future times." (See the interesting account of these foundations in Josephus, xv. 11, 3.)

These substructions were entered from the exterior by a door in the south Wall, which is now closed up, but into the hall within it the Mooslim pilgrim is allowed to enter, because a stone niche, lying here on its back, is an object of devotion among them as the so-called "cradle of the Lord Issa" (Jesus); the vault of this hall within is supported by a single column, short but enormously massive, said to be a monolith, with a curious capital of leaves ranged in a stiff row all round it—they are more

* That these two places were the same is an immemorial tradition, confirmed by 2 Chron. iii. 1.

like feathers than leaves, and have a very Egyptian look about them: the capital is carved in the lowest relief possible, as if intended to be further adorned by colour.* The double passage leading from this hall to the platform, by an inclined plane, occupies but a very small portion of these arched vaults: they appear to have been built in chambers, divided by very thick walls of enormous bevelled stones rather roughly chiselled; into these no one is allowed to enter, but from a loophole in the wall of the hall before mentioned, one can have a good glimpse into their gloomy but grand recesses. It is outside this part of the Harâm that the wall of Solomon's time appears in such beauty.† It reaches from about the last sixty feet of the east Wall to some short distance on the southern side: there are sixteen courses of stone still uncovered, but, on the southern side, they are soon hidden beneath the accumulated soil, or else have ceased; while on the east the rest of the Wall has evidently been rebuilt, as small stones and fragments of columns are jumbled in with many of the very large stones of the original Wall: the broken columns are of porphyry and verde-antique, and doubtless ornamented the Temple itself or the cloisters. The masonry of the angle is most beautiful—the finely-closed joints, the finish of the bevelling, and the smooth faces are so wonderful in these enormous stones that the words of the Psalmist naturally occur at once to the mind of the traveller—"That our daughters may grow up as the polished corners of the temple;" besides the solemn thought of that Saviour, who has become "the chief corner stone."

* The drawing of this capital in Mr. Ferguson's Handbook is very inaccurately done.

† See Dr. Robinson's "Bib. Researches," vol. i. 288.

Go from this angle down into the valley of Siloam, where the valley of the Tyropæan falls into it, and climb up the opposite cliff face, the eastern end of the Hill of Evil Counsel: look thence at this magnificent Temple Wall—a marvel of masonry, great even now—and fancy what it must have been, when it was complete in the same grandeur all along to the western side,—fancy, beyond this, the Bridge (the remains of which were so happily discovered a few years ago), crossing the (then) deep valley of the Tyropæan to the cliff of Mount Zion —still steep and lofty—connecting the Temple with the Xystus (the house of archives),—is it any wonder that the Queen of Sheba was overwhelmed with admiration when she saw this "ascent" by which Solomon went up from his palace to the Temple? but still more when she looked on the other side of the Temple and saw, extended right across the valley of the Kedron, another but much loftier Bridge, uniting the Temple to the Mount of Olives! This Bridge we are told was constructed upon two rows of arches, of which the upper row was much smaller and closer than the lower,—and over it, in grand procession, the High Priest went with the red heifer to sacrifice her on the summit of Mount Olivet; the point of its junction with the Wall of the Temple is distinctly traceable if compared with that of the Bridge on the other side, and some day it is to be hoped the foundations may be discovered on the slope of the hill side, or at the bottom of the valley.

At the north-western corner of the *enceinte* of the Harâm the rock rises to a considerable height above the level of the platform: it has been cut down vertically: below it the rock-surface is perfectly level, and has been thought by some persons to be the threshing-floor of Araunah, partly, I believe, from tradition, and partly

because Josephus, quoting Hecateus of Abdera, seems to describe the altar as being *near* not *in* the Temple itself, although contained within the same surrounding wall.* The Serai, or Pasha's palace, stands on the summit of this corner rock, considered to be the site of the fortress of Antonia—"the Tower of the Corner"—which was originally built, it is believed, by Judas Maccabeus, and re-constructed with great splendour by Herod; from the roof of the Pasha's house a beautiful view of the Harâm is obtained, of course in better detail than that from the Mount of Olives: the light colonnades and the *mihrabs* are much better seen, and prove to be mostly exquisite specimens of Saracenic work: one, opposite the eastern door of the Mosque, is called the "Judgment Seat of David"—the delicately-painted roof is supported on seventeen slender marble columns, no two capitals of which are alike, and all are richly sculptured; straight simple leaves round one, like an Egyptian capital—basket-work on another, trellises of vine-leaves on others, and so on—they have probably all been taken from some much more ancient building. The next in beauty stands on the top of the steps opposite the Mosque of El Aksa—it is called "the Pulpit," and is most richly carved in various coloured marbles.

The magnificent Mosque in the centre of the platform is believed to have been commenced by the Khalif Omar, and very much enlarged, beautified and enriched, in fact, quite rebuilt by the Khalif Abd-el-melek in A.D. 686. It was seven years in building: the Mooslims believe it to stand over the rock on which Jacob was sleeping when he saw the vision of the heavenly ladder: but it is

* Jos. agst. Apion, b. i. 22.

still more sacred to them, as to us, from having been the sacred rock beneath the altar in Solomon's Temple, whereon the daily sacrifice was offered. During the time of the Latin kingdom in Jerusalem this Mosque became a Christian cathedral, where the service was daily sung and an altar erected on the summit of the rock: the building was called by the Crusaders the "Temple of the Lord."

The fanciful and intricate patterns of the porcelain walls of the Mosque, the graceful letters of the inscription round it, and the tracery of the windows are still more beautiful on a closer inspection—nothing can be more perfect of their kind—or more peculiarly charming than the harmony of the colours; the windows are filled with stained glass of the very richest and most brilliant colours, that even the palmiest days of the mediæval ages could produce in Europe,—the effect of the dim religious light upon the interior of the dome, which was once entirely gilt, on the adornment of the walls and columns, and on the bare, naked, rough rock below, is singularly beautiful. Two rows of columns encircle the centre, forming a double corridor, and support the clerestory and the dome: these columns have evidently belonged to some other building—their capitals are mostly of acanthus leaves. The Rock itself is enclosed in a metal screen of lattice-work about six feet high, and to it we are told by the Bourdeaux Pilgrim in A.D. 333, the Jews came every year, anointing the stone with oil, wailing and rending their garments, thus proving its authenticity in their minds; it had been for many years polluted by an equestrian statue of the Emperor Adrian elevated on the very rock itself. The Bourdeaux Pilgrim specially mentions that this Rock adored by the Jews, was *pierced:* below it is the "noble cave" spoken of in the

Mishna, into which the blood &c. from the altar drained, and descended thence by a conduit into the valley of Siloam, the gardens in which were enriched by this drainage: and this appears to be corroborated by the special name of the valley being Kedron—which comes from *kedar*, meaning dark, gloomy, sad, filthy; the gardeners, it is said paid as much money as a trespass-offering for a share of it to fertilise their gardens, which were called the "king's gardens." (Nehem. iii. 15; Jer. lii. 7.) Dr. Barclay, Signor Pierotti, and others have themselves passed up from the mouth of this passage in the Pool of Siloam to the "noble cave," and the latter gentleman has also ascended by a branch subterranean conduit, hollowed in the same way from the valley of Siloam to a spot under the so-called Hospital of Omar, some way to the west of the precincts of the Harâm, and not far from the bridge of St. Gilles.

The Mosque of El Aksa stands at the southern extremity of the Harâm over the substructions built by Solomon: it was a Christian basilica of seven aisles, and is so much more church-like in the interior than even the Holy Sepulchre, that it is striking to the European eye: most of the columns are of marble, chiefly of dark green serpentine,—two of them standing about the centre of the nave, are very thick square monoliths, and some are supposed to be Jewish, on account of the lowest fillet of the capital and the upper fillet of the base being carved on the plinth; these two are both ornamented with very peculiar leaves, not in the least conventional but well carved examples of the commonest weeds in Palestine*; the arches are supported by beams of wood laid across from capital to capital, which gives a most singular appearance to the structure. Several recesses, chambers,

* See the woodcuts on page 161.

and additions at the southern end of the Mosque form other mosques, and there are many *Kiblehs*, or prayer-niches and pulpits that have been given by pious khalifs. In the Mosque is a well, descending into the vaults of Solomon, some of which were probably used as reservoirs of water. The Mosque of Omar is lovely and beautiful, —that of El Aksa is grand but *triste*.

Near the northern end of the Harâm, in the Eastern Wall, is the Golden Gateway, now much sunk below the level of the soil and overgrown with picturesque wreaths of caper and other plants: the architecture is more rich than chaste, and only the general effect is good: outside, two small arches are ornamented with wreaths of leaves and various mouldings bent round the arch,—within, there is a large hall, with two rows of lofty columns down the centre and a rich cornice round the wall; some of the bevelled stones used here are as gigantic as those of the time of Solomon — one of those in this hall is the *second* largest in the Harâm; the largest of all is in the eastern Wall.

Leaving the Harâm, there is a deep ditch or fosse immediately beyond the northern Wall, believed to have been excavated to make the walls of the Temple or the Fortress of Antonia still loftier from the outside,—it seems also as if it had been intended to have been filled with water, as the sides, roughly built of small square stones, some of them bevelled, and filled up in the interstices with loose pebbles, have been caked over with mud or cement: it is now half full of rubbish and looks most melancholy; several small arches or open passages round it may have been for conducting water to or from other reservoirs, — these may have been "porches" in which "impotent folk" sat to ask alms of those who came down to draw water: there is no sufficient reason,

I believe, for the tradition which supposes this to have been the Pool of Bethesda, but the construction reminds one of the description given in Scripture.

This fosse is close to St. Stephen's Gate, at which the Via Dolorosa commences; after a short distance along this line, there are portions of very ancient walls, and the remains of the only fluted columns existing in Jerusalem; just beyond them, beside the Serai, a mean and modern-looking Roman arch crosses the road, called the Arch of the Ecce Homo, as the monks say that it was from the window above the arch that Pilate exclaimed to the multitude "Behold the Man!" A convent for the Filles de Sion was being built on the north side of the street when we were in Jerusalem, and in digging the foundations, the architect, Signor Pierotti, came, to his great surprise, upon a pavement of good-sized flags, and afterwards upon a covered passage of very large stones, of the time of Herod, similar to those in the Wailing-place of the Jews and at the South-East corner of the Harâm, bevelled and finely joined; this passage has square openings carefully finished in the top, and is about fifteen feet high and eighteen feet wide.* The

* In continuing this excavation last December (1860), Signor Pierotti came upon a quantity of water shut up in a rock-cut conduit: for several days about 250 gallons were drawn out per diem without lowering the level of the water: it was at first very brackish, but it soon became quite drinkable; after this a heavy fall of snow caused the superincumbent earth to fall in, and the works were discontinued. The most interesting feature of the discovery was the intense excitement it caused among the Jews: a tradition of ancient standing exists among them that when three springs are discovered in Jerusalem or in its immediate neighbourhood, the Messiah will come, and on hearing the news they flocked to the spot in excited crowds of both sexes; many wept for joy, others knelt down and prayed, all tasted the water reverentially and carried home bottles of it as relics. Signor Pierotti has not, however, been able to ascertain as yet, whether it is really a spring, or only

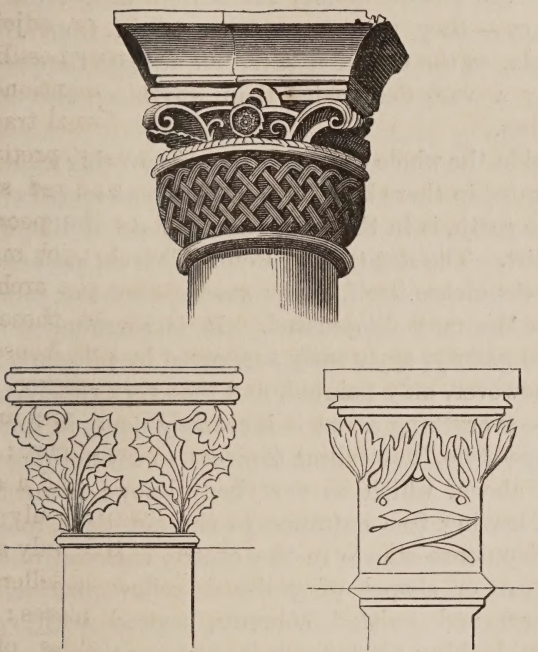
"pavement called Gabbatha" must have been somewhere close to this, as the Governor's or Pilate's house was close to Antonia, (Dr. Barclay believes it to have been an apartment belonging to or adjoining the tower of Antonia)—and the passage may possibly be the "certain, dark subterranean passage" mentioned by Josephus (War, i. iii. 3) as the scene of a dismal tragedy.

The Via Dolorosa then passes by a very pretty old Saracenic house, built of alternate grey and red stones arranged in patterns,—this is believed by the poor pilgrims, to have been the house of Dives, the rich man in the parable, and the dogs who lie under the arch-way below the house to be the descendants of those who licked the sores of Lazarus — doubtless, both house and dogs have an equal right to their ancient pedigree.

The Via Dolorosa then turns up the hill, and arrives at the back of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre: passing round to the front or south side, we find a small square, entered by a door, at each side, of only three feet high—through which a Jew could pass only at the peril of his life, as the crowd of pilgrims, bead sellers, &c. would at least do their best to tear him to pieces: parts of the Greek convent surround three sides of the square, which was evidently a court or cloister in front of the Church,—the bases of several columns are still *in situ* and one column has a rich basket-work capital, of which there are several examples in Jerusalem. A double portal once gave entrance to the Church—but one of the doors is now walled up: they are both deeply receding, each has six small columns of porphyry alternating with verde-antique, the capitals very richly carved with leaves and flowers and feathers bent side-

an accumulation of water which has been collecting there perhaps for hundreds of years.

ways, as if blown round the capital; the arches are surrounded with bands of the most delicate and finely



Capitals in the Court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and of the Mosque El Aksa.

carved sculpture besides a row of the book moulding (resembling a row of books set edgeways), and lintels most richly carved, one with a fanciful arabesque, the other with a representation of our Lord's Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem; above the door are two windows similarly ornamented and a smaller one further to the right; the whole façade is horribly spoiled and misused. Above it the dome over the centre appears, and on the left the tower, now broken down nearly to the height of the Church walls, but still picturesque. The large

dome over the Rotunda, the subject of so much discussion is, behind this. A row of sixty small capitals surround the smaller dome, sculptured with remarkable delicacy — they *may* have been taken from Herod's Temple, as the tradition says, but at least they are evidently a vast deal older than anything else in the building.

Inside, the whole Church, although covering what those who worship there believe to be the most sacred spot on all the earth, is in the most painful state of dilapidation and dirt. The Rotunda, or Round Church, built over the Holy Sepulchre itself, never was handsome or solid, and is now the most dilapidated. It is surrounded with a double gallery, apparently supported by pilasters, which are, however, only painted, and that very rudely, on the wall — everything about it is coarsely done, in imitation "compo-style," now falling to pieces, to say nothing of the dome above, which as everybody knows is much torn away, leaving free entrance to the air, light, and rain. The Sepulchre stands in the centre, enclosed in a high structure or chapel of polished yellow marble, with pilasters and twisted columns, topped with confectioners' looking plaster angels, and bunches of artificial flowers, besides numbers of pretty silver lamps hung in festoons in the front. The Tomb of our Lord, in the interior, is covered with slabs of marble and therefore quite hidden from view and touch: silver lamps are ever burning here; a priest keeps watch beside it by night and day, and the sweet-smelling flowers of the mimosa are daily strewed upon the marble, and bestowed afterwards on some few of the pilgrims.

At the western extremity of the Rotunda, are two ancient tombs hewn out of the living rock — these are very interesting here, being perfectly natural and unadorned,

and there is no reason for supposing them counterfeits; they testify incontestably to the fact of there having been sepulchres in the rock of this place; the Church of St. Helena, furthest to the East, from its remaining, like these tombs, in its original simplicity is more impressive and striking than the rest of the Church: it is a crypt of simple, massive architecture, round arches supported on very short, thick columns, with the curious basket-work capital of which we have spoken before; it is impossible not to believe that the form came originally from the "nets of checker-work" made "for the chapiters that were upon the top of the pillars," in the Temple built by Solomon (1 Kings vii. 17). Descending several steps more we reach the Chapel of the "True Cross"—a vault in which the Cross is said to have lain hidden and forgotten for 300 years,—it is rudely excavated and is believed by some people to have been an old cistern.

The Chapel of Calvary is at the southern side of the Church, near the entrance door, but above a very steep staircase—the rent in the rock is shown, like every other relic here, enclosed in metal cages or hidden beneath slabs of marble. The chapel is dressed up with all manner of tinsel ornaments, artificial flowers, pictures, &c. but there is one beautiful altar sent from Italy, with fine groups of figures round it in relief: it is of bronze gilt.

The Greeks have the centre of the Church, and show "the centre of the world," in the middle of it, as well as the tomb of Adam (Melchizedek lies close by),—the Church is a mass of gilding and carving and marble; the Latins have a plain, ugly chapel on the north side of the Rotunda—they have also an organ on which they play most extraordinary things by way of sacred

music, and some good singers in their choir; the services of each communion are celebrated at different hours on the same spot—the space between the Holy Sepulchre and the Greek church,—an altar is here erected and dressed and seats arranged for each service. There are also large aisles and passages and chapels innumerable, besides a host of "stations" for the pilgrims, each containing some "relic" of our blessed Lord or the Virgin, in which none but the most ignorant of all can believe. These shrines are all dilapidated and dirty, and form a strange jumble of architecture; M. Salzmann says that there are five periods very distinctly discernible in the construction of the building—1st, that of Constantine A.D. 330; 2nd, after the destruction of the Basilica by the Persians in 614 when it was re-built by Modestus the prior of the Greek convent; 3rd, when having been destroyed by the Khalif Hakîm in 1010, another Church was built by his mother Mariam, assisted by the offerings of all Christendom; 4th, when it was completely re-modelled by the Latin kings of Jerusalem after A.D. 1099, and so remained till, 5thly, half the building was burned down in A.D. 1810, and was soon after patched up into its present condition by a Greek architect.

Directly to the south of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, there is a large green field, one half of which has lately been bought by the Russians, the other half was given by the Sultan four years ago to the Emperor of the French: on the northern side of this field two aisles of an ancient church are still standing beside which the soil has accumulated to the depth of some forty feet or even more,—these are the remains of the Church of St. Mary ad Latinos, and the Hospital for female pilgrims, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene: both were built in A.D. 1048. A little further on is the gateway

which once gave entrance to the fine buildings of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, constructed at the same time as the Churches, but much enlarged and beautified during the Latin kingdom in the Holy City. The gateway is a fine object from the street, with its broken wreaths of flowers and queer figures illustrating the signs of the zodiac, but the interior has till lately been used as a tannery and the whole place is so filthy that explorations are more than difficult; we managed however two or three visits, and penetrated to a very picturesque square, still quite perfect, and closely resembling that at Rhodes—it consists of two stories of Saracenic arches, four at each side, forming a double corridor, looking like a khan,—there are numbers of fine vaulted chambers and halls further on, without much ornament, and buried in soil and rubbish: but interesting as the dwelling-places of that noble band whose best blood dyed the soil of the Holy Land.

But something else far more interesting than even these historic ruins has lately been discovered in this field: the Russians were excavating part of their newly-acquired territory, or rather digging through the accumulated rubbish to see at what depth the real soil lay, when at about thirty feet deep the spade struck on stone, and a few turns more laid bare some depth of Wall, built in precisely the same style as the Wailing-place of the Jews and other Herodian masonry: this piece of Wall is in the form of a right angle—only a very few stones were uncovered, but these appeared to be about six or seven feet long and three or four feet high, all bevelled,—but it was not easy to get at them for examination. Their grand interest is that they lie exactly *in the line supposed to be that of the Second Wall;* these stones lie

further north but parallel to the Sook el Kebeer (the bazaar) of the present city, about half a dozen feet to the west of it — in the middle of which, some time ago, Signor Pierotti came to stones of the same style of work in an excavation he had occasion to make for the Pasha.* At the time these stones were apparently unconnected with anything, but taken now with the stones in the field they lead directly to the arch, a little further to the South, built of large stones more rudely fashioned but so much covered up as to be more than half concealed, which was long ago pointed out as the Gate Gennath from whence the Second Wall started. Another link in the chain of evidence seems to be, that in digging the foundations of the house of the late Dr. McGowan — about fifty yards to the West of the buried gate — various stones, bearing the mark of high antiquity, were found at a great depth, which appeared to have formed the lower part of a wall, — while one has only to climb up some roof or eminence in this neighbourhood, to see that a line drawn from Hippicus to the remains of the Bridge at the south-west angle of the Harâm† *exactly crosses over this deeply sunken Gate.* The Gate is placed at right angles to the line of the Wall — according to the usual custom, it seems, of placing the gates of such walls,

* Signor Pierotti holds the office of architect to Sooraya, Pasha of Jerusalem.

† The words used by Josephus are as follows: "Now that Wall" (the First) "began on the north at the tower called Hippicus, and extended as far as the Xystus, a place so called, and then, joining to the council-house, ended at the west cloister of the Temple. . . . The Second Wall took its beginning from that gate which they called Gennath, which belonged to the First Wall: it only encompassed the northern quarter of the city, and reached as far as the tower Antonia:" — (Whiston's Josephus, 1860, v. iv.) Another translation is given that the wall was "carried in a circle" to Antonia: the result will be nearly the same.

in the return of a projection or recess—as may be seen now in the walled up "Gate of Herod," the "Gate of the Moghâribeh," and others—as well as in the Gates of a later age, as those of Damascus. Gennath meant the Gate of the Gardens, for which a natural situation would have been on the slope of the Tyropæon—they are not likely to have been very extensive in so small a city, placed on such rocky ground.

The identity of the Gate of Gennath is one of great interest, because on it depends, in a great measure, the probable truth or falsehood of the site of the Holy Sepulchre. Supposing the line of the Second Wall to be identified with that of these ancient stones in the Russian territory, I think any unprejudiced observer must acknowledge the distance between that line and the site of the Church to be more than "fifty yards," named in the Talmud as the prescribed distance from the walls of the City for the interment of criminals—a Talmudic yard being equal to two feet, the distance would be consequently only 100 feet. It is true that our Lord was not buried in the place where criminals were usually interred, but in the tomb hewn for the "rich man of Arimathea;" the bodies of criminals would probably have been removed further from the City than those of men less unclean and impure,—and the objection that none could have been buried so close to the Walls must fall to the ground. The place chosen for the crucifixion of our Lord was certainly not the usual place of the execution of criminals, since it is not likely that in that spot a "rich man" would have made a "garden;" even though it were but a graveyard, he would have chosen some place he could visit without risk of becoming unclean. The usual place, the Talmud says, was to the

South of the City; but this would have been too far to reach, hurried as they evidently were to get all concluded. The priests, as Dr. Barclay observes, were afraid of the voice of the people, and would not have hazarded sending Him right across the City, as the path from the Judgment Hall to the Dung Gate would have led: it was not only "nigh to the city," but the priests, it is said, looked on, reviling Him while He hung upon the Cross; and one need only mount on the roof of the Serai, or on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself, to see how well they could have seen all that took place on its site from the wall of the Temple, without leaving its precincts, and thus defiling themselves on the eve of the Passover, by approaching an execution or entering an unclean place.

Along this Second Wall were the towers of Phasaelus and Mariamne, "hard by" to the Tower of Hippicus, "on the north side" of "the old wall,"—the palace of the king (Herod) "adjoined thereto," and was so near to the Temple that "the fire which began at the tower of Antonia went on to the palaces, and consumed the upper part of the three palaces themselves." The identity of the tower of Hippicus with the Citadel at the Jaffa Gate has been little questioned: it is a remarkable building, and the peculiar circumstance of its being formed out of the living rock to a considerable height, faced with stones, is a feature by which Josephus has happily caused it to be recognised without doubt. A short time ago some stones fell out from the inside of an upper chamber in the tower, and with them a few arrows fell also—and on peeping through the hole thus made, a great store of arrows were seen laid up in a recess, prepared for feathering, and closed up there perhaps by mistake! The wood was in most cases uninjured, and

some were given away, but on finding the Christians very eager about them, the Mooslim guard walled the remainder up again. From this tower of Hippicus, the Third Wall, built by Agrippa in the time of Claudius Cæsar, A.D. 41—54, commenced: it went northwards to the tower of Psephinus—an octagonal tower elevated at the north-west corner of the city, and very lofty, affording a view of wide extent. Accordingly, at the north-west corner of the hill, in its natural position, situated on the highest point of the city, there is a ruin of a tower, plainly octangular, but of which only one side is now standing entire, answering to the dimensions given by Josephus, and incontestably containing many stones of an ancient bevel and very large size, coinciding, in fact, with Herodian work. Josephus says that "the third wall . . . reached as far as the north quarter of the city and the tower of Psephinus, and then was so far extended till it came over against the monument of Helena . . . queen of Adiabene . . . it then extended farther to a great length, and passed by the royal caverns, and bent again at the tower of the corner at the monument, which is called the Monument of the Fuller, and joined to the old wall at the valley of the Kedron." (War, v. iv. 2.) It is a curious coincidence that close to this ruin of Psephinus, under the roots of a remarkably fine terebinth tree, which every traveller will remember, some workmen discovered, two or three years ago, a large Tomb—apparently Jewish—with ornaments of circles, and triangles, &c.,—and a tradition is attached to the spot among the natives that "a king of the country" lies buried there; why should it not be the tomb of one of those Davidian kings who were not buried on Mount Zion, but in "a garden," such as this slope probably was then as it is now? A deep fosse,

cut in the living rock, flanks the whole of this northern Wall, until it arrives at the "royal caverns" not long ago discovered by Dr. Barclay: these are huge caverns running under a very large portion of Bezetha, and about (as well as I remember) 1000 feet in depth—that is, speaking roughly, half as far as the Via Dolorosa: they are lofty and wide, with several branch passages, and are evidently the quarries whence came all the stone used in the building of the Temple—and whence no sound of "hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron could be heard in the house while it was building;" the quarrying marks of the workmen are still to be seen, and the size of the blocks such as are seen in the wall of the Harâm are easily traced here—one almost fancies one can match the blocks to the spots from whence they are cut. An ancient excavation, very lately discovered, at the north-east angle of the present Wall of the City, may possibly be the "Fuller's Monument" as it seems to fall in with the place described by Josephus: there is also an ancient double cistern, close to the Wall, between the Damascus Gate and this angle, about which there is an Arab tradition that it was "the tomb of a dyer." If these points have been rightly assigned, the Third Wall would appear to have been almost identically on the same line as the modern wall occupies at present; Dr. Robinson has carried it out about half a mile to the north, but it seems most difficult, after seeing the supposed remains, to give credence to anything of the kind; the bit of "the Wall" is only about three or four yards long, formed entirely of small insignificant stones, unlike any really ancient work, and without a single other piece to carry on the line to the valley of the Kedron—while the foundation of the "tower" has much the appearance of an old cistern: the wall was dragged out

here to meet the so-called Tombs of the Kings; but at the time when Dr. Robinson wrote, the "royal caverns" had not been discovered, and there is now happily no need to choose for them a position for which little evidence can be adduced: besides the impossibility of conceiving that such a "wonderful" Wall as this is described by Josephus to have been, could have so wholly and entirely vanished away without leaving a trace even of its "solid towers" and "beautiful stones." Had the Wall stood out here, Titus would have looked into the town from the brow of Scopus, where his army was then placed, and would certainly have had no need for the reconnoitring ride which was so nearly fatal to him; while, on the contrary, the artificial filling up of the valley for the approach of his battering-rams, is easily discernible to a practised eye within this distant wall; and if on the taking of the Third Wall, as soon as the camp of Titus was removed within it, he came face to face with the "faction in the Tower of Antonia," how could the Wall have been out here? (Joseph. War, v. vii.)

The conflicting opinions concerning the original sites can never be really settled till the actual foundations or remains of the different buildings in question, are seen, by dint of extensive excavations. Every step made underground is, or ought to be, one step gained towards the elucidation of the truth, since that truth can never be attained by reasoning alone, especially when the reasoning is framed to suit preconceived notions: while least convincing of all is it to talk of this line or that being impossible, *because* had the Walls so run the city would have been such an odd shape, &c. &c.; and arguments founded upon the consequent smallness of the city are the last to impress one after a glance at the localities themselves. Our minds have been so filled

from childhood with the vastness of the subject—our memories are burdened with such a variety of far-reaching histories and details—that looking at them through a mental perspective, we fancy that so vast a history must have had as vast a theatre. We have every proof that Josephus's numbers as to persons are almost always exaggerated, to match with his descriptions of buildings when constructed by persons whom he wished to flatter,—that he exaggerated immensely in his numbers relating to the inhabitants of Jerusalem was but an error to which he was naturally prone in order to magnify the greatness of the conquest, as well as the sufferings of his countrymen. As the First Wall of Jerusalem included the whole of Mount Zion and Ophel, there must have been nearly as much ground contained within its compass as there is now in the modern City, in which there is so large a proportion of waste land: and when the Second Wall enclosed the "northern quarter," there must have been quite as much: the natural dimensions of the City are declared by the summit of the hills which time cannot change for any historian, and the history must be fitted to the facts, not the facts to the history: but instead of this, endeavours of every kind are now made, in order to accommodate preconceived notions, to stretch the city—on the rack of theories—and torture it into whatever size or shape may suit the fancy of the reasoner.

Unfortunately no one now investigates the subject with a thoroughly unprejudiced mind: not merely must the "true Protestant" avoid every place venerated by the Roman Catholic, but even the ancient sites of Jewish history must be dragged into the abysses of party feeling and garnished with party names; that much has been overlaid by a very grievous and blind superstition, is,

indeed, too true,—but is it any reason for sweeping away the whole fabric that the pinnacles are ill-built or may be formed of unworthy materials? I would not have an inch of ground taken upon tradition only, for it is better and best to have a reason for everything, and there should be no limit to honest and earnest inquiry; but it is more than melancholy, it is pitiful, to see reason and study laid aside because Protestantism has fixed on one thing, and it would be "Romish," and therefore "superstitious," to think anything else: people are mourned over in Jerusalem nearly as lost sheep, or as brands in the burning, if they choose to think and study, to read and examine for themselves: if they will not throw themselves down with unquestioning faith before the Protestant idol, they are supposed to gulp down at once the whole draught of superstition—no *viâ media* is possible, or rather none is permitted,—and if any one, great or small, hesitates to declare that the site of the Holy Sepulchre could only have been within the Second Wall, he is at once believed to be lying under the deepest folds of such darkness as encompasses the Spanish or the Russian pilgrim.

I believe myself that Dr. Robinson, as not only a learned, but an honest and honourable man, would be the first to disapprove of the Truly Protestant banner set up in his valuable book, and the last to think that the pure faith of the Church in England or in America would be endangered, if even the time-honoured spot, hallowed at least by the prayers and tears of fifteen hundred years of pilgrims, *was*, by and by, proved to be the true, real, and unquestionable site of the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord.

Returning into the city the traveller may walk along a very distinct, deep depression running the whole way

across Jerusalem, from outside the Damascus Gate to the Gate of the Moghâribeh, and through that into the valley of Siloam: like everything else it is very much filled up with the accumulated soil, but it is still a broad and deep valley, into which the wet of even a single rainy day drains so much that it quickly becomes an almost impassable morass in some parts; the southern half of this valley contains a number of very interesting objects, besides its being itself the ancient Tyropæon mentioned by Josephus. From the extreme end the remains of the ancient Bridge and the Wailing-place of the Jews are seen; the latter, believed to be a portion of the ancient Temple Wall, is a sad and melancholy place, which no one, I think, can visit on a Friday without feeling that the sorrow of the Jews is real and unaffected; their lamentations are probably not only for their desolated Temple, but they pray here, as Catholics do at a particularly holy spot, bringing their private troubles or trials to "lay them before the Lord" with tears and sobs: many pass the entire morning reading and reciting psalms and prayers beneath the sacred stones, and whatever may be the cause of their emotion, the effect is real enough.

Close to this is the lane leading to the very beautiful "Bab el Silsileh"—the Gate of the Chain—into the Harâm: a lovely little fountain stands close to it, and in the fine old Hall of Justice at one side a handsomely carved sarcophagus may be seen, which was brought from the "Tomb of the Kings." Then comes another beautiful Arab fountain close to some ancient Baths, from which the Mooslims say there is a subterranean conduit connected with that under the "noble cave;" the Baths are now deserted and broken; a few steps further on is the old Cotton Bazaar, also deserted, and another pretty

E.A. Beaufort. del.t

M & N. Hanhart, lith.

A STREET NEAR THE HARÂM, — JERUSALEM.

gate into the Harâm, said by an ancient tradition to be the "Beautiful Gate of the Temple." Fine old Saracenic arches enrich this long street at every step: at a third pretty fountain, spoiled by whitewash, a lane turns up to the so-called "Hospital of St. Helena," probably a confusion between the Empress and Sultana, the wife of the Sultan Selim who erected this large and beautiful building as a khan for all pilgrims; the exterior of this building is beautiful of its kind — rich and yet simple, precisely of the same style as the Mosque of Sultan Hassan at Cairo: within are numberless halls and chambers and terraces, with vaulted ceilings and marble columns, and here and there a pretty bit of carving; from the roof a fine view of the Harâm is obtained: soup and bread are still given away from the original funds, though they have been much diminished by the Government — still very many are fed every day: we tasted the soup when cooking in an enormous cauldron, and thought it, as well as the bread, very good.

A branch of the valley of the Tyropæon is observable through the Jews quarter to the end of the Bazaar, where it is for a few steps steep enough, but it soon stops, and all is level ground for a considerable distance within the Jaffa Gate: while the measurements taken at different times on reaching the actual rock beneath the Armenian Convent, the English Church, the Latin Patriarchate, the Casa Nuova and some others, were all so nearly the same as to show that there is no great depth of soil accumulated here. It was probably this connecting neck which caused the northern hill to be called by many writers Zion, as well as the southern hill: William of Tyre says that "the City is built on two mountains divided by a moderately deep valley — the western mountain is called Zion, and the eastern,

Moriah. On the mountain of Zion is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, standing on its eastern declivity."

Passing out of the Jaffa Gate one turns to admire the fine massive construction of the ancient tower of Hippicus, the long slopes of masonry into the fosse below, and the large bevelled stones of the walls, with odd holes left in many of the stones, nicely though roughly squared, probably made by the instruments used for quarrying or carrying the stones—looking like the holes that have been made for the scaffolding, which are left in the walls of even the best finished buildings in Spain, to the great astonishment of the traveller. The Damascus Gate, called Bâb el Ahmud, or column, because it has two small columns at the inner side, is interesting from the two very ancient chambers adjoining it, which, beside an external piece in the gateway, all have massive, bevelled stones, some of which are identical with those at the south-east angle of the Harâm, and some with the masonry of the Herodian period; indeed, the spot is remarkably interesting as showing the style of four several periods—the wide bevel of the most ancient Solomonic or Phœnician,—the narrow bevel of the time of Herod,—the unbevelled stone of the Romans,—and the arch above of the Arab. The castellations and battlements of this gate are so quaint as to be quite ludicrous.* The Gate of St. Stephen is not particularly handsome, it is called by the Mooslims "Bâb es Sitt Mariam," the Gate of the Lady Mary—as that leading to the Tomb of the Blessed Virgin: the gate is ornamented

* While writing the above, news has reached me of the discovery of an ancient gate of Herodian work, encased in the Saracenic work of Sultan Suleimân's wall, close to the Damascus Gate which is said to envelop it in all its parts. The details of this and some other interesting discoveries made by Signor Pierotti will be, I trust, given to the public before long.

with medallions of two funny-looking lions, owing to the following circumstance: Sultan Suleimân the Magnificent, being on the point of sacking the city, had a dream, in which he saw two lions on the point of springing at him, with the evident intention of tearing him to pieces, whereat the good Sultan was so much alarmed that he cried out for help, and on being awakened he related his dream: however, one of his attendants wisely explained to him that this was a heavenly message intended to prevent his destroying a city rendered sacred by the presence of so many of the Prophets and of the Lord Issa; whereupon Suleimân renounced his project, and instead of ruining the Holy City surrounded it with a new Wall (the present one), and had these lions sculptured upon one of the gates in commemoration of his dream. So runs the Arab legend: while exact likenesses of the lions may be seen on several coins of the Seljukian Sultans in the Paris collection.*

The Zion Gate is the most ornamented of all, of course entirely in the Saracenic style: it has several of the pretty medallions formed of those delicate and elegant intricacies which are one of the great characteristics of this style, and all of which M. Salzmann ingeniously finds have been taken from various sections of the Arab's favourite fruit, the water-melon. The double triangle, which is seen everywhere, has, however, a more ancient origin than anything purely Saracenic: it is believed throughout the East to have been the signet seal of Solomon, and is therefore dear to the Jews: it was a cabalistic sign, as well as the usual symbol of recognition in the secret language of the Pythagoreans, and is said to have been the sign among the ancient

* M. Salzmann.

Indians expressing the trinity of fire, water, and air, or spirit.

Outside this Gate is the reputed, and probably the real, Tomb of David, into the chamber of which not even the Pasha is allowed to penetrate. The old Sheikh of the mosque politely allowed us to see the imitation room above the real Tomb, and then showed us the so-called Cenaculum, a very pretty old Latin Church, with fine vaultings and pointed arch windows with the billet moulding common in all the buildings of the time of the Latin kings of Jerusalem,—the columns with handsome and fanciful capitals — one of pelicans, another of vine leaves, another of fruit, but all sadly disfigured with whitewash. The tradition respecting this site, that it was that of the upper chamber of the Last Supper, is as old as the fourth century.

One of the most interesting of all the ancient places about Jerusalem is the great sepulchre called the "Tomb of the Kings," about half a mile, or rather more, to the north of the Damascus Gate: a large square has been excavated from the rock forming a court (now sadly filled up) in front of the entrance, the sculpture of which, although not apparently of a very early date, was till lately an object of much interest and beauty, when an American knocked the greater part of it down, in order to take a few bits to his own country: (it is a pity, indeed, that there is no law for inflicting similar injuries on the persons of such depredators:) the maiden-hair fern and some shrubs have done their best to re-ornament the excavation, but the two columns supporting the rich frieze, and nearly all its ancient beauty, are gone. The Tomb was closed by a most curiously-fitted stone door, which could only be opened by means of a lever removing it along a grooved passage, and was

secured in its place by another slab, also sliding in a groove, placed at right angles to the door — the whole arrangement was carefully concealed by a huge flag-stone. Besides the ante-chamber there are five other chambers branching off, containing fifty or sixty receptacles for bodies. Some marble sarcophagi have been found within these tombs, all of them richly carved with wreaths of flowers, and therefore probably not very ancient — one of these may be seen in Paris, another I have mentioned before, and broken portions of others lie about. Dr. Robinson identifies this Tomb with that of Queen Helena of Adiabene on account of the description by Pausanius of the miraculous opening of the door on the same day and hour annually: but the authenticity of the story is doubted by many scholars, and might apply with equal reason to any other Tomb in the place to which some concealed bolt had been attached. There are many reasons both for and against the identification, and it is much to be hoped that learned men will not rest satisfied with any one idea merely because Dr. Robinson has said it,— the mind of the honest inquirer in Jerusalem is half wearied and half provoked at the continual answer now given to everything — viz. that as the champion of Protestantism has settled such and such a subject, there is no further need for discussion, especially if the reason given for such a decision happen to be unsatisfactory to his mind.

Many other very handsome Tombs of apparently more ancient work lie dotted over this low valley — the first beginning of the slope of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, — they are all without the faintest trace of inscription of any kind, and it is much to be feared that nothing certain will ever be known about them. One is a large grotto cut out of the living rock in a very pretty corner

of the vale, its roof till lately supported by two massive square columns, with a side gallery, and a pulpit, or stand for the singers, for the excavation was once a Jewish Synagogue: the Emperor Adrian permitted the Jews to return once a year, on the 9th day of the month Ab, to the Mount of Olives, to gaze on and to weep over the beloved and Holy City, and also allowed them to have a synagogue to the north of Jerusalem; and the Jews still come here to pray once a year in the month Sivan on the day of Pentecost — that is they did so till a year ago, but since that the Austrian Consul has, with unpardonable Vandalism, chosen that particular spot as the quarry for the new Hospice, as if the whole valley was not equally fit for the purpose, and has nearly destroyed the old synagogue; it is now almost filled up with the chippings of the stones, but is still picturesque with almond trees and caper bending down over the opening.

The so-called "Tombs of the Judges" are further north — they have, here and there, a good deal of ornament, but it does not appear to be of a very ancient date: possibly they are the Tombs of Asmonean kings and princes, and it is to be hoped that they will some day be much more uncovered; even as they are, they are very interesting. Scores of Tombs are to be found throughout this valley excavated in its rocky sides: after which it opens up a little branch at the northern end of the Mount of Olives, all filled with olive groves and patches of corn, the prettiest bit of country in the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem: the valley soon narrows into the deep ravine separating Bezetha and Mount Moriah from the Mount of Olives, — at the foot of the latter is the so-called Tomb of the Sitt Mariam. This chapel is deeply sunk below the present level of the ground—but whether it is really a grotto

excavated in the rock, or that the ground has accumulated round it, and the long steep steps descending to the chapel have been since added, is doubtful: it is rather an impressive place in its darkness and roughness, contrasting with the exquisite gold and silver lamps and other ornaments which have been presented to the shrine. The Altar is divided by a low wooden screen down the middle — half is Greek, the other half Armenian — the service must be something stunning when both are chanting with their usual energy doubled in the hope of drowning each other. The Latins have three small altars in the church, and the Mooslims a niche for prayer close to the altar, in memory of the "Sitt Mariam, the mother of our Lord Issa."

Very *triste* and mournful is this valley of the Kedron especially after midday when all is in shade: steep paths wind like ribbons over the sloping sides, and a few olives grow here and there between them, under which violets and scarlet ranunculuses blossom in the pleasant spring time, followed by quantities of asphodels; two small bridges cross the bed of the torrent, in which there is *never* any water, save a little stream after some days of rain in the winter—nor does the water ever flow for more than a day, or a day and a half: the word translated "brook" in the Bible, properly means such a torrent-bed as this—so common in the dry soil of Palestine. There is no place in which the sadness of Jerusalem is more impressive than from this spot: the sudden slope on one side is crowned by the bare smooth wall of the Temple, even at this distance plainly patched and time-worn, with the walled-up gateway seeming strangely silent and lifeless: on the other side the white road and widely sprinkled olives and figs on the mountain slope, are seldom enlivened with passers-by, though there is

something cheerful and encouraging in the group of smiling houses and the little domed Mosque that mark the (reputed) site of the Ascension ; — while below, the eye rests lovingly on the little enclosure of venerable olive trees within the garden of Gethsemane.* Those who cannot venture upon the pleasure of believing in the truth of any reputed spot in Palestine for fear it might be a mistaken one, object that this group of trees is too near the highway to have been the place of our Lord's retirement, — but at that time the whole hill-side was probably covered with wood, in which but a few steps would be necessary to find solitude and some sort of concealment, especially if, as is almost unquestionably the case, a wall enclosed what is particularly described as a *garden* — and the expression used that "He went forth . . . over the brook Kedron, where was a garden," seems to point to this bridge as the one nearest the city, and to some place directly at the other side of it. How many years this tradition has lasted I do not know, — but one thing is evident — that there are no other olive trees nearly so old in the whole neighbourhood of Jerusalem ; and if some trees have been known to live for 1000 years, surely these carefully cherished and tended trees may well have borne the burden of eighteen hundred years — but at least it would be strange indeed, if their drooping forms and "color di mestizia" did not touch the heart with a deeper feeling here than in any other place where, if not the very spot where the Blood of our Redeemer was shed for us, His holy Footsteps must have often and often passed on their mission of Love and Mercy. The monks have sadly disfigured the place with gaudy

* Gethsemane means the "oil-press."

pictures, and utilised the ground into plots of impertinently gay flowers and fat cabbages, — but one forgets these incongruities, in the silence and sadness that reigns around, while sitting under the shadows of the venerable trees ; — and once that we went there holy strains filled the air, for the old Archbishop (sent on a special mission from Rome) was chanting a Litany of the Passion of our Lord, kneeling on the moist soil with his silvery hair uncovered in the midst of a band of French pilgrims, beneath a dark and cloudy sky, that seemed in unison with the sorrowful-looking trees, and with the sweet and solemn harmony.

About the centre of the short valley of the Kedron are the singular monuments to which the names of Absalom*, Jehoshaphat, and Zacharias have been given: they are most picturesque and fine excavations, all three being cut out of the living rock — and the mystery that hangs over their origin and date endows them with double interest. The strange mixture of Doric architecture and some other style less easy to name, with an air of Egypt through both, is thought to point to an Herodian age — in which case the "Tomb of the Kings" may be thought, from the strong resemblance between them, to be connected with that royal line of Idumeans. The "Tombs of the Prophets," as they are called, are also interesting from their unusual arrangement: they are excavated in the side of Mount Olivet, in long parallel lanes of concentric semi-circles with various other branches and small cells, a circular hall giving entrance to the whole,—the opening is choked up

* The real tomb of Absalom was in "the king's dale," which, according to the Talmud, is the same place as "the valley of Shaveh," "the vale of Siddim" and "Succoth,"—and is in the Ghor or valley of Jordan. (2 Sam. xviii. 18; Gen. xiv. 17, 3.)

with trees and shrubs, but it is worth visiting from its great extent and curiously theatrical form: the entrance is just opposite to the south-eastern angle of the Temple.

Descending the valley and following the bed of the Kedron, between the hill of Ophel and the strange, uncanny-looking village of Siloam, with its half-built, half-excavated houses, the little dell is arrived at where the valley of Hinnom sweeps round from the west and passing the south side of the double hill, falls into the valley of Jehoshaphat. This is the spot where the ancient horrors were enacted by the idolatrous Israelites, of offering their children to the gigantic brazen idol of Moloch, on whose burning hands these unhappy human sacrifices were laid—the "king," as his name signified, of idols, or rather of abominations, and the chief deity of the Amorites. On the eastern slope above Siloam, tradition says that Solomon's strange wives and women lived, and there he built altars for them each to worship the idols of their own country; the vile place, we are told, was "on the right hand," that is, the south, "of the Mount of Corruption" * or the Mount of Olives, the hill to the east of Jerusalem. A whole neighbourhood of horror and corruption this part must have been, for at the mouth of this Gehennam, or valley of Hinnom, was "the potter's field, bought to bury strangers in," and called in the Aramean dialect of the day, "Hākl-dâm," the field of blood. The whole cliff face above it is pierced at every few feet with a multitude of rock-cut Tombs—about 800 have been counted immediately about this spot:—in one very peculiar-shaped Tomb, to which the name of St. Onofrius has been given, there are seventy recesses for bodies,—the under part was used as a

* 1 Kings xi. 7, 8; 2 Kings xxiii. 13.

cemetery for those who died of the plague some few years ago, and each inner place is still filled with bones and skulls and bits of clothing; the workmanship of the excavation is good of its kind and very simple—a well-cut cornice outside and some small pillars with rude capitals. Above this is a large ruin, half excavation, half building, originally a cistern, but since that a Church dedicated to St. Bridget—from it there is a beautiful view, but a sad and funereal one. Wherever the eye can reach, far and near, above and below, one sees tombs,—tombs—tombs everywhere; all the southern side and the bottom of Hinnom is lined with tombs*,—on both sides of the valley of Jehoshaphat, from its very first rise on the north, even from the foot of Scopus, into the dark ravine of the Kedron, the tombs lie as thick as the ears of wheat in a corn-field,—under the very wall of the sacred Harâm they cluster in long rows—while on the plain to the north, and on the plain to the west, they cover the ground with their white and melancholy faces. At the foot of the Mount of Olives the white stones form a complete pavement to the hill-side; many a poor Jew has laboured all his life, early and late, to gain enough to bring him to the beloved and Holy City, merely to lay his bones, a few days after, in the holy ground,—for they believe that those who are laid in the sacred soil lie at rest in their graves, while all who are buried in strange countries must work their way underground to that Holy Land whence alone they can rise! Nor is this idea of the valley confined to the old Jews: the Mooslims also, and even the early Christians, had a strong belief that the awful Judgment of the Last Day will take place in this dark ravine,—and strange indeed it is how widely spread was this tradition.

* Jer. xix.

Solemn and mournful it is to see how these acres of graves mingle in every view of the city, and to think of how, like silent "watchmen set upon thy walls, O Jerusalem," the whole city is encompassed, enwreathed, as it were, with "an exceeding great army" of the Dead; a City of the Dead it seems, for the Dead are more numerous than the Living. And looking at those gloomy valleys one cannot help thinking of the "great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues," the Jew and the Mooslim — the Greek and the Armenian — the Syrian and the Egyptian — and the little band of the children of the West — all lying waiting, waiting for the opening of the Great Book, and the awakening of the heathen, — "multitudes, multitudes, in the valley of decision," or judgment, where the corn shall be threshed from the chaff*, — waiting, for the day of the Lord, and for the glories of the New Jerusalem.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning: if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy!

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* Joel iii. 14.

CHAP. XXI.

FROM CHRISTMAS TO EASTER IN JERUSALEM.

We had thus reached Jerusalem only two days before Christmas, when, through the kind introduction of a Roman Catholic friend, we received an invitation from the Latin Patriarch to attend the Christmas services at Bethlehem, and delighted were we to be thus enabled to spend that night on the real and long hallowed spot: so we gladly accepted it and mounted our horses on the afternoon of the 24th. We found the whole road from the Jaffa gate gay with crowds of pilgrims, on foot and on horseback, on donkey and muleback, men, women and children, including Franks and dragomans of all countries hastening to the same goal. The wind was piercingly cold on the plain of Rephaim, and as we turned over the brow of the Mar Elyas hill, the rain came up in light, chilly showers: not enough, however, to damp the spirits of the Bethlehemites, who were waiting in two parties, one of about fifty men, and the other of about one hundred, standing beside their horses, to receive the French Consul and conduct him into the town, as he comes here this day in state, in representation of the Imperial Protector of the Holy Places and Christians of Syria. Very picturesque indeed, they looked, with their gaily tasselled horse trappings, the scarlet dresses, and white or yellow kefiyehs, which nearly all the Bethlehem people wear.

We alighted at the Convent, which appeared to be in the wildest and noisiest state of confusion with its hosts of guests, and were shown into a small dormitory where we waited till the good brothers summoned us to supper — cabbage-soup, cold fish, and raisins. The service, which was held in the Latin Church of St. Catherine, commenced directly after, but we did not go into the Church till nearly ten o'clock. It was crowded to excess with tightly-packed rows of peasant women in their white *eezars*, and men in bright-coloured mash'lahs: the gay kefiyehs were removed, and only white cotton caps remained. We were conducted to seats, which had been provided for us near the altar, immediately behind the state chair of the French Consul: we were surprised at the reverence paid to him throughout the service; they were continually bringing him the cross or relics to kiss, censing him specially, and bowing to him repeatedly, whenever any of them crossed the chancel. The service was very grand and splendid — the Patriarch was re-attired six or seven times in exceedingly rich robes, his mitre sparkling with the very large jewels with which it was inlaid, all which accorded well with his superb face and figure — majestic, haughty, and proud, yet with a sweet smile, and a very intellectual countenance. He sang his part of the service beautifully and reverently — indeed, the singing would have been altogether charming, had the music been less incongruous—but it wandered from opera to opera, and from overture to overture, until, just at the moment of the elevation of the Host, every solemn thought and feeling took flight as the organ struck up "Strida la vampa," and Patriarch and Priest seemed to melt away into the figures of Azucena and Manfredo, with the gipsy band around them! But we thought we had never

seen a Romish service so reverently performed,—in no one of the assistants, even among the small choir boys, was there an irreverent look or gesture — unlike nearly all the Church *spectacles* on the continent; the secret of this we learned the next day, on visiting the Latin seminary, where they are all under the watchful eye and training of the Patriarch, and a most devout and serious-looking set of young men and boys they were. The Bethlehem peasants joined in the responses and hymns with energy and apparent earnestness,—they are a rough, passionate set, and disturbances among themselves are very frequent, and often break out during these services: especially when strangers join them, and, consciously or unconsciously, give them offence, when a serious *émeute* sometimes ensues.

About 2 o'clock A.M. the wax Bambino which had till then adorned the altar, was laid with great ceremony in the arms of the Patriarch, the procession moved slowly through the Church to the chanting of hymns, and descended the narrow steps to the Grotto of the Nativity: no one was admitted besides the clergy and the French Consul, but ourselves and two of our friends, and as it was, the Grotto was more than crammed. The Bambino was laid on the silver star, which is supposed to mark the holy spot, and was afterwards removed to the marble "manger"—the Gospel narrative was read aloud, a few prayers offered, and some hymns sung, and this part of the service was simple, intelligible, and really impressive—the rough cave and small space contrasting with the exquisite gold and silver lamps and crosses, the rich embroideries, and the apparently devout faces of the assistants, with the sweet harmony of the chanting. The service was finished in the upper church about 3.30 A.M. We went

back to the dark dormitory, and waited more than an hour in silence, thinking over the service which had certainly been, on the whole, fine, and in some ways, striking, — but how completely the whole scene vanished — like a cloud of its own incense — from my mind in the hours that followed!

While our companions were attending another mass, we mounted our horses and rode slowly out of Bethlehem; the night was so bright and clear that the sky was more blue than black, and after the exciting, sleepless night, and the noise and bustle in the Convent, the calm silence and fresh air was most soothing and delightful. Then — away from all human interventions and interruptions — one felt really alone with God and the great Past, — all the intermediate centuries seemed to fade away into a further distance than the mere time in the face of unchanged and unchangeable Nature, and the chords of all that is dearest to a Christian's heart seemed to ring as if touched by a living finger; the "bright procession" of the stars shone brilliantly in the clear heaven, over these wild and lonely mountains —the very same where, eighteen hundred years ago, on this very winter-tide night, "shepherds were abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night,"— like that boy whom I hear singing to his sheep in the valley below, and doubtless watching with deep attention those same stars, among whom a new and sacred meteor had appeared to guide the sages of the East to this very spot. There, on that silent hill-side, perhaps, they stood when "the glory of the Lord shone round about them," and the "multitude of the heavenly host sang, Glory to God in the highest"— and the poor shepherds were no longer afraid, for they knew that these were indeed "tidings of great joy," and their hearts

told them that now God was beginning to "comfort Zion," and to make her wilderness and her desert like a garden,—that joy, and gladness, and thanksgiving, and the voice of melody would sound there, for that the "Redeemer was come to Zion," and the everlasting light was shining through the darkness around them.

Already, as we skirted along the hill-side, the light of morning was breaking in blue, misty haze—when, with all the suddenness of an Eastern sunrise, in a moment, up shot the bright rays from behind the dark wall of the Moab mountains—straight and stern barrier though it seemed to be—and spread in one lightning glance over the whole country,—the night was gone, the beautiful stars had vanished back into heaven, and the sunlight in vast tides of brightness had come in—

> "In its sumptuous splendour and solemn repose
> The supreme revelation of light:"—

it lit up the hill tops, and brightened the terraces and the little meadows, while all the distant mountains of the Dead Sea deepened into hues of blood-red and deep purple. Then I looked back to Bethlehem, all white and radiant like a pearl of great price, as the bright beams shone on the Convent walls where many hearts were then bowed in prayer: the vines and the corn around it soon lightened up, and I thought of Ruth—the gentle, brave-hearted girl, and half-fancied I saw her following after the broken-spirited Naomi, as she turned back to the home of her childhood: I fancied I saw her threading the oak woods of Moab—descending those steep and rocky mountains yonder—crossing the rushing river and the wide, hot plain of Jericho—cheering and supporting her mother-in-law across the barren, desert hills and vales of Judea with firm but

tender words — herself strong in the unselfish, earnest purpose of her heart, until the instinct of her guileless purity had led her to her kinsman Boaz, and she went singing through the golden corn with her heart full of the glad promise within her. I thought of David, the beloved of God, chanting on those breezy hills his own sweet hymns and psalms, which not only Judah and Israel but all Christendom, as long as the world shall last, will sing with him in hallelujahs of glad praise, — and of her, another meek and guileless virgin yet more pure and more lovely than even Ruth of old, who arose and went rejoicing in God her Saviour into the hill-country of Judea, and bare a Babe in the little Bethlehem-the-fertile, the city of Ruth and David, by whom she and all the whole world shall be blessed.

And so we went up by Solomon's aqueduct and the rich groves of Beit Jâla, while the light broadened on the mountain tops all round, and when we mounted the steep, rocky path to the Convent of Elijah, Zion, the blessed and the beautiful, burst upon our eyes, lifted up on the "glorious holy mountain between the seas," — the western wall lay all in dark shadow, but the south wall glowed like bright metal in the golden light, which touched the domes and minarets; there the fair thing stood, bathed in splendour, — all the rocky country and the desert hills, and the dark mountains of the Dead Sea, all in deep shadow — and only these two cities of Jerusalem and Bethlehem with the little plain of Rephaim at our feet, shining in the new-born light of day, — and it seemed to me as if the very trees around me sang, Behold "the tender mercy of our God, whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give knowledge of salvation unto His people for the remission of their sins — to give light to

them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace" — "for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

That scene — a type, as it were, of all the Christian's hope, assured to him by the blessed event of this day — was one moment in a thousand — never to be forgotten: the light of it was still shining round one's heart, when, three hours after, we joined, with all the little community in Jerusalem, in the service of that glad Christmas morning in the Hebrew and English Church on Mount Zion.

A few days later, we spent a pleasant afternoon with the Latin Patriarch, Monseigneur Valerga, at his palace at Beit Jâla, to which he had kindly invited us. Here he watches over a seminary, chiefly of Arabs, preparing for the priesthood. His career has been more than usually interesting from the adventures he met with as an intrepid missionary among the wild Kurds, by whom he was twice taken prisoner in the Desert, receiving some severe lance wounds, and a bullet in the neck which could never be extracted; he reads Hebrew as well as Arabic and speaks some of the dialects of the latter, and he showed us a genealogical tree he was compiling from some old Arabic histories written before the time of Muhammad, giving many of the names mentioned in early Scripture history, from which he was trying to trace out the origin of the great Bedoueen tribes, some of whose names are identical with those of the descendants of Esau — as, for instance, the two greatest of all the tribes, the Shammah (Gen. xxxvi. 17) and the Anazeh (verse 20 and 29) — *zeh* or *zie* signifying *tribe* throughout Western Asia. He appeared to be a well-read man on other subjects, though per-

haps most conversant at present with the questions regarding the policy of Rome, embodying in himself all the magnificence of the thrice-holy Throne he so triumphantly upholds in Jerusalem. He was so kind as to take us over the seminary, which appears to be well organized — a very simple building but airy and comfortable; and we heard that the education which the students receive is both substantial and extensive. We were present at the evening prayers in the Chapel, which were reverently and well sung by the students, and we were much pleased with the intelligent brightness of their countenances.

The Chapel, which is pretty within, is ugly enough without, — it occupies the centre of the group of buildings which are surrounded with gardens, wherein cherries are being cultivated for the first time in Palestine. The land was not obtained without a very fierce struggle, in which the Patriarch acted with the firmness and adroitness of a practised general, and finally obtained all he wanted. During our stay in Jerusalem he allowed us to pay him many visits, and we always found him kind and friendly, — to us he never showed any of the stiffness and pretension of which he is accused, — his conversation was invariably that of a man enlightened and without bigotry, and far more ready to promote and encourage discussion on the authenticity of the "holy places" than many of the Protestants who have set up some Pope for themselves, and impose his dictum on every one else as incontestable facts because he is a Protestant.

The Patriarch has established large and flourishing schools of which we heard an excellent report — and also a sisterhood — *les Sœurs de Saint Josephe* — for attending the sick and poor at their own houses — they

have a large field for work and seemed to be doing well.

On the last day of the year we went also, by his invitation, to see the ceremony of investing a French gentleman with the Order of the Knighthood of the Holy Sepulchre: but the ceremony was wholly unimposing, just as its uses and duties are now merely nominal. A short address was made to the candidate in Latin and the Creed repeated, during which the Sword and Spurs of Godfrey de Bouillon were fastened upon the newly-made knight.* We went into the Sacristy, the first day we saw the Holy Sepulchre, to examine these relics, and I thought the old Franciscan monk who showed them would have embraced us both, in the *accès* of joy and respect he fell into, when he heard that we were ourselves descendants of the great and noble warrior king—the flower of all chivalry—who refused to wear the crown he had justly earned in the City where his Saviour had worn a Crown of Thorns. Alas! after having, as in duty bound, devoutly kissed the relics belonging to our illustrious ancestor, the Patriarch assured us that there was no sufficient authority for believing them to be the real sword and spurs of the Conqueror of Jerusalem, as they are of a much more modern construction, and that Château-

* The investiture of this Order of Knighthood is now but a compliment, or a gift, I believe, in return for a certain sum of money: the new Chevalier informed us that he had undergone no fasting or preparation of any kind, and undertook no special duties even in behalf of the Holy Sepulchre, — yet one must hope that, like the words which the sentinels of the Crusaders' armies in the Holy Land had to cry aloud every quarter of an hour through the night, even the Knights of the nineteenth century would at least in the depths of their hearts "Remember the Holy Sepulchre!" it was hardly even in olden days in a state more disgraceful to Christendom than it is at present.

briand had been the first to discover their claim; indeed it must be acknowledged that they are strangely small, and must have been most insufficient weapons for a warrior who could cleave a camel in two at one blow.

There are many noble memories, and sad ones too, connected with the brief reigns of the Latin Kings in Jerusalem, but one of the most touching has always appeared to me how each of the seven Christian kings, the successors of the noble Godfrey — used to be crowned at the altar in this little chapel, and then — solemnly and humbly ascending the steep steps of the rock on the other side — went to lay their earthly crowns on the altar of Calvary!

Up to the year 1808, the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon and his brother Baldwin I. were to be seen at the entrance of the small chapel to the east of the great south door: they were modest structures with penthouse roofs raised on four little columns of white marble, with the touching inscriptions known to all the world; while opposite the southern entrance were the tombs of their seven successors; but the spiteful Greeks took advantage of the terrible fire which in that year destroyed nearly all this part of the Church to clear away every vestige of the tombs: it is said, however, that long before this, in the invasion of the ferocious Karismians in 1244, the bones of the heroes of the Western world had been already torn from their resting-place and scattered to the winds by the barbarians of the East.

We spent the 13th of January pleasantly enough in accompanying the English Consul and Mrs. Finn to pay their annual complimentary visits to the Greek, Syrian, and Armenian convents, as this was their New-Year's day. A narrow lane near the English Consulate divides

the largest of the Greek convents from their Patriarchal Palace, the convent extending until it has enclosed the western end of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, of which the Greeks have the largest share. We were received at first by one of the Bishops, and then by the Archbishop (the representative of the Patriarch who lives at Constantinople) in a large corridor: a few good pictures of saints at one end, and a gigantic clock, was all the furniture it contained—this had been fitted up for the Grand Duke Constantine in the foregoing summer. From this we were conducted into the grand saloon, a well-furnished, handsome room, with green divans on which we ranged ourselves in a row, a preliminary struggle having taken place as to which of the gentlemen should take the lowest seat—which ended in the old Archbishop clasping Mr. Finn round the waist with his fat arms, and depositing him in the seat of honour. Numerous compliments passed in Greek and Arabic, partly with the aid of an interpreter, while shibouques, curaçoa, and sweetmeats were presented with the coffee by two deacons: all the ecclesiastics were dressed in full black cloth gowns edged with fur, and the black, saucepan-shaped, tight caps peculiar to the Greek Church. This old Archbishop is known generally by the name of the "Fire-Bishop," as it is he who annually produces that astounding miracle for the edification of the mob assembled in the Holy Sepulchre. Two pretty little gazelles were playing about the room, and a little toy ship was tossing on some blue waves in the middle of the table; these occupied us during a not very entertaining visit, and, as we took leave, a jocose deacon performed a wonderful whistling of birds, ending with the yells of a hyena, "done to life," for the amusement of the

visitors—which sounded rather odd in an archiepiscopal palace.

This Convent is enormously rich; the chapel belonging to it contains some very old, and a few really good pictures with massive gold glories studded with jewels: two of them were found some years ago buried under the ruins of an old convent on the plain of Jericho at Beth-hogla, where they had long lain forgotten. In these Greek pictures only the face and hands of the subjects are seen—the rest of the figures are always covered with plates of gold or silver of rich beaten work. There is also a valuable library containing some 2000 volumes, and 500 manuscripts, about 100 of which are Greek manuscripts written on vellum. We saw a noble copy of the Gospels in Greek, with golden initial letters and enriched with very elegant and well-preserved illuminations—this was pronounced by Mr. Cox* of the Bodleian library, to be of the ninth century. But the most beautiful of all is a large copy of the Book of Job in Greek—the Scripture written in large characters with very long notes in smaller writing, and hundreds of curious portraits of poor Job enduring his various misfortunes, seated on a circular dunghill—his body "powdered," as the heralds say, with carefully painted sores, and brilliant sky-blue hair and beard contrasting with his otherwise melancholy appearance! he did indeed look as little like "the Morning-Star of Song" as possible! The illuminations are much spoiled, but they are most highly finished, illustrating the various wonders of Nature mentioned by Job and his friends; and which are doubtless explained in the Commentary. The

* The old fathers were continually quoting "Howadji Cox of England!"

book concludes with illustrations of the last chapter of Proverbs, displaying the "virtuous woman" at her various employments.

We then crossed the nice Convent-garden, gay in summer with peacocks and canaries, and after a short walk reached the Convent, where Mar Gregorius *, the Patriarch of the Syrians, resides. He received us in the outer court and seemed proud to show us the new buildings of his Convent, which are but just completed — a hospice for Syrian pilgrims; the rooms are small and very plain, but neatly finished — a not very common characteristic in this country. The good Patriarch is really an interesting person: he has but lately returned from India, where he went to collect money for the building of his hospice. A few years ago the Kurds committed such terrible depredations upon the scattered Christians and Nestorians of Diarbekr and the country around it, that pilgrims ceased entirely to come thence to Jerusalem, and the Syrian Convent, which depends, like all the other convents, mostly on their alms and fees, was nearly ruined. In this emergency the Patriarch thought of applying to the Christians of the primitive Church on the coast of Malabar — the Christians of St. Thomas as they call themselves — and to them he actually went in person, relying on his own prestige as a Bishop coming from Jerusalem. The English Consul gave him letters to the authorities in the States under British protection, and the event proved that the hopes of the courageous old man were well founded. The Rajah of Travancore — a Christian Prince — received him with royal honours, turning out

* His baptismal name was Nour-ed-dîn — the light of religion — but it is customary to take another on becoming a bishop.

the soldiers and firing salutes of cannon: and he afterwards assisted the Bishop to collect a very large sum of money in his territory. He showed us with great pride a roll of paper containing a sort of panoramic representation of his travels, and the procession in which he went to the Church at Travancore, done by a native artist. There was the long boat, the head of the Patriarch appearing at the cabin window, with a deacon holding cross and crosier at each end, and the eight rowers, all done in fiery reds and yellows: followed by the same head appearing in a palanquin, in the midst of a long train of blacks carrying drums and some other wonderful musical instruments, and a great many brilliant umbrellas, one of which, made of straw, had greatly delighted the good Bishop; as a border, round the paper, were very Chinese representations of the houses and trees he had passed on the road, and of the ladies in each house lighting lamps to illuminate his passage: while groups of cannons, shaped like drums, were being everywhere fired by matches a good deal bigger than themselves or the soldiers who held them. The good old man seemed immensely impressed with the wonderful riches of the country, and especially with the gas-lights in the streets; he has a very interesting face, very fair with soft, bright eyes and a fine white beard; he wore a violet-coloured cloth gown over a red satin underdress, and a wonderful globe-shaped head-dress covered with black crape, with a smaller black knob fixed in the top like a door handle. We afterwards learned that his extreme paleness was owing to the attentions of a would-be successor, who flavoured the Patriarch's soup one day with corrosive sublimate, from the effects of which he was, with the greatest difficulty, recovered by the physician of the English Mission.

As a mark of great favour he then showed us a tiny copy, about two and a half inches square, of the Four Gospels written very beautifully in Syriac; it was on parchment, each page bordered in lines of blue and gold; the first page illuminated simply but prettily, and the commencement of each paragraph written in red. He said it was known to be more than a thousand years old, so we begged one of the priests to read us the last chapter of the Gospel of St. Mark, which he did, translating it into Arabic, as we wished to see whether it contained the final seven verses in our version, said by Tischendorf to be modern interpolations: the Syriac was identical with our own. But Dr. Rosen, the learned Prussian Consul, told us that this Gospel, though certainly 1060 years old, was originally translated from the Greek, — since written Syriac, as it is now, is not as old as the Christian era: his opinion seemed to be that without doubt these final verses were interpolations. The book was enclosed in a beautiful case of silver-gilt, embossed with figures, and closed with curious clasps.

The Patriarch then took us into the Church, which they believe to be the very same as the house in which "Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark" abode: the font in which she and Mark were baptized stands at one side of the church, plated over with silver, and just outside is the door in the wall, now built up, where St. Peter is said to have come knocking, to the alarm of Rhoda! — the doorway is evidently of the time of the Crusaders. More interesting antiquities were a Byzantine picture of the blessed Virgin over the altar, said to have been painted by St. Luke himself, — it is a very sweet and well-painted face — one of the very dark Madonnas frequently seen in the East; — and some fine

old copies of the Gospels and prayers in Syriac, with interlinings and headings in red.

In the street we soon after met a very brilliant procession of the Russian Bishop, Kyrillos, returning from the ceremony of laying the first stone of a new Convent, Church, and Hospice, on a very large scale, outside the walls, to the north of the City. The Russians have lately purchased much land in and about Jerusalem—indeed the Greek Church is obtaining vast acquisitions and influence in the place, neither secretly nor silently. After the coarse, unintellectual, white-bearded faces of almost all the Oriental clergy, it was delightful to meet the figure which now presented itself, with a face sweet and pleasing enough any where, but which was rendered much more so by his singular and graceful costume. Young and very fair, with blue eyes, his intelligent and refined face beamed under a tall straight cap, round which a black scarf or veil was smoothly folded, with the ends hanging down behind, over a quantity of very long and glossy golden hair, flowing straight down over his shoulders: while the breast of a full, graceful robe of light purple satin was adorned with four or five jewelled stars and orders, the episcopal golden cross hanging from a gold chain over all. He carried a golden-headed staff, the crosier, which was finely worked, being borne before him—and altogether, surrounded by a troop of grave, intellectual-looking ecclesiastics, and a host of Russian pilgrims, with his pleasant manners and animated countenance the Bishop made a picture more like dreams of olden times than anything one is likely to meet now-a-days—at least in any other city than Jerusalem. He is a man of much influence in the Russian world, being a great favourite in the Imperial family.

We went on next to the grand Convent of the Armenians, which occupies, with its many buildings and gardens, a very large portion of the south-west corner of Jerusalem. A numerous retinue of Priests, &c. were grouped round the Patriarch as he stood in the hall of reception; we had heard of the Armenian as the richest of all the communities in Syria, but we were not prepared for the noble gallery through which we passed into his *salon:* the gallery must be about 250 feet long and is very lofty—it is well finished with marble pavements and coloured walls. The Patriarch seemed quite to enjoy the fun of receiving so many visitors at once—he is a jolly kind of old man, but with a coarse, heavy face very unlike our Syrian friend, Mar Gregorius; we were told he is not a man of any learning, and is only occupied in counting the riches of the convent, every para of which passes through his hands. A great variety of sweetmeats and little cakes, besides the usual pipes and coffee, were handed round, and the room was perfumed with burning ambergris; there was altogether more ceremony than with the other patriarchs, and Mr. Finn told us that on a visit he had lately paid him during an illness, the Patriarch had received him in bed, attired in the same black robes and mitre-shaped cap of blue velvet that he now appeared in, tucked up under three or four thick and heavy couvertures, though it was in the middle of summer: the old man, nevertheless, insisted on performing the usual ceremonies, struggling up on his knees and feet, under all the bedclothes, to make the proper number of bows and salaams!

The Babel of tongues which had amused us in the other visits was still greater here, for the Austrian Consul, a Venetian, and his wife, the Countess Pizzamano, a Florentine, having joined us, added German and Italian

to the Armenian, Turkish, Greek, Arabic, French and English, in which the conversation had been previously carried on! one envies the Consular dragomans the ease with which they slip from one language to another almost in the middle of a sentence until they really seem to be speaking all the eight languages at once.

Of course the Patriarchs truckle to the Pasha of Jerusalem, upon whose free admission of the pilgrims nearly all their riches depend—on this subject we heard a characteristic story of the excellent Sooraya, the Pasha now governing Jerusalem. One day, in passing through the Bazaar, a fanatic Armenian pilgrim struck the Pasha and endeavoured to stab him—a European gentleman, who was walking beside him, threw himself between them and warded off the blow: upon hearing of this the Armenian Patriarch came down into the street, and knelt down at the Pasha's feet with servile gestures, entreating him to come into the Convent. The Pasha turned away in disgust and refused though he had really been on his road to him, and that evening he wrote a letter to the Patriarch expressing his strong opinion of the unbecomingness of a dignitary of the Church kneeling down at the feet of the secular authority. On the following evening he went to visit the Greek Patriarch—who for some private reason, or rather intrigue of his own did not particularly wish to see the Pasha; on entering the saloon, the attendants came to beg he would excuse the Patriarch as he was already in bed. The Pasha walked straight up to the unlighted candles on the table and put his finger on the wick—then turning to the attendants he said, "Tell the Patriarch that Sooraya Pasha desires to see him at the Serai at midnight,"—and he abruptly left the Convent—saying to the gentleman who was with him—"I was

disgusted at the Armenian Patriarch for kneeling to me yesterday evening, because I hate cringing and servility, —but I hate a lie still more: those candles were still hot and soft, and were blown out as I came up the stairs: so the Patriarch will have to walk to my house in the night for his pains."

No one knows better than Sooraya Pasha what good manners are—or understands better the good breeding which marks a *gentleman*, whether his face is black or white, or his creed that of East or West. He is not fond of our countrymen, because unfortunately many of the specimens he has seen he has found rude, rough, and bearish—that is to say, paying no attention to those ordinary rules of good society which are at least due to his rank: but he thoroughly enjoys a conversation upon subjects of universal interest with an enlightened or well-educated European. He speaks French well and with a good accent, but he considers it "une langue d'amitié," and will only speak Turkish to his general visitors, when he receives them as Pasha of Jerusalem —the language of his Government is the state language for state visits. He is not fond of the European Consuls in his city—very naturally, for their chief and almost only intercourse with him is their application for the redresses of wrongs committed against individuals under their protection,—and in Jerusalem they are inevitably, one and all, more or less mixed up with the small quarrels and questions of the place—each of course anxious to persuade the Pasha to see everything that takes place through the spectacles of the particular Government which he represents. The Pasha is very earnestly anxious about the good of his own rule—and is very resolute to hear for himself and if possible to see with his own eyes, all that happens,—he frequently peram-

bulates the city at night in the dress of a Turkish merchant, with a single attendant—in the style of Haroun al Raschîd,— and sometimes makes discoveries which are very astonishing to those not in the secret. He is himself a fine-looking handsome man, slow in manner and reserved in conversation like most of the Turks—but he is not to be surprised into a *gaucherie*, and is one of those men who always know *what* to do, and *when* to do it.

One little anecdote of this I heard from an eye-witness: an English traveller (whose name I do not know) came to call on the Pasha, — either from ignorance or from that bull-headed, stupid passion that our countrymen indulge in of showing themselves superior to all the formalities and common courtesies of society, he was dressed in a rough shooting-coat and high riding boots: the Pasha had risen to receive him, but the moment he saw this figure, he turned with dignity to the gentleman beside him and said, "Je dois me retirer," and instantly left the room. He was indeed extremely annoyed at the disrespect, almost tantamount to insult, so rudely shown to him and to the Government he represents, but the only remark he made was, "Je croyais que c'était un Monsieur qui désira me voir — mais je comprends maintenant que c'est un homme qui n'a jamais vu la bonne société." If travellers do not choose to encumber themselves with dress clothes they ought at least to be contented not to thrust themselves upon those whose station demands that respect and courtesy which all men of good breeding ought to be, and usually are, willing to pay. It is, moreover, very incomprehensible why Englishmen think it necessary to be offensively and systematically rude to the Turks, although they really do manage to be decently

respectful to the authorities of other countries such as Austria, Greece, Naples, Spain, &c., whose Governments they despise, perhaps equally, with that of the Sultan.

After this digression we must return to the Armenians, whose excessively splendid Church we visited next, — it contains a shrine over the spot where St. James was beheaded, and the own particular chair of that Apostle — a chair that was probably made by a French carpenter about three hundred years ago. The shrine is enclosed with doors of tortoise-shell, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, of very beautiful workmanship, — the columns and walls are loaded with gilding and pictures, and the roof is hung with a profusion and confusion of ostrich eggs and silver lamps hung upon silver chains in festoons — which has a *bizarre* but very elegant effect. The mosaic pavement in the chancel was the best we had seen in the East — it is quite equal to that of St. Mark's at Venice, and is in better preservation. The most curious thing in the Church is a large curtain occasionally drawn across the chancel, of very ancient embroidery — exquisitely fine, — it is covered with portraits of saints, &c., and the whole genealogy and life of the Virgin illustrated in groups of figures. In the Convent garden are some splendid pine-trees, of an uncommon kind, branching and shady, — a great delight to eyes accustomed to the treelessness of Judæa: a fine cypress is growing up in the very centre of each pine — tree struggling with tree for the mastery.

The Armenians were the first to introduce printing into Jerusalem — and they have now quite a fine printing-establishment in this Convent, — at the moment of our visit they were printing a " Guide-book to the Holy

City," and they gave us as a specimen a paper prepared for the pilgrims, containing a few prayers, a receipt for a gift of money, and the picture of an angel holding the decapitated head of St. James, their patron Saint, on a dish; there was a pretty arabesque border round it of roses, the type of which we were surprised to see was engraved on mother-of-pearl and ivory.

The Armenian Patriarch had a fine engraving of our Queen and another of the Prince Consort in his *salon*, —more than one of the high dignitaries we saw that day inquired about the young Prince who had so lately visited the Holy City. It was, indeed, very pleasant to hear how favourable an impression our Sailor-Prince had made wherever he went in Syria—how he charmed every one with the sound information and bright intelligence which he inherits from both his Royal Parents —how his unaffected boyishness won all hearts, ready as it always was in an instant to change into the demeanour of a Prince when the occasion required it,— and of his consideration for and attention to all around him in the midst of his own merriment. His visit called forth much kindness from the European Consuls and some others in Jerusalem, who vied with each other in sending furniture and European comforts to the English Consulate to prevent the difficulties and inconveniences that must inevitably occur in such an unlooked-for event: even an old Turk sent up a precious morsel of embroidery of gold and precious stones—an heir-loom in his family and a gift from Sultan Selim. The Pasha of Jerusalem sent horses to meet the Prince and his suite at Jaffa, and for the Prince's own use, he sent a horse which had been a gift from a Turk of very high degree, and was considered priceless. The unhappy animal was covered with housings, loaded with gold

of nobody-knows-how-many-pounds weight, and who, according to the Turkish fashion, had been fed up to its furthest extent of fat — in fact blown out with fat: the day was intensely hot with a scirocco blowing: no one seemed to know that the Turks never gallop their horses for more than a few minutes at a time, and the journey was in itself twelve long hours; all the horses, and indeed the riders also suffered very much, but on the following day the Pasha's precious animal expired! — a loss for which the gold-mounted revolver, afterwards presented to him by the young Prince, must have been considered by the Pasha as a poor consolation. The presents given by him, indeed, gave satisfaction to none of the natives in Syria: they were really handsome as coming from the young Officer-Prince, travelling as such,—but the people could not be made to understand the difference between a Prince travelling in state or *incog* as it were — nor could they ever realise the fact of his being *in service*,— and therefore as the son of the great Queen of England, and received as he was in Jerusalem with all the honours due to Royalty, the presents appeared poor, and came in unfortunate contrast to the lavish profusion with which the Russian Grand-Duke had thrown about his diamonds only a short time previously.

A day or two after this we heard that there was to be a very grand wedding of a Russian lady in the chapel of the Greek Convent: as the bridegroom was an Ionian gentleman and therefore under the protection of the British Consul, whose presence was necessary at the marriage, they were so kind as to send us an invitation to the chapel, on hearing that we wished to see the ceremony. Unfortunately on the day appointed there was a continual down-pour of rain, which in Jerusalem is

not a very convenient accompaniment to "going out:" there are but two sedan chairs in the City, both of them private property,— every lady resident there has her own donkey, but there are none to hire, so that if you choose to go out you must walk, and there are few things much less agreeable than a nocturnal promenade by the light of a lantern, picking one's steps along the filthy streets of an Eastern town, disturbing the dogs and cats, with a shower-bath pouring down over one's head. The inner chapel was only about twelve feet square, and being filled with the bridal party we had to uncloak and ungolosh in the muddy outer court before we could mix with the gay dresses within— but as every body was in the same plight it did not much matter. The Metropolitan Bishop of Petra officiated, assisted by various Bishops and clergy, himself handsomely robed as well as the Bishops — the rest wore only the every day black gown and observed no order — all of them continued chatting among themselves, and laughing, scarcely in an undertone, during the whole service: nobody seemed to know exactly the right order of the service, and they kept correcting and expostulating with and advising each other all the time: the difficulty, we were told afterwards, was to decide which piece should be in Russian and which in Greek, and they all laughed at every mistake. After several prayers and some reading to which no one seemed to attend and at which no one knelt, the hands of the bride and bridegroom were joined by the Bishop, who then blessed two wreaths of coarse artificial flowers (answering to our rings) touching the Gospels with each flower, —then presenting one to the bridegroom, he crossed him with it on the forehead, shoulders, and chest, doing the same with the wreath of the bride and then again

changing the wreaths and crossing his hands and theirs — last of all he laid each wreath on his own head, where it looked supremely ridiculous — the gay flowers on the snowy locks with the satin ribbons streaming down. Then came a great many prayers and blessings, no one kneeling, after which the Bishop of Petra put himself out of the way in a little pew, and the other Bishops and Priests, joining hand in hand with the bride and bridegroom walked or rather scuttled in a ring round and round the altar, chanting a psalm, two gentlemen walking behind bride and bridegroom, holding the wreaths above their heads — a ceremony that was remarkably undignified, for they all laughed the whole time. After this the Patriarch took a common glass tumbler in his hand, and administered the Holy Communion in a spoon to the newly married pair and to the Russian Consul, mumbling something out of a book while all the Priests laughed and chattered on, and finally exploded in fits of laughter because the Bishop of Petra had tumbled down with the glass in his hand and broken it. The whole service was so entirely irreverent and the attempts at chanting so ludicrous that we were quite glad when they all disappeared, the lights extinguished, and all hands had hurried away to the banquet: nor did we care to see another Russian wedding — though I would fain hope that the irreverence of this affair was exceptional — the Greek ceremonies at Jerusalem are by far the least reverent or edifying of any, but the services of the Russian Church impressed us more than anything of the kind that we witnessed in the East.

The next ceremony at which we *assisted* was a very different scene — it is the custom among the Protestants living in Jerusalem to keep the anniversary of the

arrival of Dr. Alexander, the first Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem, as a festival by attending morning service together in the Hebrew and English Church: they meet in the evening in the girls' schoolroom, the walls of which were prettily ornamented with palm branches and wreaths of passion-flower, with words formed of olive leaves. The Bishop and Mrs. Gobat, who showed us much kindness during our stay in Jerusalem, kindly invited us to join them, and we gladly availed ourselves of the invitation. We found the assembly were chiefly of Europeans with the addition of converts from the Spanish and German Jews: in a smaller room upstairs the Christian Arab congregation were feasted together—the men on one side the women on the other,—the Bishop made them a short address in Arabic to which they seemed most earnestly attentive—they were of course all in their native costumes. The medley of tongues in the room below was curious: one of the clergy addressed the meeting in Spanish, another in German, the Bishop having read a chapter in the Bible in English, while the singing of psalms and hallelujahs was in Hebrew,—the wild melody of the old chant was one of the sweetest I have ever heard—and German hymns were added at the end. For once the petty jealousies and narrow-minded bigotry of the small *cliques* that poison the Holy City and seem to set its very stones at enmity and evil speaking one with another, appeared to have died away, and peace and Christian feeling reigned over all: there were other strangers besides ourselves, and some travellers from the New World of America, as well as the still newer of Australia—and one could almost believe the legend of the Greeks, in looking round, that Jerusalem is the "centre of the world."

There are schools provided by the three Mission Societies for which funds are collected in England,—all are under the general supervision of Bishop Gobat: a large but uncommonly ugly building—a perfect eyesore in the view—has been erected for the boys outside the City walls on the south-western brow of Mount Zion: it contains several airy rooms, capable of holding a great many more children than they have in the school at present: a garden is attached to it, leading into the quiet little English burying-ground,—already beginning to be sown with one or more infants from every family of the European Protestants living there—in which some curious remains of ancient baths have been found. The girls have a school near the Hebrew-and-English Church, and there is a very small Infant school under the care of a young Russian, who was educated in the Bishop's school, which seemed to be getting on rather nicely.

The Prussians have a very successful establishment of Deaconesses which appeared to be doing good work, Pastor Fliedner having himself gone to Jerusalem at the special request of the late King of Prussia to commence the institution,—his niece is one of the Sisters: they have a large building, under the care of five Sisters, a beautifully clean well-arranged house, including a girls' school, a dispensary, and a hospital where men and women of all or any creed are taken in, and seemed to be most kindly and well nursed. The sweet, cheerful faces of the Sisters must in themselves do good to their patients—and their pretty blue dresses and neat caps are much to be preferred to the black costume of the Latin Sœurs de la Charité. Another institution, belonging to the Anglo-Prussian mission, is the House of Industry, where a number of boys and Jewish converts learn carpentering and shoemaking and earn a

good sum by the variety of pretty things they make of olive wood—one of the prettiest woods there are.

Besides these there is a school for Jewesses which interested us very much: it was founded a few years ago by a Miss Cooper, who went to live at Jerusalem in order to devote herself to the improvement of poor Jewesses, her cherished purpose from her earliest years. Her income was *very* small, but by means of extraordinary self-denial and frugality, she contrived to house and feed one or two poor girls, spending the whole of every day, not devoted to them, in visiting the Jewesses in their miserable homes, helping them with her own hands, working for them and teaching them to work for themselves: and though for several years she met with but little encouragement or assistance from others, the persevering earnest labours of this single-minded woman—working alone, in poverty and weak health—effected a real change in the idle, dirty, ignorant state in which she found the Jewesses of Jerusalem sunk. After some years had passed away, she received some small grants from the London societies, and was able greatly to enlarge the number of her boarders, several of whom she had the happiness to see comfortably and honestly settled. She had just succeeded in providing a good house for her little family of orphans when her worn out frame sunk under a slight fever: she died a few days before we reached Jerusalem. Just before her death she had placed the school under the care of the Jews' Society, endowing it with all her little fortune; and delightful it was to see the bright happy faces of the orphan girls, and the large room filled with the strangely dressed Jewesses, who came daily to work there for several hours,—some of them thus earned enough to keep their families from the state of beggary usual among the Jews of Jerusalem.

These institutions are all for the very poor: there is another of which Jerusalem stands most grievously in need, viz. a thoroughly *good* school for children and youth of a higher class than these; every year the number of Europeans resident in the Holy City increases, and largely so: a great many European shops are now open and families are beginning to settle there,—very few of these can afford to send their children away to Europe for education or are inclined to do so, yet they earnestly crave the benefit of such teaching; Jewish converts, with the love of learning so remarkable among the Hebrews, are always most anxiously desirous to secure the practical and wholesome education unattainable among themselves: while a very large number of both Jews and Mooslims would thankfully entrust their children to a Christian school, rather than lose their only chance of improvement. The Greeks and Armenians have already commenced institutions of the kind, while the Latin Patriarch has, as we have seen, opened an establishment at Beit Jâla, where the thoroughly good education given has induced several members of other communions to join it, not, as they say, "to learn the religion," but for the sake of the grammar, geography, languages and arithmetic taught there: while, for girls, if their parents do not send them to the schools of the Latin Sisters, they must go without any tolerable education of any kind. The absolute necessity of distinguishing between class and class, is more felt in the East than we can well imagine at home, and consequently the necessity of schools for a superior class is far more imperative there than in England.

An English college was opened in 1854, with a very few resident pupils and several day scholars; the education was of a more advanced nature and was chiefly

for young men intending to become missionaries; lectures were given on the fundamental principles and history of the Church of England, and a course of critical lectures on the Greek text of the New Testament were delivered by the learned Principal, which excited much interest among the residents in the city: in fact, the College answered well, and might have been the means of accomplishing much, but the excellent Principal was obliged to return to England, and funds enough could not be collected for obtaining another. It is difficult to over-rate the importance of both a School and a College at Jerusalem, or the benefits that would arise from such an institution; like the Theological Seminary at Beit-Jâla, it would form a nursery for those well-trained labourers in Christ's vineyard, the supply of whom from England has been so sadly small,—it would serve also for those who, having been educated for the Ministry in European Schools, desire to perfect themselves in the languages of the countries to which their lives will be devoted—besides the advantage of studying Eastern manners and habits, and becoming themselves acclimatised before they begin to work in hot countries. In a city where Hebrew and Greek, Turkish and Amharic, Syriac, Hindoo, Russian, German, French, Spanish, Italian and English are daily spoken, there ought to be uncommon advantages of education for missionaries to the heathen nations around, besides the wide field of work among Jews, Mooslims, Druzes, Metouaalees, &c. in Syria itself. In fact it is impossible to say, into how wide-spreading and valuable an institution such an establishment might grow: in the meantime, it is lamentable to see the children left untaught and untended from the want of a tolerably educated schoolmaster. How many young men there are in

England who having had the advantage of a Grammar-school education, might devote themselves to this good work: there are plenty of families capable of and willing to pay a reasonable sum for good schooling, and if any one,—with knowledge enough in himself to impart well and thoroughly such an education as our middle-class schools in England afford, holding the sound religious principles of the English Church, and with temper and self-respect enough to keep out of the miserable *cliques* and parties that disgrace the Holy City—would only go there and begin—he would succeed in supporting himself comfortably, and would with God's blessing, confer a lasting and incalculable benefit on the Christian community of Jerusalem.

The "Maison des Filles de Zion" was instituted four years ago by M. Ratisbonne, a converted Jew of Paris, for the purposes of spreading conversion and education among his brethren: the difficulties however proved so much greater than was expected, from the intense aversion of the Jews to any approach to image worship, that the unoccupied Sisters, finding nothing to do in their chosen line, opened a school for the daughters of the higher classes in Jerusalem, which, for lack of any other, is attended even by some of the children of Protestants. A small house was found for them, in which they made a nice little chapel, enriched with pretty gifts of pictures &c., but lately money has been collected in France for building them a convent in the Via Dolorosa, close to the Serai, the residence of the Pasha—the building that the monks call the House of Pilate. The so-called Arch of the Ecce Homo here stretches across the road, and it was in digging the foundations of the new convent that a pavement of very large flag-stones was found as well as the smaller side-

arches which stamped it at once and indubitably as a Roman triumphal arch, of a not very early date. The Latin monks at once seized on the pavement as the veritable *Gabbatha:* and what was their joy, when, a few days after, a hewn stone was discovered, about two feet long and one foot thick, bearing an inscription in some unknown and curious characters. At first the story went that they were Samaritan letters — they were quite as like Chinese. But before long the true story was hit upon. A Sister, who had the good of the Mission much at heart, and who suffered constantly from fever and ague, had for some time past had *dreams:* and, one night, the whole Passion of our Lord revealing itself to her, she beheld Pilate's wife sending him the message that he should "have nothing to do with that just man," written on a piece of stone which she at once recognised as the identical stone so lately discovered! the words in which this advice was conveyed being "Judex iniquitus," and signed "Claudia Procla!" Here was the whole truth miraculously revealed, and great was the rejoicing at this fresh proof as they naïvely said, of how good "le bon Dieu" was to His people in Jerusalem in thus constantly assisting them to unravel every mystery. It was indeed, to say the least of it, a valuable illustration of the manners of that age, that a lady, desirous of sending a message in all haste to her husband should be obliged to have recourse to such a ponderous billet-doux — but *there* was the benefit of the miraculous assurance of what would otherwise have appeared strange. Not feeling perfectly satisfied with this sapient explanation, we obtained, through the kindness of the French Consul, a tracing of the inscription and sent it to Dr. Rosen, who saw immediately that it was Cufic of a late date, and

translated it thus,—"The son of Obeid Allah, the son of Shem, the son of Muhammed"—the last word being incomplete from the breaking off of the stone: it was probably an inscription stuck into a wall to announce the name and generation of the occupant of some tomb close at hand. And so ended the pious *trouvaille* of the Filles de Zion!

The English Consul, Mr. Finn, whose heart and soul are entirely devoted to the good of Jerusalem, and who is esteemed and respected by all who really know him, has established a Library and a Museum in connection with the Jerusalem Literary Society: both languish sadly for want of funds, and the antiquities of the latter are wholly undisplayed and concealed, from the want of a place in which to keep them,—yet among them are many objects of great interest and value. Mr. Finn is naturally and justly anxious that Syria should not be entirely stripped of her own antiquities for the enrichment of cabinets in other countries, where one or two isolated objects convey little of the intelligence they bear when collected with many more of their kind: at least a specimen of every coin and curiosity should be left where they form links in the chain of the history of the Past; but money is required to secure them, and hundreds of opportunities are annually lost, for the want of a few piasters, especially in those districts unvisited by travellers, but where he is occasionally obliged to go: Mr. Finn has the practised eye of a collector, and speaks with melancholy enthusiasm of the many specimens of great interest and value which he has seen in out-of-the-way places, and been obliged to leave behind him, but which he could have obtained with even only a very small fund at his command. Among the objects already collected are several

very fine and perfect Osteophagi found in the Mount of Olives — one with a pent-house top and much ornament, mostly like wheels, on the sides,— another with a double top — the under one flat, the upper one rounded: some very curious ancient lamps in pottery and in bronze: two very beautiful, delicately-fine glass vases found at Tyre: and a splendid bronze helmet found on the other side of Jordan among the Mountains of Moab,— the form is said by M. Salzmann to be Greek, and from the style of the figures, which stand in fine relief around it, he judges it to be of the time of Demetrius, B.C. 160. There are also some slabs from Nineveh, some fine specimens of ancient mosaic of different periods, and a few Hebrew and other coins.

In fact there is no place in the world where the interest and memorials of religion and of history *se réunissent* to such an extent as in Jerusalem,— and no place, on this account, can be so delightful a residence, as this where it is impossible to walk a yard within or without the City walls, without coming to some fresh subject of interest, and where one can never raise one's eyes without beholding some place or view entwined in the deepest fibres of the Christian's heart. Without natural beauty, with many discomforts, and with a bad climate in winter, we yet found in a very short time that the City had taken such firm hold upon our affections that it was impossible to leave it,—the longer we stayed, the more we loved it — and we lingered on from week to week till four whole months had passed away— till Christmas and Lent and Easter were over — till we could say with the "beloved" in the song, "lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone — the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come,"— then we rose up, and sorrowfully came away.

I believe it is impossible for any one to understand this who has not stayed there for some little time: the hurried traveller, rushing through with only a week, or as it very often happens only three days at his disposal, has so much more to see than he can possibly manage even physically, that he has little time for any real comprehension, and still less for any right feeling of such scenes: travellers mostly go there in the end of the spring when Jerusalem is very hot, dusty, and continually oppressed with scirocco,—they are disappointed with the want of natural beauty, and are at once tired out and unnerved with the many discomforts of the place, and with the vexatious feeling of trying to realise their own old associations through the thick veil of ruin and superstition which has overlaid them: they are confused with the modern life, and secular scenes, carried on under the shadow of those ancient names which they have been accustomed to consider all their lives as set apart for sacred things and thoughts,—and a vague feeling of irritation arises unconsciously in the mind of each, wondering at his own coldness and undevotional feelings in that spot where he had expected, of all others, to feel impressed and hallowed—till at last, knowing that he has honestly tried to feel aright, he consoles himself with thinking the fault must be in the place, not in himself, and he goes away declaring it is "a dreadful place,"—"not fit to live in"—&c. &c. &c.

We had at first some comfortable apartments near the new Austrian Hospice, but which were situated at the very bottom of the Tyropæon valley, and as I had taken the "Jerusalem fever" as it is called, immediately upon arriving we became very anxious to get other lodgings: after some time the English Consul kindly obtained for us the use of a charming house, at

the moment untenanted, standing on very high ground near the Damascus Gate: the change was of great use to me and the improvement in our position was most enjoyable; our windows commanded the whole of the Mount of Olives and Bezetha — the Mosques of Omar and El Aksa, and the Moab mountains ever dyed in radiant colours in the background.

The climate itself would not be much in fault at Jerusalem during the winter if the houses were better arranged, but *every* house in the city, however small, is built over its own cistern — many have three or four, and even more — the whole supply of water for the consumption of each family in a year being contained in them: these cisterns are stone chambers, generally vaulted, into which the rains that fall on the flat terraces drain: then the walls and roof of every house are built of porous stone — they are very thick and the rooms very low, and altogether they are as gloomy as they are damp and unhealthy — while the eternal expanse of white plaster everywhere, varied only with stains from the damp, is most depressing. Moreover they are all so ill built, especially in the roofing, that except the house of Dr. McGowan which is built *à l'anglaise*, the gallery at the Armenian Convent was literally the only room we ever heard of in the city into which the rain did not enter. Of course ague is the inevitable consequence of sleeping in this damp atmosphere, and scarcely a creature escapes it in the winter: even infants of a week or two old take the disease and many fall victims to it. Dr. Barclay told us he had never known Jerusalem in the winter without from two to three thousand cases in it under medical treatment — the most successful system of which appeared to me to be that of taking plenty of food and

quantities of wine,— the drinking long kept water is I am sure very provocative of the disease. I feel convinced also that much of the quarrels and hatreds between set and set of every communion, &c. arise from the unconquerable depression and lassitude caused by this miserable complaint, and which unfortunately is scarcely shaken off under the balmy skies of the early Spring, before the horrible scirocco begins to blow: this dreadful wind continues usually, in fits of three days at a time, from about the middle or end of April till July, and adds to the terrible languor and lassitude which overcome both man and beast — an irritation of the nerves which extends to both mind and body; it appeared to me to be fully as severe and intolerable at Jerusalem as in Egypt. The South wind is only hot and drying — it is the East wind, blowing over the Desert, which is so malignant, and which fills the air with a thick, fine dust that veils the view, darkens the sky, and penetrates everywhere. One day — February 8th — the air was so completely thickened as to assume almost the brown appearance of a London fog, and from our house we could not see even as far as the Mount of Olives: some of the dust was collected and on examination in the microscope, it proved to be the same kind of thing as had fallen three years before when specimens were sent by Dr. Roth to Liebig,— viz. a dust composed of very minute shells, unbroken, and not of these latitudes, but from the islands of the South Sea, blown here in one of the great circular storms about which we are daily gaining more information; it was curious that the dust, when placed in water, did not sink in the shape of sediment to the bottom of the vessel, as sand or long dead shells would have done,— but being still alive and full of air they remained floating on the water. We heard afterwards

that this wind had reached to Malta, and carried some of the same shell dust to that island.

We had seen two heavy showers of sleet in the early part of February, and once the snow had lain on the ground for about an hour,— but very little rain had fallen in the time of the "early rain," (which is always in the month of November,) and the people were much distressed for water: there were but nine days in January in which any had fallen,— and there was much suffering in consequence; many of the poor Jews, who had no cisterns of their own, had to pay three piasters* for a skin holding about two quarts, since, when the cisterns are empty, all the water has to be fetched from below Siloam: on this account the "Dung Gate," which is always kept closed, was opened to give greater facility to the troops of donkeys who brought up the skins; and public prayers were offered repeatedly by Jews, Mooslims, and Christians for rain: the Jews also ordained a fast: but scarcely as much rain fell in February and March combined as had fallen in January — and by the end of March the "latter rain" is over. We had one storm of thunder and lightning and a great deal of south-west winds — called by the Arabs "the father of rain," but in this case he was not paternal, and had brought but little with him.

It is easy to understand the immense importance of rain to the inhabitants, and the wisdom of having provided the number of vast cisterns believed to exist beneath the Harâm: from whence these are fed is still a mystery—the magnificent aqueduct from Solomon's Pools, which is supposed to have supplied the Temples and poured a continual stream into the "noble cave"

* A piaster is about equal to two-pence.

for its cleansing, has been allowed to get choked, yet there is water in many of the cisterns now,—there is, therefore, some reason to suppose that another subterraneous passage will be found some day carrying water from a concealed fountain without the Walls. Water may be heard at any time rushing by underneath the ground just outside the Damascus gate. The finest of all the reservoirs of the City is an enormous place, excavated wholly in the solid rock which rises only a few feet directly behind the eastern end of the Holy Sepulchre: it is worth seeing, and is considered to be as old as the time of Helena, — but, although her name has been attached to it, it does not probably owe its excavation to her: the water stored there was so low when we visited it that we descended upwards of twenty steps of the fine massive staircase before we reached it—and it was said that so many had never been uncovered before. It is close to the Convent of the Copts, in which there are several interesting fragments of early Byzantine architecture.

The fountain of the Virgin and that of Siloam both lie in the valley of the Kedron at the foot of Ophel,—they are connected by an underground conduit, and, as we have said, with the "noble cave" beneath the Sacred Rock; the first is reached by a double flight of stairs within a cave, and is very picturesque from the figures of the women always washing there: the pool of Siloam is an oblong basin with some old shafts of columns stuck in the modern walls—it is pretty, but from being open to the sun it does not give the same idea of refreshing coolness that its sister fountain does. Below these is the Well of Nehemiah or En-rogel, called by the Arabs the Well of Job: it is arched over with large hewn stones of great antiquity about which the weeds

and flowers nestle luxuriantly: after two days of heavy rains that had taken place in February, this pool, which is 125 feet deep, became quite full, and numbers of people went down out of the City to bathe in it,—they were disporting themselves very happily when suddenly the water fell, and down they all tumbled with it to the bottom! and there they had to wait till ropes could be fetched to pull them out;—probably some subterranean passage had been choked and was then suddenly relieved.

The streets of Jerusalem are less filled with beggars and horrible objects than those of most Spanish and Italian towns,—nearly all the horrors, in fact, are collected together at one gate—that of Zion—which one avoids as much as possible: these poor creatures are the lepers, for whom rows of huts are built just within the Wall of the City, in which they hide their wretchedness, except when begging in little groups of hideousness outside the Zion and the Jaffa Gates. We learned from the late Dr. McGowan, who had paid a good deal of attention to the disease, that the suffering is not at all equal to what one would suppose it to be from its dreadful appearance,—sensation becomes deadened as the disease proceeds, and the flesh to be eaten away has long before ceased to feel; at one time he had been sanguine as to the possibility of arresting the disease, but one system that he had tried after another having all ultimately failed, he now, he said, believed it to be entirely incurable and unmitigable, but not contagious in the ordinary sense of the word—although probably one sleeping or living constantly with a leper, breathing his breath, might become affected by it; the children of lepers he had frequently seen perfectly sound and pure, but he was

convinced that the soundness never continued long after they had reached the age of puberty. The Arabs all dread it as most strongly infectious, and any person in whom the disease shows itself is instantly chased from all communication or intercourse with his people; and sometimes leprosy declares itself in some family till then wholly untainted by it. He related some touching stories of mothers who had brought him their handsome fine-looking children, whose features were just beginning to show the taint, and of their agonised entreaties to him to cure them, and how he had, in consequence, consulted with medical men in every country on the subject,—but all in vain.

There is also another set of these unhappy creatures near the Gate of St. Stephen, but they will probably be removed whenever the Emperor of the French really commences the restoration of the Church of St. Anne, of which the Sultan has lately made him a present. The Church, which was built during the twelfth century, is in very bad order and is indeed little more than a shell: the façade is good with some nice work about the arches, which are ornamented with the pretty billet and book mouldings: inside it is poor and modern and much defaced, having been occupied latterly by an Arab school — the proportions however are very pleasing and there is a fine apse at the east end. Beneath are the grottoes, entirely closed from both light and air, in which St. Joseph and St. Anne are said to have lived, and where the Virgin was born: the rock is much chipped, and the fragments are sold or given away in large quantities, as the possession of a morsel ensures good health to any young mother.

Of good architectural work, of about the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there is indeed no lack in Jerusalem

— the Holy Sepulchre contains a vast number of very beautiful details, beside those of St. Anne, the Hospital of the Knights, the Church of the Flagellation, and many others: but perhaps there is nothing more striking than the score of small but exquisitely worked capitals on the columns which surround the Arab-built Church of the Ascension on the summit of the Mount of Olives: the Empress Helena is said to have erected a handsome church here, but nothing remains of it — unless it be these fragments, which some have thought must have been copied or perhaps borrowed from a building of a yet more ancient date. Adjoining this Church is a Mosque with a picturesque minaret from whence there is a glorious panorama over the Dead Sea, the intervening mountains and the Holy City,— I must again repeat that, to be *enjoyed*, it should be seen in the autumn, not the spring.

An interesting visit may be made to the Convent of the Holy Cross, about three quarters of an hour's walk due west from the Jaffa gate: the view as you suddenly descend upon the Convent is pretty. The Church is supposed by competent judges to be the oldest in Palestine, having been built before the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was completed by the Empress Helena. It was founded by the Georgians — the earliest Christians of the Greek rite in Palestine,— and the walls are covered with frescoes of their saints, each holding a scroll, containing probably his own name and history, written in old Georgian, or Georgian Greek, which (I believe) cannot now be translated. These frescoes are mostly as brilliant as they were fifteen centuries ago, and though many of the figures are too grotesque and rude to suit our modern eyes, they are all full of life, vigour, and expression. The most amusing are those of a very

early date — all the saints have such long thin spider-like legs — St. Jerome has his lion, and St. Anthony a beard that reaches below his knees: on the other side the figures are interesting as examples of the ecclesiastical vestments worn at that period; the procession ends with the figure of a Georgian Queen who gave the stone for the building, a model of which she holds in her hand. The Church is seventy feet long, with nave and aisles divided by four square pillars, with strange battlemented capitals, frescoed all over — and a small dome over the centre. The whole of the Church is floored with a very fine mosaic, chiefly white — this is the most ancient — but in the middle there is an Arabesque pattern in black and red, of cocks and flowers in medallions, very spiritedly done: it has been cruelly mended with blue tiles in modern days, — and one part near the door is strangely stained, it is said, with the blood of the monks slain by Chosroes the Persian: the Church was spared, however, when all others were destroyed, because he used it for the barracks of his troops.

The Convent has undergone many vicissitudes: the present one has just been rebuilt by the Russians and is both handsome and commodious: the young students, who were forty-six in number at the time of our visit, are said to receive a really good education, such as will fit them for profitable employment afterwards — it includes modern Greek, French and Italian, with arithmetic, geography, and drawing. The dormitories, class-rooms &c. are all large, airy, and well built — almost handsomely so: there are apartments provided for the Greek Patriarch but he always resides in Constantinople. The belfry is exceedingly pretty of its kind — which is the filagree confectioner's style of work common

in Russian buildings. Some fine olive groves and gardens are rapidly growing up round the Convent.

A quarter of an hour's walk further on is the Church of the Visitation, where the faithful may be edified by a grand picture of the Virgin Mary attired in a cloth riding habit, with a hat and feathers, ascending the stairs of Elizabeth's house, Joseph giving her his arm with an air of great politeness, and Elizabeth receiving her with outstretched hand in splendid robes of the eighteenth century cut!

One day, towards the end of March, we made an excursion with our kind friend M. de Barrère, the French Consul, to 'Ain Karim, supposed by the monks to be the "desert" frequented by John the Baptist: the village is situated in a little branch of a deep long glen, running from south-west to north-west, called Wady Beit Hanina, and the views about it are very fine. The mountains are, as usual, very bare, rocky and dreary looking: but the bottom of the valley is filled with vineyards and fig gardens, and olive groves rise up the hill sides, where a few little villages lie dotted about. This fertility probably gave rise to its name — *kerem* being the Hebrew for a vineyard or orchard. The path was very bad but the ride was very pretty, and the view on arriving at the brow of the mountain, looking down upon the little nook in which 'Ain Karim nestles, is very fine. There is a large Franciscan Convent here, built from money collected in Spain and inhabited by Spaniards only, where visitors generally stop, but we went on to a large house belonging to the First Dragoman of the French Consulate, who received his master with a salute of five or six muskets, and had the French ensign flying over the house, the windows of which commanded a view of the glen right up to Neby Samwel. Near this is a

Grotto where the Virgin visited St. Elizabeth in her "country residence," over which the Crusaders built a church now in ruins: in the village there is another Grotto where St. John the Baptist is said to have been born and over which a really fine Church has been erected; it has a beautiful mosaic pavement and quantities of pictures and marble sculptures: lamps are arranged over the holy spot as at Bethlehem, and an inscription in silver declares "Hic Præcursor Domini natus est."

The village was full of flowers and seemed both gay and flourishing — a pleasant place to stay in: we did not leave it till late in the afternoon, and then, as we mounted the hillside, and turned round to take a last look at the valley, we found the opposite mountains darkened over with shadow, and behind them, far away between two heights, lay the Mediterranean, glowing in the most wondrous way beneath the sinking sun, literally,

"a leaf of gold
Of Nature's Book, by Nature's God unrolled;" ——

it was soon hidden from us, but altogether it was a grand and beautiful scene, in spite of the barren, wild, featureless mountains all around us.

Another very pleasant ride we took was to Neby Samwel as it is called — the only mountain approaching to a peak, and the highest near Jerusalem: it lies at the north-west end of the same long glen, Wady Beit Hanina, but the valley here is neither as rich nor as smiling as at the end near 'Ain Karim,— it would be utterly dreary from its extreme stonyness, were it not carpeted, in the Spring, with brilliant and lovely wild flowers growing more thickly than the grass: even in

the depths of winter large white and pink cyclamen and white crocuses are seen in every nook.

The village is small, but from being entirely built of ancient materials, — large hewn stones, many of them bevelled, — it looks better than it really is: many of the houses are partly excavated in the steep rock, at the summit of which stands the Mosque — once a Latin Church built by the Crusaders, but now much ruined. The minaret can still be ascended, and the view from it is very fine — not, however, equal to that from Tuleil el Foul. Jerusalem is just seen and Bethlehem may be guessed at — the Frank Mountain, and all the various confused crossing ranges of mountains between Hebron and Jaffa, Jericho and Jerusalem: while to the north "Gibeah of Saul," "Ramah of Benjamin," Rimmon, Beeroth, and Gibeon are close at hand, stretching round to the west, where the plain of Philistia begins, on which Ramleh, Lydda, and Jaffa are distinctly seen.

Neby Samwel is supposed by Dr. Robinson to be the Mizpeh where the people elected and Samuel crowned Saul king over Israel: two thousand years later, when the unfortunate but noble king of England, Cœur de Lion, had been forced by his companions into a treaty with Saladîn, instead of conquering him by force of arms, he was led to this, "the Mountain of Delight," as the old Chronicler calls it, to see the Holy City — but the king, in the bitterness of his disappointment, covered his face with his shield and burst into a flood of manly tears: and although permitted by the gallant Saladîn to enter those sacred walls as a guest, he turned away and refused to tread the holy ground he had in vain shed his own and his faithful soldiers' blood to save from the feet of the infidel.

Long after, old Sir John Maundeville thus writes of

this spot,—"Two miles from Jerusalem is Mount Joy —a very fair and delicious place. There Samuel lies in a fair tomb, and it is called Mount Joy, because it gives joy to the hearts of pilgrims, for, from that place, men first see Jerusalem."

The arrival of the pilgrims, intending to assist at the Easter ceremonies in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, began very early in the year to make a difference in the appearance of the City: those from Russia and her dependencies arrive at all seasons, but they become very numerous about the latter end of January, and in this year (1860) on account of Lent commencing in February, they were earlier even than usual: almost before one thought the Christmas holidays were over, the streets began to fill with the sleek, cunning features of the Armenians, the fair stolid faces and thick dresses of the Russians, the lank locks and high fur caps of the Circassians, the coarse, heavy, greasy clothes of the Bulgarians, and the shivering, dark-faced Copts, while every variety of speech, from soft to hard, guttural to liquid, struck upon the ear in the various languages they spoke.* The Russian and French steamers are loaded with these hajji, who find shelter in the Holy City at the numerous Greek and other convents. Doubtless there are some who undertake this pilgrimage, partly at least, in hopes of gain, and as a pretext for soliciting alms — but vast numbers come purely from religious motives: — who would not do the same, if

* These people are generally profoundly ignorant peasants, knowing nothing but what the Priest tells them: we heard that the Greek clergy in Syria always told them that the English are a people subject and tributary to Russia, like most of the provinces they come from — and that Russia allows us to send a few people to live in the East, but that very soon she will not permit us to do so any more!

they could implicitly believe, as these poor creatures do, that their eternal salvation is absolutely secured by the washing in the sacred river, the obtaining of the holy Fire, and as a reward for the perils and dangers bravely incurred, the hardships and sufferings cheerfully borne of their long and very painful pilgrimage. Whatever may be said of the deplorable superstition under which they labour, their faith in the providence of God, and the intense earnestness of their piety, is as remarkable as it is exemplary: we were told of a thousand instances in which these poor creatures have sold all their little possessions to purchase the means of transport to the sacred goal — for their own support on the journey they provide little or nothing, trusting to the alms of the charitable,— and one might almost envy them the perfect simplicity of faith and trust, with which they expect the Hand of God to be used almost visibly in *their* service, while they are doing so much in *His* — as they think: — "the Lord will provide" is their simple answer to every anxiety, — and the same conviction has moulded many a lovely character in every clime and creed, and the same trustful faith has been answered by a blessing on many a noble institution.

What little money they can scrape together before starting, is kept with the utmost care for the payment of the enormous fees extorted from them in the convents and for the indulgences to be purchased at the various shrines — all which they are assured are indispensable for the completion of their salvation: they frequently bring ornaments in gold and silver, or pieces of fine embroidery, &c., with them to sell or barter in Jerusalem to obtain the requisite sums,— when all is concluded, the title of hadjj, the odour of sanctity ex-

haled from them, and above all the comfortable assurance of their being *marked* as pious pilgrims by the angels of death, are sufficient reward for all they have undergone.

In consequence of the variety of communions into which the Greek pilgrims are split, there are only two occasions on which we can see them all united together, not only in one spot, but actuated with one idea, and combining in one action: these are the Washing in the sacred Jordan, and the Descent of the Holy Fire in the Sepulchre. We determined to see both. Formerly all the pilgrims endeavoured to go down to the Jordan on the same day—the Monday in their Passion Week, and much inconvenience arose from the multitudes assembled there: but of late years the Pasha and the Superior of the Greek Convents have combined to organise them into separate bodies of from 500 to 800 persons each, marshalled in a great caravan; these set out at the beginning of each week in Lent. We took the opportunity of the mid-Lent caravan, joining a large party formed at the French Consulate, with all our arrangements for the little trip made in common: as too close vicinity to the pilgrims is not agreeable, our tents were pitched at 'Ain es Sultân, and a very pretty encampment they made, with the flags of three or four nations flying above them. To avoid the annoyance of the caravan on the road, we had preceded them by a day, and we intended to do the same in returning: we had therefore a day in the Plain of Jericho at our disposal, which we employed in visiting the various ruins to be seen there.

The first was the Greek Convent of St. Jeronymas—the Kusr Hajla of the Arab—the Beth-hogla of Scripture: the ruin is mounted on a low hill, and shows that the convent must have been extensive and handsome;

its interest at present is in the variety of frescoes, still remaining in fresh and brilliant colours, on the walls of the chapel and some of the chambers: they are open to both rain and sun, yet there they stand, bright as ever, —three or four hundred years ago the monks that worshiped there passed away, and have been long forgotten —not a trace of their individual history remains—but alone in the wide and silent expanse these lifeless images endure, while the ghost of such a "grave Jeronomyte," as spoke to Monckton Milnes, in the Escurial, whispers

—— "*these* were the *living* men
And *we* the coloured shadows on the wall!"

The names of the pictured saints are still visible, and the representation of the symbols peculiar to each, and of their priestly dresses, is very Greek, and interesting to the archæologist.

We then made a *détour* to revisit the head of the Dead Sea, and both here and at 'Ain es Sultân were exceedingly struck with the change produced by the difference of the season from that at which we had formerly seen them. Instead of the glorious colouring and vivid green foliage in which we so much delighted, and the descriptions of which must, I fear, have wearied my readers, we found now only dust-coloured mountains —a thickened atmosphere—and a completely obscured distance,—Hermon was invisible, and the southern end of the Dead Sea had faded into only a faint bank which fitly closed in the unlovely mountains around the heavy, leaden-coloured lake. On the plain the change was yet more apparent—the splendid orange tints which had then varied the band of green on the river banks had disappeared,—and, what was much worse, only the green of the early crops smiled upon the ground—the lovely

foliage, so peculiarly vivid, of the nebbk, was altogether gone, and the trees looked nothing better than tangled masses of straggling thorns: the bright flowers and fruit of the smaller Sodom apple were few and far between, and the large leaves hung withered on the bushes — not a blossom of the agnus castus was to be seen — nevertheless in their place, wherever the plain was cultivated, the crops were full of blue bells, ranunculuses, speedwell, violets, campanulas, &c. &c., in bright and lovely luxuriance.

We gathered a great many of the Jericho roses* as we rode along — very ugly and unfloral they look — but they are curious things from their opening out in water, many hundred years after, in precisely the same dry freshness as on the day they were gathered: they are interesting too from the fact of their having been added to the blazon of so many of our oldest families, both in England and France, when the head of the house returned from pilgrimage or from a Crusading campaign.

We found the sun so oppressively hot that we were glad to take refuge in the ruins of another convent, close to the Jordan — dedicated to St. John the Baptist by the Latins: some massive buildings still remain, and we ensconced ourselves in a large vaulted hall, which we found cool and pleasant. This convent was built over that very remarkable cavern which, for about six hundred years, always contained seven virgins,— when one of them was about to die, her next door neighbour excavated another cell beside her own — and no sooner had the sick one expired than her body was immured in her own cell, and on the same day another virgin, in the tenderest years of infancy, arrived to take possession of the newly-made cell: the seven virgins watched

* Anastatica hierochuntia.

over the linen which had wrapped the dead Saviour in the tomb, and their ghosts are supposed to haunt the convent ruins still. As we left it before nightfall, we did not, unfortunately, see any of them.

We rode back to our tents at sunset, passing on our way through the caravan of pilgrims arrived at Er Riha, where the motley company had just settled into their tents, some hundreds of which are pitched, for those who can afford to pay for a place in them, on the banks of the Kelt close beside the village: there were also about fifty green tents for the band of 200 Turkish soldiers who are sent down with each caravan. The arrival of the French Consul, with his kawasses, made some commotion among them — the officers all came forward to greet him, and the confusion was so stunning between the noise of the pilgrims, the soldiers, and the villagers, that we were very thankful our own encampment was pitched at so great a distance from them.

Our night was a short one, for we were on horseback before four o'clock the next morning and had to go some way across the plain in the darkness: our servants and the kawasses carried lanterns, lest any of the party should get entangled in the straggling branches of the nebbks with their terrible thorns: a necessary precaution as our cavalcade consisted of about seventeen persons and the path was often narrow. We were some way beyond Er Riha before the growing light showed us a long black line, winding like a snake over the plain — most curious it looked, and still more so when we were able to distinguish that this was the caravan. We were soon in the midst of them, but many had reached the river bank before we got there,— and what a scene it was! For two or three hundred yards before the actual bank, the ground was thickly covered with men,

women, and children, each standing beside their horse, mule, or donkey, in various stages of undressing — then each leaving his heap of clothes on the grass, rushed into the water. We made our way to a little rise among the trees which had been kept clear for us, whence we could look down at ease upon the struggling crowd: the Greek Bishop had just given his benediction to the people and to the water, and the mass had rushed in pell mell — husbands and wives each with their party of sons and daughters, helping each other, for the head must be bathed three times in the name of the Holy Trinity before the body is immersed — every one crossing himself many times and most of them repeating prayers aloud as they undressed, and a few praying while in the water. The gowns or shirts they each wore were carefully preserved to serve them as shrouds in their coffins, but almost every one had handkerchiefs or sheets, &c., to dip in the sacred stream and take home to their relatives and friends for the same purpose,— most of them carried away branches of tamarisk, or poplar, or the long canes as memorials — making the caravan look quite green as it passed back. There was more bustle than solemnity about the whole affair — they had come, and gone, in little more than an hour's time, and the appearance was that of a people who had something to do and to get done, rather than that of persons engaged in a religious rite. In the previous year the good Russian Bishop, Kyrillos, came down himself with the principal band — erected an altar under the trees and commenced mass at ten o'clock the evening before — and not an individual was allowed to enter the water before he had confessed and received absolution from the Bishop: this must have had an excellent effect on the pilgrims, and one can

hardly fancy anything more impressive than the psalms and prayers rising among the trees beneath the open sky, and the rushing sound of the holy water chiming in with the beautiful chants of the Russian choir. The Bishop was much annoyed when he heard that no mass had been said for them, and he declared they should never go down again without himself or some one deputed by him, to give them a really religious service and to keep order, as he had done, dividing the men and women into separate bands. Two or three poor creatures who had come the whole distance on foot, died on the way back to Jerusalem, of sunstroke or fatigue, after the sudden cold bath, — and one sick man who had been warned not to risk the chill, said he only wished for baptism, and death as soon as possible after it: his wish was fulfilled, for he died upon the river bank.

The caravan proceeded back to Jerusalem without stopping for an hour's rest, and we therefore remained through the heat of the day at 'Ain es Sultân, to let them pass: after this we found our ride home pleasant, and the coming in sight of the city under the rays of the full moon was very beautiful and striking. It was midnight when we entered the Damascus Gate.

A curious ceremony is still observed at the Holy Sepulchre, though few persons are now aware of its origin, which is however attested by an Arabic inscription near the entrance door. On the first Saturday in Lent, the Latin Patriarch, attired in very grand robes, and accompanied by the French Consul in uniform, walks in procession to the door of the Church, which is closed just before he appears: his attendants knock — it is opened from within, and the procession enters, chanting the Te Deum in chorus, as a hymn of praise

that the Christians have prevailed over the Mooslims, and have entered the holy place in triumph! The custom is said to date from the time of the Crusaders, and the right of entry to all pilgrims is thus celebrated still, in their behalf, by the Patriarch: he then visits every "station" in the Church, chanting a litany and a hymn appropriate to each — this is done frequently throughout the year, but on this day it is especially grand.

On the following Saturday, the Greeks and Armenians make the same procession (their Lent commencing seven days later than ours), but without the same hint of the closed door: it is curious to follow the gorgeous and grand procession of each communion, resplendent in gold and jewels and all manner of colours, passing to each shrine with all the *éclat* of a fresh scene on the theatre — the rush of the pilgrims belonging to each, crowding round them, and then the sudden ebb, as they hurry on to the next "station," and the half-hour of silence and solitude till the next *spectacle* comes on the stage. We thought the Latins the best drilled, and the most civilised and reverential,— the Greeks are very splendid but noisy and irreverent,— and the Armenians, though perhaps the most solemn of them all, make such a terrible screeching and yelling that one's eyes are entirely occupied in pitying one's ears. Their jewels are exceedingly grand.

On their first Sunday in Lent (our second) the Greeks and Armenians perambulate the Holy Sepulchre between lines of soldiers, precisely as they do on the Easter Eve, with the grand exception of the heaven-sent Fire: we had places provided for us in the Latin gallery as the processions took place at a much earlier hour than our own service. The Greeks, carrying about a dozen or

more silken banners painted with representations of the life of our Saviour, proceeded three times round the Rotunda, each Bishop holding in his hand a jewelled cross and a small picture, which the pilgrims scuffled up to kiss, as well as the hands of most of the Bishops themselves — there were evidently favourites among them as the people crowded much more to some than to others. Nothing can be more splendid than the robes of the Greek Bishops: the gold and silver tissues for which Russia is so justly distinguished, and the silks of richest hues, embroidered in gold and loaded with jewels, cut in the forms one sees in ancient frescoes, each bearing its own symbolic meaning, form altogether a very grand picture; a great many of the Greeks are fine tall men (of various countries) with interesting and intelligent faces: the Russians are usually less so — their faces are fair but their features are coarse, although the long, flowing, light hair combed back over the shoulders has always a peculiar and graceful effect. The Archbishop of Tabor, the chief officiator of the day, was a figure not easily to be overlooked, as he walked along— very tall, and with a fine thoughtful face, his dark beard flowing down over the jewelled crosses on his breast, wearing a circular crown, enriched with emeralds and surmounted by a cross in rubies, while his superb robes, stiff with gold, swept behind him as he passed slowly by, with a huge pastoral staff in his hand.

The Armenian Bishops and Priests came round a quarter of an hour after, more slowly, and more solemnly, arrayed chiefly in green and gold, and red and gold, with their mitres and the astonishing black silk hoods which tower up from the forehead into a point—so singular, and yet not ungraceful in its way.

The service that pleased us almost more than any

other in Jerusalem, and seemed to us the most solemn and impressive, was that of the Russians, conducted by Kyrillos (the Russian Bishop mentioned before) in a small Church close to his own Convent. The Liturgy generally used is that of St. John Chrysostom, but during Lent it is changed for that of St. Basil, of which the Bishop had kindly sent us a French translation on the previous evening. The whole service was performed in a reverent and untheatrical manner that was very delightful to witness. The Russian Bishop, shocked, as he well might be, at the horribly inharmonious screaming of the Greeks, has imported a choir from Russia: and in no country or Church have I ever heard sweeter or more devotional singing than that of the seven men's voices, unaccompanied by any instrument, repeating a hundred times the "Kyrie eleison," and the "ameen" of the litany and prayers, between the beautiful anthems. The service is very fatiguing, for there are no seats in the Church, nor do they ever sit on the floor—but the whole congregation stand throughout the two hours or more, only occasionally kneeling down, but making frequent genuflexions down to the very ground. The vestments were most magnificent, but it was pleasant to forget them, in the apparent earnestness and devotion all around,—as, indeed, it was pleasant also to forget the fearful garlic of the Russians and Greeks in the clouds of sweet incense, which were, nevertheless, rather suffocating.

Some days after we inspected the ecclesiastical wardrobe of the Bishop, which he was so good as to have displayed for us during a visit we paid him at his Convent: neither England nor France have, I believe, ever produced such tissues as those of the fifteen or sixteen sets of robes we saw—indeed in England we should

scarcely know what to do with such stuff, since, besides its splendour, it is too thick and heavy for any one but a man to wear.

My readers would be dreadfully weary if I were to detail to them all the various ceremonies of the Holy Week, celebrated in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre: a few of the principal ones will suffice. Perhaps the *prettiest* of all was that of Palm Sunday, when a grand high mass is said before the Holy Sepulchre itself, after which the Patriarch pronounced a solemn benediction on scores of green palm branches, which he then presented to the clergy and assistants, the French Consul, &c., one by one. We were surprised at his sending his secretary to us to say that he wished to give them to us also, as a mark of his regard, and we were glad to receive them not only for this, but as appropriate *souvenirs* of this day spent in Jerusalem. The palm branches used on this occasion are all grown in a garden at Gaza, where one family of Christian Arabs have had for many generations the hereditary right to supply them.

The services on Good Friday were really impressive; we were at the door of the Holy Sepulchre before 6 A.M. and found it closed, as the service had commenced some time earlier; but the French Consul had left two kawasses to conduct us into the chapel of Calvary, where chairs had been provided for us beside his own. The chapel was almost entirely dark, and densely crowded,—the vestments used by the priests were all of black velvet embroidered in silver. The Patriarch had given up his place to Monseigneur Spaccapietra, an old Archbishop, who had lately arrived on a special mission of inquiry from the Pope—a fine-hearted and enlightened old man. The service, which

was most solemnly and reverentially conducted, consisted of the Gospel narrative of the Passion of our Lord, the words of the Saviour, of the people and of Pilate, &c., recited by different voices. The old Archbishop chanted the Scripture with much earnestness and simplicity, but—he was in Jerusalem for the first time in his life, he was worn out with a severe attack of the fever and with fasting, he was standing on the very spot where, the tradition of his Church told him, the Redeemer had suffered, and when he came to the portion describing the consummation of that awful Sacrifice, the gentle-hearted old man was so completely overcome, that he laid his head on the altar, and sobbed aloud; and a thousand times more impressive than all the splendour of the services on the previous days was it to see the aged, silver-haired Archbishop realising the sacred and sorrowful story with such an intensity of earnestness as made the solemn words themselves come doubly home to the heart.

In the evening the Church was so densely crowded that it required all the efforts of the six kawasses of the French Consul to get us to our places and to preserve us from utter suffocation: the people of Bethlehem come over in great numbers to attend the Franciscan service which is given entirely for them — the Patriarch and all the superior clergy disapproving greatly of the sacred farce into which it has degenerated,—unfortunately the Franciscans and the Patriarch are often at issue concerning the services, and it was on this account that the Pope had sent Monseigneur Spaccapietra to decide between them; both, however, agreed in denying the power of the Pope over either of them on the subjects in dispute. The service is performed by the Franciscan monks, and consists in

the taking of a figure of the Saviour down from the Cross—removing each nail and the crown of thorns, with many kisses, &c. After this six or seven short sermons were preached in various parts of the Church, each in a different language, by monks appointed to the task, who are at least *supposed* to have studied the language they preach in; when we had heard the French sermon we did not regret that the crowd prevented our getting near enough to hear the others. The last was preached in Spanish, before the Sepulchre, which was dimly illuminated only with the torches and candles carried in the procession, the whole of the Rotunda remaining in darkness: it had a very fine effect. This service was not over till near midnight.

On the Saturday—Easter Eve—some curious ceremonies are observed. After the customary benediction of the baptismal water for the year and the lighting of a new lamp, the priests, &c., assembled before the entrance to the Sepulchre,—twelve or thirteen chapters of the Gospels were read recounting the events of the week, and when that part of the narrative was reached describing the placing of our Lord in the Tomb, the Patriarch, dressed in a plain white robe with a priest at each side of him in a white surplice, laid themselves flat on the ground on their faces, before the door of the Sepulchre. Psalms and hymns were chanted for about half an hour before they rose, and throughout the mass that followed the two priests knelt on one knee at each side of the door of the tomb, exactly as the angels are always represented in old pictures of the Entombment.

The services of these days were dreadfully long, and the poor little children of the school fell asleep with their heads on each other's shoulders, like rows of little

scarlet ninepins, but else, every person joining in them had the appearance of thoroughly reverential devotion, very unlike most of the Roman Catholic services elsewhere. The good Patriarch is rigidly strict in his own fasts, &c., and by the afternoon of this Saturday he was so weak that his voice was nearly inaudible, and his face flushed with fever.

On the following Friday evening we went again to the Holy Sepulchre to see the Good Friday ceremonies of the Greeks and Armenians,—the Greeks of course take the precedence, but the Armenians join themselves on at the latter end without much confusion. As the French Consul did not wish to parade himself and his kawasses in the Church this night, we were placed under the care of Signor Pierotti, who is so great a favourite with the Turkish authorities and with many of the Greeks, that everything was thus made easy for us. The Church *belongs* to ten Turks, one or more of whom must be present on all the greater days of ceremony—besides a guard of a few soldiers appointed by the Pasha, who are always to be seen sitting in a recess at the entrance,—it is by their permission that *any one* enters. The officers and the Bimbashi (the chief of the battalion) were most polite and pressing in their attentions to us the moment they saw we were friends of Signor Pierotti's, and insisted on our taking their chairs to stand upon when the crowd became too dense for us to stem or to see through.

The ceremony began in the square before the door of the Church—with a very long procession, from the Convent, of the Greek Bishops and clergy joined by a number of Copts,—chanting all the while they perambulated the little square lighted by the lanterns and torches they carried in their hands,—then the

Copts entered the little chapel which belongs to them on the north side of the square, in the south wall of the Church, and the Greeks entering at the great door went into their own large chapel in the centre, under the second dome which was most brilliantly illuminated with a circle of lamps round the lowest edge of the dome and a double cross across it, which showed well against the dark height above it. After a long service here the procession ascended to Calvary—(which the Greeks share with the Latins). Both chapels were at once crowded to that degree of denseness that neither hand or foot could move save those of the celebrants, and as every one held a lighted candle in his hand, the heat was suffocating, as indeed it had been, almost to fainting, on the Good Friday night of the Latins. All the clergy wore splendid copes of black velvet richly embroidered with silver. After some prayers the Russian Bishop, Kyrillos, mounted one step of the altar and facing the people addressed them in what appeared to us an unimpassioned almost monotonous manner, but it must have been effective, for, one after another, most of the Greeks around us were moved to tears. After this they descended to the "Stone of unction," where an old and much respected Bishop again addressed the people—this time with much energy and warmth—to which they listened with earnest attention.

We then mounted into the gallery of the Latins which the French Consul had kindly engaged for us, and waited there till the procession came round: it was really very grand indeed — the Rotunda was brilliantly illuminated, and several rows of silver lamps and flowers were hung round the sepulchre itself in festoons; the Bishops appeared innumerable—among them the vener-

able Bishop of Petra and the Archbishop of Tabor with his long dark beard were striking objects; all were most splendidly attired in robes and copes of every hue covered with gold and silver embroidery, and all bore crosses or pictures of saints in their folded hands which the pilgrims pressed forward to kiss: some of the Bishops had kawasses on each side of them, and as they went they chanted the Te Deum and some psalms with an earnest heartiness that seemed as if the procession was not all for show — there was no irreverence this day — each one looked grave and serious. Several ancient banners, said to be some of those used in the armies of the Crusaders, were carried round at the head of the procession,—they represented scenes of the Passion, some of which were very well done in painting and embroidery,—and after them came a really interesting relic of olden times, the alleged history of which is believed to be correct—this was the banner of the Emperor Heraclius, which was borne before him when he entered Jerusalem bringing back the "true Cross;" this relic is considered too precious to be seen by any one except on this day, for all the rest of the year it is most carefully locked up,—it was now borne by four bishops, whose pious hands each held a corner, and had been placed on the altar of Calvary during the service — we could see that it was a most singular piece of embroidered work, representing the Saviour in his Tomb, with an inscription surrounding it as a border, in what appeared very ancient characters. The procession went round the Rotunda three times, and then a very short service was performed within the Sepulchre itself; it finished about 1 A.M. We walked round the Church before going home to see the curious sight of the Greek pilgrims covering every available morsel of ground to secure

places for the "Holy Fire" on the morrow: they had been in the Church the whole of this day for the purpose, and now one and all, men and women, boys and girls, lay in heaps, like mere bundles of clothing, fast asleep, with here and there a foot or a leg sticking out from the heap in the oddest manner. Great numbers of the Latin pilgrims also consider it a meritorious act to spend one night in the Church — some few employ it in prayer and devotional exercises, but the greater part retire to the Latin gallery, where quantities of cushions are provided, and sleep away as comfortably as possible. The church is *never* left unguarded, a few Priests or monks of both communions are invariably there by night and by day.

The morrow — Saturday — was of course *the* day for the Greeks; and at a very early hour, sometimes 8 or 9 A.M., travellers are obliged to take their places in the Church before the crowd becomes too dense or too uproarious for Franks to penetrate. But the full glory of that strange wild scene of tumult, called the "Greek Holy Fire," has passed away,—the ceremony is conducted with as much splendour and superstition as ever — but in the previous year—1859—Sooraya Pasha, having witnessed the whole affair with his own eyes, was so much shocked and disgusted with the make-believe miracle, and with the disgraceful scenes which took place under the excitement of religious frenzy, that on this occasion he concerted plans with the French Consul, and lined the whole Church with his soldiers, separating the pilgrims into such small bodies and keeping such strict order among them, that neither enthusiasm nor confusion could break out into anything very frantic.

The Superior of the Greek Convent had had the extreme politeness to place the whole of the upper

gallery round the dome of the Holy Sepulchre at the service of the French Consul — the key was sent to him the day before, and a guard of soldiers waited to conduct us through the crowd in the large Convent up to the rickety, dilapidated, half-ruined place it was — so that we were not obliged to go there more than an hour before the service commenced, — chairs were already placed for us and lemonade and coffee followed; the gallery was the most delightful place to see from, as we could thus walk round the whole building and see the crowd on every side. Very amusing indeed it was to watch the pilgrims being packed more and more densely into their places — after having struggled and fought to secure the nearest spot possible to the hole in the marble wall of the Sepulchre whence the Fire was to issue, — the soldiers allowed them to struggle to a certain point—beyond that, when mischief seemed brewing, the combatants were separated and stopped. Every few minutes some man or group of men amongst them seemed trying to excite himself and his neighbours up to howl and yell and dance — sometimes they made short runs, in the wild manner described by Mr. Stanley and others, sometimes one man running with two others, or even three, standing on his shoulders — but their frenzy and excitement seemed *put on*, as if acted — and soon came to an end, — the warmth of their religious feelings was damped or blighted by the presence of the Mooslims, and the flames of its fire in a manner quenched.

Not the least amusing part to me was the crowd of spectators in the lower gallery — such a motley company as they were — the venerable Roman Archbishop Monseigneur Spaccapietra and his Maronite secretary, beside a number of noisy irreverent Americans, and

two or three grave Presbyterians, — then came the French Caravan — a score of gentlemen organised into a travelling party under the special protection of their Government, and therefore of course occupying the best places in the Latin gallery,—next to them a young Austrian Baron — keeping somewhat hidden behind a column lest some fanatic in the multitude might recognise him as one of the Jews who are forbidden to enter the building — he was safe enough where he was, but if a Jew were seen in the crowd he would most probably be torn in pieces, — close to him were the fair, quiet faces of the Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres — and beyond them a number of young English gentlemen — one of whom, before long, got into a squabble with an unfortunate monk who had remonstrated against the overbearing insolence with which the Englishmen, according to the custom of John Bull, had endeavoured to take the best place from one of the French Caravan, and who so far forgot himself and the place he was in as to strike the Franciscan. The French Consul had much ado to soothe, scold, and appease the wounded feelings of the poor monk into forgiveness and forgetfulness of the insult — while we blushed for shame at the unseemly conduct of a countryman, and tried to persuade the monk that he must be an American —but alas! such occurrences are but too common among those who would be the first to revenge any disturbance or irreverence shown by a foreigner in our churches at home, but who have the stupid folly of thinking they assert the dignity of their own religion by deliberately insulting those with whom they do not agree. Whatever they may believe or disbelieve themselves, it is simply disgusting to see an Englishman walking about the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with his hat on, or

to hear loud voices profaning the sanctity of the place, and one grieves to think, however wanting they may be in sentiments of piety or religion, that they should not have learned either good taste or good feeling enough to keep away from places sanctified to others, unless they can refrain from such conduct as is not only unchristian and ungentlemanly, but indecent.*

* I once saw an American, when the Chapel of Calvary was full of devout pilgrims, deliberately lay Murray's Handbook open upon the altar, and, standing on the upper step, place both elbows beside his book, and in that position proceed to read aloud Mr. Porter's remarks upon the time-honoured spot! I saw the colour flush deep into the cheek of a Franciscan monk beside me, and a Greek turn away with a bitter scowl, and I could not help wishing to ask that man, however little reverence or devotion he might have in himself, if he had ever heard of that charity which "doth not behave itself unseemly," or of that "knowledge" which is "puffed up" while "charity edifieth," or if he thought he was practising the golden rule of doing to others as we should wish them to do to us.

Having said thus much, I feel in duty bound to relate an anecdote of an Englishman: he was standing in the midst of a crowd of Greek pilgrims, all kneeling at some sacred service, *with his hat on*,—many of them were giving visible signs of discontent and anger at the insult, and to be the object of wrath to such a crowd might not improbably lead to some very disagreeable consequences:—a friend of ours went quietly up to him and remarked that the pilgrims were beginning to notice it—the Englishman abruptly advised him to mind his own affairs, upon which our friend coolly lifted the hat from his head, and said gently, "You have forgotten, Sir, that you are in a Church;" in an instant the natural answer of a "true Briton" was prepared in a doubled fist; but better thoughts came in another moment—the direction of the uplifted arm was changed—with the candour of a gentleman, he held out his hand to our friend, and said, "You are right—thank you for reminding me of it."

I am convinced that there is nothing like a sojourn in the East for enabling one to value and thoroughly appreciate the sterling qualities and noble character of our countrymen—their integrity, truth, and *solidity*, shine out in brilliant and glorious contrast to all other human surroundings,—but why, oh, why—should so many of them consider these virtues incompatible with good manners, moderation, and consideration for others? Why should one always have to blush for the

The crowd had now become quite dense and were so well packed that there could be no more striving to get near the wall of the Sepulchre, or to displace the three happy men — wild, insane-looking creatures they were — who had had their hands clenched in the sacred hole for several hours: cries were continually being raised, and the same words constantly repeated with a sort of scream, — of course we supposed these to be, as they have frequently been reported by travellers, expostulations with, and reproaches to the Almighty for delaying to send down the Fire, but previous experience of Latin misrepresentation of all Greek doings, made us inquire from a Greek gentleman on whom we could depend the meaning of each cry as it arose, — it turned out that the exclamations were "This is the house of God — this is the tomb of the Saviour — this is the day on which He rose from the dead — let us raise up our hearts unto new life," — and then they all beat their breasts, — then another cry came still more frequently, "Life was dead — was buried in the grave — now is new life come to us from the tomb — let us live unto God — life and light are come to us," — again and again repeated. Sometimes the words were in Russian, sometimes in Greek, but the sense was the same. They were repeated louder and louder, quicker and quicker, and the excitement became greater, those on the outside of the crowd almost beyond the Rotunda, struggling, jostling,

rough, rude, coarse bluntness for which they are notorious in every place where they pass; and why should their dignity and independence be uniformly supported by manual violence and bluster? We laugh at the French for their vain-glory, and are disgusted with the Yankee for his bragging and boasting, — but dear John Bull is really worse than either of them, for he behaves exactly in the same manner "according to his kind," — and if he wishes to prove he *is* better, he ought to *do* better.

and fighting with each other, when the procession appeared and slowly edged its way round the building, the soldiers, by main force, keeping room for it to pass,— arrived at the door of the Sepulchre the Bishop of Tabor took off all his rich vestments, and, clad only in a white surplice, entered in alone and closed the door behind him,—now the multitude did indeed sway backwards and forwards in one intense frenzy of excitement, but, in three minutes, a deafening shout arose, and the sacred Torch was thrust through the hole! in less than four minutes the tapers of the whole crowd were lighted from end to end of the Rotunda, and in another moment had run round the more distant parts and into the small Greek gallery with surprising swiftness, for not only were whole bundles of tapers, lighted at one touch, distributed from one to another, but others were let down by cords from above and were drawn up with many crossings and much rejoicing. The whole thing lasts literally but a few minutes, for not only are the tapers short and thin, but most of them are blown out directly after they have been lighted, to be carried home as precious relics, and burned beside the death pillow of the owner: hundreds of handkerchiefs and sheets are held in the flame to have a hole or two burned in them, after which they serve as shrouds, ensuring a welcome from the angels for the souls of their fortunate possessors. Of course, as is well known, none of the educated Greeks believe in this absurd "miracle," which the "Fire Bishop" does not hesitate to acknowledge proceeds from the application of a lucifer-match —but these miserably ignorant pilgrims still devoutly believe in it, and the delusion is encouraged for the sake of the fees by which the Convents are supported. It is curious indeed to see the complete change that

suddenly comes over the lately expectant multitude—the expression of every anxious, haggard, and eager face has given place to the look of triumph and rejoicing—the intense happiness of success: now, their long, weary, and often painful pilgrimage is over, and every object is accomplished—all the sacred places have been seen and kissed with reverent eyes and lips—the sins of a life have been washed away in the cleansing waters of the Jordan—the grave clothes bathed in the sacred stream are secured, and now is added the holy taper lighted by the miraculous Flame which arises from the Tomb of their Saviour, which is to cheer them through the death-struggle, and light them along the Valley of the Shadow of Death into Abraham's bosom. Easter is entirely forgotten, for the "fire" is the real object, so directly obtained from Heaven that the commemoration of the Resurrection is quite secondary. This afternoon many hundreds have left the city, and begun their homeward journey, unmindful of the Sunday that is to follow. Deluded, superstitious, and ignorant indeed they are—but perhaps the eyes of the Almighty Father may discern underneath all this, buried and hidden from the sight of men, some faithful and loving hearts more worthy of His blessing than many an enlightened, self-esteeming, and well-informed Pharisee, who looks upon them only with contempt! These poor pilgrims in truth we may regard with that love and "mercy which rejoiceth against judgment," though one would not willingly express one's opinion of those who keep up what they know too well to be a falsehood for their own "filthy lucre's sake:"—but one may say, as Sooraya Pasha said after contemplating the frantic scene that so much shocked the grave Mooslim—"Vous croyez que c'est une maison du bon Dieu, et que cette cérémonie

est une chose religieuse—je vous dis que le bon Dieu ne peut pas être ici, et que, tout bonnement, ce n'est qu'un profanation horrible!"

On this same day, April 30th, 1859, as the Pasha sat looking on at the tumultuous scene, and stroking his beard with astonishment, a fanatic Russian pilgrim thrust his flaming torch into the Mooslim's face, growling out, "Dog of a Turk!" Signor Pierotti, who was standing beside him, instantly knocked the Russian on the head, and the kawasses rushed up to seize hold of him; but the Pasha interfered to prevent them, and only said to his friend, "Monsieur, il faut avoir patience avec les fous!" —— a piece of advice which the traveller will do well to keep in his mind in modern Jerusalem.

CHAP. XXII.

THE JEWS OF JERUSALEM.

"Glory, honour, and peace, to every man that worketh good; to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile."

"The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!"

THE population of the Jews in Jerusalem is variously estimated, and probably differs much from one season to another: the numbers usually given are from six to ten thousand, and these are divided into two classes—the Sephardim, and the Askenazim; the first are descendants of those Jews who were driven out of Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1497; they amount to two thirds of the whole, and, although they have been in Jerusalem ever since, but very few of them speak Arabic,—bad Spanish is their language: the latter, or Askenazim, are those who come from Germany and Poland. Some few of the Sephardim are able to support themselves, but many of them and *all* the Askenazim are supported by alms; each family obtains but little, and the poverty and suffering among them is *very* great, yet scarcely any of them ever attempt to earn a piaster for themselves; they are paupers, with the slavish disposition and bad habits of that class in every country, deepened and degraded by the inactivity and indolence common to the Oriental. Nevertheless, when incited to work

—when interested and encouraged—they are found to be as intelligent and industrious, as those whom adversity, example and necessity, have taught to be independent, in all other countries. They arrive yearly in large numbers, and would naturally increase very fast, but the dirt, even among those who are better off, and the state of degradation in which they all live, carry off a much larger number than the annual incomers. There is a great improvement in the feeling of the Arab-Christians towards them in the last few years, and even among the Greeks and Latins; but it is extremely difficult to persuade them that these modern Jews whom they see coming daily from Europe, speaking only European languages, are of the same nation as the children of Israel, and in fact, very few of the Arabs are ever brought to believe it.

They are one and all most grossly and deplorably ignorant; they bring no money with them, or, if they do, it is soon gone, and they all live upon what the Rabbis give away, implicitly obeying them in the smallest trifles, and submitting to the strictest surveillance, for fear their miserable pittance should be stopped. Large sums of money are sent yearly from the richer Jews of other countries for the support of their brethren here; the Rabbins, however, waste and appropriate the lion's share of these, and at the best the funds are quite inadequate to the support of so large a number. The Spanish Jews have a poor-house, containing four or five rooms, and two closets; in one room of which eleven persons were living when we were in Jerusalem; each had paid forty piasters on entrance, which entitles them to remain there for life; they had no means of livelihood, and were not allowed by the Rabbis to accept relief from any hand but their own;

so they lived miserably on the scanty alms doled out to them.

A Prussian gentleman, himself a Jew, who was on a visit to the Holy City, told us much of the utter degradation and shocking dirt, in which he found his brethren living; of their want of principle, their avarice and covetousness, their perfect shamelessness when convicted of falsehood or perjury, their cringing servility even to one who has boxed their ears in public on some such conviction; and he declared that the chief Rabbins were among the very worst. This is probably true, for the Rabbins seem only anxious to keep the people from improvement, and throw every difficulty in the way of their doing any work except under their own direction; nor is there work enough in Jerusalem to support the fourth part of them, unless they are put to agricultural employments.

Their ignorance and consequent superstition are really appalling, and are an immense hindrance to helping them in any way: anything given to them is immediately sold to enable them to observe—not the law—but some custom connected with a superstition, so low and gross, that even the Rabbins can hardly be supposed to countenance them, or at least to inculcate them; for instance, after a child is born, even though the parents lack bed and bedding or a morsel of mouldy bread, a lamp must be kept burning for forty days beside the infant to prevent the approach of evil spirits; and this is invariably done, whatever starvation and suffering may be the consequence of it. They believe most strictly in purgatory, and declare that the body remains sensitive and conscious of what befalls them, and in torment after death, until the prayers of the children shall have released the soul from suffering;

the prayers of more distant relatives may avail, but it is a source of deep sorrow if a man or woman in dying leave no children to pray for their souls. The transmigration of souls is also believed among many of them; we heard of a Jewess from Adrianople who applied to the Rabbins to rid her of the soul of a man who, she firmly believed, had possessed her; she said she had drunk some water in which this man's soul had found refuge, and he having thus gained an entrance into her body, she could not get rid of him; he had told her that on account of his sins neither heaven nor hell would receive him, and that he would not leave her body, because if he did, he would have to enter that of a dog, where he would be continually disturbed by its barking.

One of the women working in Miss Cooper's school was divorced by her husband just before his death, as a mark of affection and kindness on his part; he had had no children, and she would consequently have been obliged to marry his next brother, who was still a child; he, therefore, set her free that she might avoid years of waiting, and might marry again by her own choice. Before dying he desired that his corpse might be dragged from one door of the synagogue to the other by the feet, in expiation of his sins. On the day of his burial it was raining heavily, and a covering was laid over the bier, in order, as they said, to keep his clothes from being wetted that he might present a decent appearance fit to come into the presence of God.

Ludicrous and degrading as these superstitions are, surely they ought to rouse something better than disgust in the mind of the enlightened Christian; if the heathen have claims on our benevolence, our kindness, our teaching and example, how much *more* have these

poor outcasts, now indeed erring and miserable, but once the Chosen People of God our Father. If, in the end of time, the veil is to be lifted from their eyes, and their hearts opened to acknowledge Christ Jesus as their Saviour, our part, at least, meanwhile, should be to raise their moral position, enlighten their ignorance, and make them meet to receive His Holy Word.

Of course the observances commanded in the Mosaic Law must be respected, and, therefore, all gifts should be prepared accordingly. A Jewess cannot rightly wear a flannel petticoat if it is sewed with cotton thread instead of woollen, and a strict Jew will always refuse a blanket lest thread or cotton should be mingled in the yarn. Much of their poverty arises from the early marriages customary among them; the German Jewesses marry at twelve years old; the Spanish Jewesses are forbidden to do so in Jerusalem before thirteen, but they evade the law by marrying outside the walls. They have large families and little food of either body or mind to give them.

An excellent Hospital was established near the Zion Gate by Sir Moses Montefiore, and we heard much of its good management; an equally good school, however, which had been instituted by him for young Jewesses about the same time, had come to an end before our visit to Jerusalem, owing, I believe, to jealousies and squabbles among the Rabbis.

Their synagogues have had many vicissitudes: one was erected in 1267, in which both Askenazim and Sephardim worshipped together, but the Mooslims turned it into a mill by force: it was restored to the Jews a hundred years after, but the Mooslims burned it in 1721, when forty rolls of the Law were lost in the flames. At the requests of the Russian and Austrian

Consuls, Muhammad 'Ali gave them the site again in 1836, and a synagogue now stands upon it. There are, indeed, four standing all together, neither handsome nor particularly interesting; in only one were there seats provided for the congregation, who are expected, in the others, to squat on the pavement. Papers, containing the name of God and some extracts from the Talmud, were pasted upon the walls, a recommendation to almsgiving, for the good of the donor's soul, was placed over the poor-box,—and the Ten Commandments hung above the chest in which the Law was kept. These were all in Hebrew—the sermons, I believe, are given in Spanish or German. There are two new synagogues building,—both of them very handsome, good work and tasteful design.

The most interesting building to us in the Jews quarter was, on account of its great antiquity, the synagogue of the Karaite Jews; from the accumulation of the soil it is now quite underground: it is very plain, but contains some fine old manuscripts most beautifully written and well worth seeing: one was a copy of the Pentateuch more than 500 years old, with notes, and the number of words and letters in each page written in lines forming fanciful patterns—a different border for each page: the object of this strict enumeration is to prevent alterations or additions—even to "a jot or tittle"—creeping in: there were also a few bits of good illumination in it. The desk on which the Law is placed was covered with a very fine piece of most curious ancient embroidery, quite peculiar of its kind. The Karaite Jews are an interesting people; they reject the Talmud and all tradition, declaring the Mosaic law, as given in the Pentateuch, sufficient in its own integrity, and they endeavour to live up to it with an

earnest and sincere devotion. They are, in fact, the Puritans among the Israelites, and are by some supposed to have been the "just men" and "devout men" mentioned in the Gospels: by others they are believed to be descendants of the Sadducees. There used to be a large body of them at Cairo, but they are now much dispersed, and though there are very many in Turkey, only six reside at Jerusalem.

We were very anxious to see the Passover kept in Jerusalem, and by the kindness of Mrs. Finn, we received an invitation to the house of one of the most respectable Jews for that evening — the night of our Good Friday. We went there between eight and nine o'clock, and found the whole family, including four generations, assembled in the principal room, which was well lighted with lamps and several wax candles,—these they were obliged to ask the Mooslim kawasses who came with us, to replenish, when they burned out later in the evening, as the Jews cannot kindle a light, or do any kind of work during the feast. We were placed upon the divans at one side of the room, the women of the family, with the servants and children, remaining together at the bottom of the room, only one of the women, the venerable mother of the master of the house, being seated with the men and boys, who were all together in one corner, with a small table before them covered with silk and velvet cloths, richly embroidered with gold, some of which were heirlooms of great antiquity.

A little boy, one of the youngest members of the family then asked, "What mean ye by this service?" (in accordance with Exod. xii. 26); upon which all the males stood up, rocking themselves without ceasing a moment, and recited very rapidly, in Hebrew, the story of the deliverance of Israel from Egypt. Then a

boy repeated a very long legendary tale in Spanish, with a rapidity that was perfectly astonishing. All had books before them, and continued rocking their bodies to and fro, while only one was speaking: this is in illustration of the text, "All my bones shall praise Thee." After a long time the men sat down, when a long white and black cloth was placed upon their knees, and the old mother brought in a metal ewer and basin, and poured water upon the hands of each, which were wiped in the cloth, while they continued reading out aloud. Then the master laid a white cloth over one shoulder, and, removing the coverings from the table, he took one of the large cakes of Passover bread, till then concealed, and, breaking it in half, tied it into the end of the cloth and slung it over the shoulder of the youngest boy, who kept it for ten minutes, and then passed it on to the next, and so on — all continuing to recite from the books without stopping; after this the mother brought another basin, and the master took up a glass vessel containing a mixture of bitter herbs and vinegar, and some other ingredients, and, separating ten portions from it with his fingers, threw them into the basin — these represented the ten plagues of Egypt. There were plates of lettuce and other herbs, and the bones of the roasted lamb, in dishes on the table, besides the unleavened bread, and four cups of wine; three of these at certain parts of the ceremony were passed round, and partaken of by each individual, including the women and baby: one cup of wine remained untouched, which was said to be for the Prophet Elijah,— and we were told that in most families, towards the end of the supper, the door of the room is opened, and all stand up, while the Prophet is believed to enter and partake

of the wine: among rich Jews this cup is frequently of gold, with jewels. Some other dishes were laid on another table containing nuts and dried fruits, of which they afterwards partook: except in this the females entered into no part of the ceremony. All were dressed in their best and gayest clothes, with jewels and flowers in their hair. Before the conclusion they wished each other the usual wish, that at the coming of the next Passover, they might all be in Jerusalem, and the usual prayer was offered, that by that time the Messiah might have come to redeem Israel.

Passover cake is made of the finest wheaten flour and water, rolled into a very thin paste, and quickly baked. Many Jews go out in the previous year to watch the growth of the corn until it is reaped and threshed, and stored away in a clean place: it is ground with much care, as, if water should fall on it, fermentation might ensue, and it would then be unclean; or if a mouse or rat should come near it, it would be equally impure; very often a patch of corn is sown separately for the Passover bread, and is then carefully watched. The ovens in which to bake it are hired by the synagogue authorities some days before, and are thoroughly cleaned out, plastered within anew, and large flagstones laid down, on which to bake the bread: these are afterwards taken up again, and locked up in some place belonging to the synagogue till the next year. Many of the Jews have a totally distinct set of vessels for use during this week, to prevent the slightest taint of leaven on the food: some even keep a room locked up the whole year, and only open it for this week, and, on our expressing surprise, we were told of a Jewish family in Germany who kept a small house set apart for this purpose. All these minute observances make the Pass-

over bread very expensive and difficult for the poor to obtain for a whole week's sustenance; the synagogue gives away a rottl to each person, and the richer Jews also give it away to their poorer brethren, but, at the best, they are always very poor and starving after Pass-over, having spent every piaster they can beg or borrow to observe the feast with due honour.

It is extremely difficult to persuade a Jew to come to the house of a Christian for work, or presents, or anything, and nothing will induce them to enter it on any pretext,—they have such a passionate horror of the cross, that they are in constant dread, even amounting to terror, of seeing it by accident: they firmly believe that we look upon the figure of a cross as a fetish, and that every Christian is *compelled* to have one in his room as well as to carry one upon his person; nor are they ever convinced to the contrary; if they cannot see it on you, they still believe that you carry it concealed somewhere. The reason of this is their rooted conviction that it was the form of the idolatry practised by the Canaanites, and against which the Jews were particularly warned; the converted Jews like to wear a cross, but it is with a feeling of self-imposed humiliation, and is done as a proof of the depth and intensity of their conversion. They say that the Egyptians were all Christians! and worshipped the cross, and that it was for this reason that the infant Moses refused to go to an Egyptian nurse, as his eyes always met the cross upon them; and so the princess had to send for a Hebrew woman at last, on whose breast he could lie in peace. Mrs. Finn once, during the dangerous illness of one of her children, after many prayers and entreaties, at last persuaded a young Jewess to come to her as wet-nurse, and, rejoicing in her unusual

success, she took her up to the child's bedroom — no sooner had she opened the door a few inches than the Jewess uttered a loud shriek, and rushed out of the house, never ceasing to run till she had reached her own, where she sobbed violently; she had caught sight of the corner of the iron bedstead, and without waiting to see more, believed it to be a large iron cross hung up for her special annoyance, the mere glance at which would bring more fatal consequences to herself and all belonging to her than the worst *mal occhio* ever seen; there was no use in explaining it her — she would never enter that house again. Perhaps this horror and hatred of the cross explains why St. Paul, in writing to the Hebrews, writes entirely of sacrifice, but never once mentions the cross: and it accounts in some degree at the present day, for the entirely unsuccessful efforts of nearly all Roman Catholics, in the conversion of the Jews.

Yet, however rejected and abhorred by the Jews, let *us* never forget that it was through *them* that Cross came to us by which all the world may receive salvation; they were the good olive-tree on whose "root and fatness" the wild olive and the Gentile were grafted *; upon the Law given to them our Christianity was raised up, and the Jew was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ; from their fall came the riches of the world, and through their unbelief we have obtained mercy, that through our mercy they may obtain the same. What shall we say to those who gain everything and give back nothing? Ought it not rather to be that from every "uttermost part of the earth" something of *our* abundance should be gladly spared for

* Rom. xi.

the sons of those from among whom came the humble but glorious Twelve who carried and spread the seed, the rich harvest of whose labours we reap? If we have received of the Jew spiritual things, is it a great thing if he shall reap our carnal things? Theirs was the land, and theirs it will be again, by the same sure promise whose fulfilment is certain, — theirs was the Zion which "the Lord shall comfort," and theirs were the "waste places," and the "wilderness," and the "desert," which "He will make like Eden, and like the garden of the Lord;" the land which their fathers possessed they shall possess, although "desolation and destruction, and the famine and the sword" have come upon them, — while our part is to remember that this "cup of His fury" will be transferred "to the hand of them that afflict" His people, and the blessing of Him who charged us to "help one another" will be given to the Gentile who tries, in all humility and faith, to enable his poor Jew brother to possess his own — to show him the light of truth by the hand of real charity, — and to help him to raise up and exalt himself from the low and degraded condition of the Jews now living in the Promised Land of Israel.

Another reason also exists for endeavouring to raise the Jew to independence: when, by God's grace, they have hearkened to the teaching of the missionary, when his eyes are opened, his heart softened, and his ears unveiled, what is to become of the Jew? The doors of his home are closed against him — his kindred have become his bitterest enemies — and the misery, which he feels he might bear for himself, becomes impossible to face when he looks on the wife and children around him, who will be left destitute and starving from the moment of his listening to the voice of faith in his

heart. In Europe this struggle is sometimes a terrible one—but there the honest man can always earn a crust; in Jerusalem who can describe its sufferings to those from whom the lowest and meanest source of maintenance — that of alms — is taken away? At present, if a Jew is converted, he struggles on miserably for a short time until he and his family are forced with deep reluctance into exile, and they pass away to Europe or some country where they *can* support themselves by their own labour, instead of remaining in the land of their fathers, where they would be not only examples to others, but also firm ground from which to work for the conversion of their brethren.

Knowing this well, the Societies who have planted the missions here, supply something for the support of the newly-converted Jew at first: this, however, cannot long be continued, and is at best shifting the evil to another hand; honest labour is the mainspring of that independence which makes a man, and which the Jew, long bowed down under the heavy consequences of the curse, almost requires to enable him to listen to the truth asserting itself in his heart, instead of continuing to lean only on the effete traditions of the fathers of his race. Mere alms-giving in this case has another evil also,—it enables enemies and opponents to say, however unjustly, as the Latin Patriarch said to us one day; "We cannot make converts as you do, we have not the funds; your mission is endowed with the power of money — with the Jew and with the Turk words can do little." It was useless to contradict the assertion, though entirely untrue, but the utmost care is needed to give no colour to such an accusation.

And, therefore, those who look on the Jews as their elder brethren—as the chosen of the Lord, whom in the

time of gathering He will not forget, have united in more than one place to teach them how to work, and to supply them with the means of labour, so as to enable them, as Jews, to earn their daily bread by the honest industry of their own hands. I have already mentioned — far more cursorily than it deserved — Miss Cooper's work-school for Jewesses *; I have now to tell of another plan.

Eight years ago, that is in June, 1852, a piece of ground to the north-west of Jerusalem was hired by some Christian residents in the City; olives, mulberries and vines were planted as far as the small funds then in hand allowed, and Jews were for many weeks each summer employed in the care of it. For four years this continued, the Jewish labourers varying from twenty to two hundred in number, not indeed according to the applications made, which were very numerous, but according to the amount of work which the varying funds enabled the managers to give. By 1857, the sale of the stones taken off the ground, and contributions remitted from England and India, cleared off the purchase of the land; a deed of trust was executed, and trustees both in Jerusalem and England were nominated; and though constant applications for work were necessarily refused, and such numbers were turned away, for whom it was impossible to find wages, that the good effected could not be very extensive, yet the experiment had at least drawn out the most satisfactory proofs, against the common cry, that Jews are willing to work even at an occupation to which they are wholly

* There is also a society called the "Sarah Society," formed of ladies for visiting the Jews at their own miserable homes, taking them food, clothing, and medicine; they work, as Miss Cooper did, unobtrusively and quietly, saying little, but effecting much.

unused, and that they are capable of, and willing to learn agricultural labour. Some few were also taught building, as the plantation had to be walled round, a cistern built, and a small house erected for the superintendent. From the year 1857, up to the present moment, Jewish labourers have been employed on this land, which may be called the nursery of Jewish field-labourers; but owing to the smallness of the funds at command, the number has been trifling, sometimes only two or three, sometimes seven or eight at a time. The grand thing would be to get any sum, even a small one, secured to them annually: as, at present, never being able to foresee when ten pounds or one shilling may be remitted for them, or how long the proprietors may have to go on without receiving anything, it is impossible to incur the requisite expenses at the proper times — a particularly unfortunate disadvantage in a country where everything must be paid for, or contracted for *at a year's advance*, and in an agricultural undertaking, where everything depends upon seizing the right week for the putting in of seeds and plants.

In the meantime, a converted Jew of Spanish family, Mr. Meshullam, had settled in the vale of Urtass, near Solomon's Pools, then a desolate valley about fifty or sixty yards wide, between rocky, cold-looking hills of limestone, but which was once, the learned say unquestionably, the place where Solomon in his days of glory had made vineyards and orchards. Thousands of years they had lain in stone-covered neglect and desolation, till the hand of culture was once more laid upon them. The grateful land returned almost at once into fertility and productiveness; a "garden" instead of a "wilderness," an "Eden" instead of a "desert place."

After a few years it became known that the Greeks had cast longing eyes on the little glen now smiling in fresh richness, and were bargaining to buy the whole valley from the Arab Sheikhs to whom it belonged. Had they succeeded, not only would all the nine years of labour then spent by Mr. Meshullam upon the valley, have been thrown away just as its value was rapidly increasing and the enterprise was beginning to pay well, and his large family have been thus cast adrift upon the world, but the plan, ever dear to his heart and to many others for enabling his brethren to support themselves by agriculture, would have had to be recommenced in some other and perhaps less favourable place. Such a golden opportunity could not be lost, at least, if any amount of exertion could save it,—nor was it. After endless labour in reasoning with and persuading the people of the neighbouring hills against the intrigues of the Greeks who have a convent close by, the Sheikhs were brought to promise to sell the chief portion of the valley for 150*l*. It was all done as quietly and silently as possible on account of the vigilance of the Greek rivals, but on the 12th of May, 1856, a message was brought to Mr. Finn, the British Consul, to say that the consent of the Sheikhs was gained, and that they would come into Jerusalem on the following day to conclude the purchase.

This message was very joyfully received, for it is a rare and difficult thing to get an Arab to sell a square inch of ground—but where was now the money to effect it? It was necessary to lay it down in good coin before the eyes, and into the very hands of the Arabs; but not one piaster had Mrs. Finn been able as yet to secure for the execution of her darling project. She had long been ardently desirous of establishing a He-

brew farm settlement, and she felt that here was the one golden opportunity. What was to be done? at the slightest appearance of hesitation or indecision, the Sheikhs would have been off in a moment, and the land would have been in the possession of the Greeks in less than twenty-four hours, and the opportunity lost, perhaps for many years, of acquiring a suitable bit of ground for the long-cherished plan. Yet to accomplish it now seemed well nigh impossible.

That evening a number of travellers were met together at the British Consulate, when one of them accidentally mentioned having passed through Urtass in riding to Jerusalem, and asked some questions about the place. The history of Mr. Meshullam's efforts came out, the wished-for purchase was mentioned as well as the difficulty from the want of funds, but little was said of Mrs. Finn's anxiety and almost despair for the requisite money. However, before leaving the house, one of the travellers—may the blessing of a good deed rest upon him!—offered 50*l.* as a loan during a six-weeks' excursion to Damascus towards effecting the purchase. This was something,—but the horizon was yet clouded and dark. Early in the morning the Sheikhs arrived in Jerusalem to execute the sale, and the drawing out of the papers commenced. This is not, however, the really important part of the sale, for even if the deeds are signed, the Arab will often bring back the money in his hands, and the sale is null: the sale really consists in his verbal declaration before witnesses that "I, the son of ——, the son of ——, sell this land to ——, the son of ——, the son of ——," and so on; this engagement is *never* broken, especially if there be witnesses of repute to guarantee the transaction. While the papers were writing out—a matter of some hours'

toil—Mrs. Finn sent for the Rev. Mr. Nicholayson—the first of all the Missionaries in Jerusalem, and the most venerated by all classes and all religions, a cautious and sagacious man: he came and willingly put his hand to the work. They then sent for Mr. Bergheim, the banker, himself a converted Jew, and explained their object; he ran home, and soon returned with 50*l.* in a bag, which he advanced, joyfully and gladly as a loan, to buy a bit of the land of his fathers, for his despised brethren. Mr. Graham (the Lay Secretary of the Mission) gathered the other 50*l.* in small sums, chiefly as loans also, and the purchase money then stood complete. Two or three of the English residents, who loved and laboured for the Jews, assembled at the Consulate, and the actual sale began.

And this Arab sale—which is called "the sale by the broken group"—is a curious affair: should the price be only a distinct number of piasters, the money might be returned at any change of mind in the original owner, or at least quarrelled with afterwards: the custom is therefore to buy for a definite and *also for an unknown sum;* a quantity of bazaar trinkets, small coins, and trifles, are collected in a handherchief, which is rolled up, thrown into the air, and the scattered contents scrambled for by all present.

An exciting scene it was—the group of picturesque Arab Sheikhs, headed by a wild Bedoueen—a notorious robber but a powerful chief, whose presence was a guarantee for the truth and fidelity of all the others,—and the little band of Europeans, some of whom had long planned, worked for, and earnestly desired this happy moment—some who loved the Jews, and some who had themselves been Jews,—all assembled in the little room at the Consulate, with the precious money counted out

in little heaps on the table between them. Mrs. Finn brought out some of her own European ornaments, on which the Arabs look with profound respect as things of untold value, and tied them up with the rest of the things in the handkerchief: "the broken group" was thrown on the floor, and one and all scrambled pell-mell for the contents! the heap having been so skilfully thrown that Mrs. Finn could pounce at once upon her own things. A happy day it was: and it is pleasant to add that within the time specified by each kind lender, the money was re-collected in large and small gifts, and the loans repaid.

The crops of the valley thus satisfactorily purchased, paid well during the first five months, notwithstanding the expenses attendant in commencing on the new part of the ground: this was cleared and walled, old terraces were repaired and fresh ones made, besides all the sowing and planting that the funds would allow: the reclaiming was commenced in June, and by October the land was rich with crops; preparations were then commenced for a poultry yard and a dairy, when a miserable accident in February 1857, brought it all to a temporary stand-still. The water from the Pools of Solomon, which happened to be unusually full, was let out from an opening secretly made in the lowest Pool by an enemy, and rushing in torrents through the valley, carried away crops and trees, and, cutting deep channels right down in the soil, washed away great quantities of the earth itself: leaving the discouraged proprietors to the mortification of seeing their own turnips and potatoes, picked up by the Bedoueen at the mouth of the valley by the Dead Sea, exposed for sale in the Jerusalem market! Some hundred pounds' worth of damage was thus effected, for which no redress has as

yet been obtained, and from which the little gardens were but slowly recovered; gradually, however, they were restored to order—tanks were repaired and a small aqueduct built—a two-roomed house was erected out of stone quarried on the spot, and an old ruined tower filled with bee-hives: the gardens have ever since been thriving well, and producing a very profitable return for the money spent upon them during the last four years.

The prices of labour and of building materials have risen so much since the work was begun, that the cost of bringing the valley into thorough order has greatly increased in proportion: Russians, Greeks, Latins, and others are employing, at high prices, all the available hands of the Jerusalem district, while hitherto numbers of applications from Jews for work have been obliged to be refused, because they could not be paid for their labour. The object for which the valley was purchased will never be attained until cottages can be provided for the Jewish labourers to live in: they cannot of course walk out from Jerusalem—a distance of about seven miles—to their daily work, but, if residing on the spot, the long-cherished hope might be realised not only of giving them daily employment, but of settling *Christian Hebrews as independent farmers and land-owners in Palestine.* The Jews would ever be, and are, most gladly and joyfully welcomed as labourers both in Urtass and in the Plantation we mentioned before: but the little colony in the cottages would be confined to Christian Hebrews, for whom, in time, and by God's blessing, a schoolroom and a church might be erected.

One bright morning, early in April, we rode over the pleasant plain of Rephaim, down the hill to Rachel's Sepulchre, and then crossing the wild rocky hills behind

Bethlehem, turned round suddenly to the south-west, and found ourselves in the midst of verdure and luxuriant cultivation, that brightly contrasted with the country we had just passed over: this was the Valley of Urtass. We crossed a pretty cascade, which was conducting the water from Solomon's Pools into the gardens and fields, and in a few minutes were seated in the shade of Mr. Meshullam's house, eating excellent bread and butter à l'anglaise, for the first time since leaving England, — and looking out on the very fine vegetables and fruit trees loaded with white blossoms. As the afternoon drew on, the rich scent of the hawthorn came up the breeze, the finches sung little trills to each other in the trees, the sweet notes of the cuckoo echoed from hill to hill softly but clearly, and we fancied ourselves carried back to the time when the Land was flowing with milk and honey, instead of her now widowed, barren, desolated state; then we wandered down among the shrubs and trees, treading over carpets of the lovely Syrian campanula, pink flax, blue and scarlet pimpernel, to inspect the marvels that energy and a little agricultural knowledge has obtained from the soil of the Holy Land, in the valley which has lain fallow since the gardens of Solomon, the King of Israel, withered and died. They are marvels indeed: the beans, planted in February, had eight, nine, and ten stems to each root, each stem from two to two and a half feet high and loaded with pods: from the peas we picked a great basketful in five minutes, which proved themselves at dinner to be of the very best kind: above them stood a mulberry tree, planted but seven years ago, whose branches extended thirty-five feet from tip to tip, and whose stem measured, at two feet from the ground, one yard and a quarter in circumference — the

branches were then covered with fruit, which it was expected would be ripe in ten days. A little further, there was a peach tree which Mrs. Finn had planted just fourteen months before—a tiny seedling—it was now seven feet high and covered with blossoms. The mustard plants which had been in the ground barely three months and a half, were in bushes about six feet high, with woody stems, two and a half inches in diameter, with nineteen branches proceeding from the first foot of the stem, every branch a mass of seeds. The pigs were feeding on turnips nine and eleven inches round, and we gathered flowers of the cabbages, looking like bunches of cowslips tied on a stick, each head from ten to fourteen inches in height; a still greater proof of the wonderful fertility of the valley, is that the vines, planted in this same year, on the newly cleared hillside, were bearing little bunches of grapes already! the terraces on which they were growing having been, to all appearance, only rock up to Christmas—less than four months ago.

The Jews have a legend that the cauliflowers in the valley of the Kedron, formerly grew so tall, that the gardeners had to get up ladders to reach their heads! and I began to think we had got into some such region of agricultural enchantment; the statements I have made might seem like extravagancies of the like kind, but I have been careful to state nothing that I did not see with my own eyes, and measure with my own fingers; and those who have witnessed the effects of great heat and much water, combined upon a virgin soil, will bear witness to the possibility of the assertions made. Mr. Meshullam is doing his best to import foreign seeds and plants and to set the example of scientific agricultural work as far as he can.

Many interesting Scriptural memories are connected with this place: it is believed to be the "rock Etam" where Samson dwelt — perhaps a place containing many ravenous birds, as the word Etam is supposed to come from the Hebrew for an eagle. It is also unquestionably the place where Solomon made him "a garden and orchards, and planted in them of all kinds of fruits," and "pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees;"—and to this "very pleasant" place Josephus tells us Solomon "drove in the morning, sitting high in his chariot;" for the kings of all other countries hearing of his wisdom and virtue had sent him "chariots and horses, and as many mules for his carriages as they could find proper to please the king's eyes, by their strength and beauty." And he made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon, lined with gold, and with a canopy of purple silk supported by pillars of silver, and in this chariot he used to go out every morning, clothed in a white garment, and drive to his garden; for he had laid causeways of black stone along all the roads that led to Jerusalem, upon which he could drive his chariot with ease and swiftness: while he was surrounded with a band of young men in the most delightful flower of their age—eminent for their largeness, and far taller than other men: they had very long hair hanging down, and were clothed in garments of Tyrian purple — and they had dust of gold sprinkled every day on their hair, so that their heads sparkled with the reflection of the sun-beams upon the gold.* And riding along that pleasant path one could well fancy the goodly sight of the glorious king and his train, besides indulging very earnestly in the wish that the smooth causeway of black stone was still in existence.

* Josephus, Ant. viii. 7. Eccles. ii. 4, 5.

Some ancient remains are, however, still existing, though long since concealed and overlaid by the soil brought down by the mountain torrents in winter — for the valley is very subject to such inundations,— two days of rain in the beginning of February in this year had brought down such quantities of water, and filled up the lower end of the valley with so strong a current, that a powerful man could not swim across it. Of course these torrents tear much away, but they also bring much down, and in some places the accumulations of soil are very remarkable. There is a low projecting cliff about half way down the valley on the north side— this promontory has from time immemorial borne the name of the "Promontory of the Baths;" just at this part the valley is occupied by a very large building arched all over and finely built, upon which the soil now lies to about the depth of twenty inches, — this long buried ruin has been always called by the Bedoueen and fellaheen of the districts the Baths of Solomon; ancient coins, bits of glass and mosaic have been frequently found there, and the other day a large piece of finely carved cornice and a capital were dug up of remarkably pure and fine Corinthian.* A small aqueduct, still visible, led to this ruin from the copious spring close by: and, in short, it is incontestable that some "baths," and those of some consequence existed here. It has therefore been suggested with much reason that this was the "Emmaus" of Luke xxiv. 13,— Emmaus being the Greek form of the Hebrew word Hamath,

* And since this was written a marble-lined bathing-place has been uncovered, with a cemented one adjoining it, another large and deep tank, two or three brass bathing implements, many small gilt and coloured mosaics, some Cufic and Hebrew coins, and some marble fragments of columns.

and the Arabic Hammâm, which are indiscriminately applied to naturally or artificially heated baths. The remains of no other baths of any kind have been found near Jerusalem, and the distance of "threescore furlongs" agrees perfectly with the sacred narrative, and is a little more likely than that the two Apostles walked back from 'Amwas after it was "toward evening" and the day was "far spent," that is, *half way from Jaffa*, a distance of twenty miles, and yet arrived in Jerusalem while "the eleven" were still "gathered together,"— having walked in the one day forty miles. One may well fancy the walk by day of the Apostles over these pleasant breezy hills, passing by the place where their Lord was born, talking together of all that had happened, and then the return in the cool evening with a far greater "burning" in their hearts than before, for joy that their "faith was not in vain," and that Christ was risen indeed. The view that met their eyes was in some way different, for, as we have said before, there is reason to believe that all these hills were once covered with woods; in Urtass in particular wherever the hill sides are cleared for planting, the old roots of the oak trees are found thickly neighbouring each other, and are of such size, that one, not unusually large, that we saw lying on the ground, was sufficient for four camels' loads!

We had already paid three visits to Solomon's Pools, but having now examined the wonders of the gardens of Solomon we proposed to examine his Pools with more attention than we had as yet been able to do: Signor Pierotti, who has made accurate plans of them, kindly accompanying us to explain the subterranean buildings. Having dismounted at the old khan, we walked for between two and three hundred yards, in a line exactly due west from the N.W. angle of the wall,

when we came to a very small hole—the only entrance to the "sealed fountain." Down this hole we dropped ourselves, with some difficulty, to about the depth of twelve feet, and, being safely landed on a hillock of mud at the bottom, found that we were standing in a large vaulted chamber of solid massive masonry, in length about twice its own width, and opening at one side into another vaulted chamber smaller than the first, along the centre of which a tiled conduit led the water from a source in the rock at the further end; the tiles of this conduit are peculiar—neither Roman nor Arab—they are therefore believed to be Jewish, as well as the very ancient solid arches of the chambers. There are three, if not four, sources for the water which, united, flow along a vaulted passage, between four and five feet high, opening out of the east side of the first chamber; Signor Pierotti kindly walked through the water (which was then about a foot deep) for some distance with a candle that we might see how finely built the passage is, —he has walked along the whole length to the wall of the khan when there was not much water in it, and found that after some few yards its course turns slightly, but on the whole it maintains a due easterly direction till it reaches the khan, whence it turns suddenly south to the first Pool, and the passage becomes very low; at intervals along its length there are small chambers on either side; altogether it is a fine work, and it would be difficult to doubt that one sees here the original work of the mighty Solomon.

After following the line of the subterranean conduit above ground, we next descended the steps into the chamber at the north-west corner of the First Pool, which receives the surplus water from the commencement of the great aqueduct: the steps led into a little passage, running east and west, a low arch from which

led into a large chamber, at the end of which, we saw another large vaulted chamber — both were finely built and filled with water three or four inches deep. The aqueduct runs along at the north side of the Pools, the surplus only passing into the upper or First Pool. Below the Third Pool, a strong wall has been built across the valley as a guard in case of the escape or overflow of the water from the Pools: here we found the remains of a grand stone staircase, and close beside it we went down a passage on an incline to a high vaulted chamber, through which the water from the Third Pool runs; and at the north end of this, is the great Filtering chamber, through which the water passed before it could enter the aqueduct. The scientific knowledge displayed in the formation of this aqueduct is said to be very great: especially in the mode of propelling the water up the steep ascents, by means of repeated air chambers admitting the force of the air before each rise.

Passing by Urtass on our way home from the dreary hills about Solomon's Pools, one is struck with the *uniqueness* of its appearance, — the luxuriant richness of one or two small gardens* in other spots, render assurance doubly sure that the "pound" is only "laid by in a napkin" and hidden in the earth: but, in general, nothing throughout Palestine strikes the eye of the pilgrim half as much as the indescribable stoniness and desolation of the country he is passing through; and nothing, by a natural analogy of contrast, rises so constantly to his mind as the descriptions of the "milk

* Such as that belonging to a Greek Priest, near Mar Elyas, called "Benjamin's Garden," the cultivation and fruitfulness of which in a very few years is wonderful. Dr. Hooker says he would engage to supply the whole population of Syria with food from the produce of ten well-cultivated miles of the valley of the Jordan!

and honey" of the Promised Land, with which every child is familiar: this striking contrast has to be reconciled by the memory of the long and awful history of the "Chosen People," whose ingratitude and wickedness caused the present melancholy condition of their loved Judæa: for fifteen centuries they possessed this glorious Land; they passed from it without leaving a single memorial upon the soil they had so long occupied, and in no other country have they achieved a conquest or established an empire. Yet ever imperishable, in the history of man, will the name of the Hebrew nation remain,—a nation without a territory, a people without union; instead of dumb and lifeless monuments like those of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, they are themselves the living ruins of their nation, scattered to the north, south, east, or west—united only by an invisible chain, a law, a principle. They own no country, for their mission was not of this world, but of that above—to know God and to teach him to others. Their being commenced with the Patriarch who was called from a far country to proclaim, among the idolatrous peoples of the earth, the existence of a Creator,—it finished at the coming of the Messiah; and no sooner had the seeds of this faith been carried over the pagan world, than the corporate existence of the Hebrews terminated*: they are now but a religious society scattered even into the uttermost corners of the globe, waiting the fulfilment of those glorious Promises which shall restore strength to Zion,—waiting till the Lord shall comfort His people, and redeem Jerusalem—till her city shall be no more termed Forsaken or Desolate, but, breaking forth into joy and loud songs of praise, she shall be called "Hephzibah"—for "the Lord shall delight in her."

* Munk.

CHAP. XXIII.

THE CAVE OF ELIJAH, AND THE PULPIT OF CHRYSOSTOM.

The last days of our long stay in Jerusalem were come only too soon; we revisited our favourite spots, said good-byes to all the kind and valued friends we had made in the Holy City, and on Monday morning the 16th of April, at a very early hour, sallied forth for the last time from the Damascus Gate, with eyes ever turning back full of deep affection to the mountain hallowed by every sacred association in the heart; it had been a happy home and a resting-place to us in the midst of our wanderings, and we were very sad indeed at leaving it. We had chosen the upper road of the two leading to Jaffa, as the most interesting as well as the prettiest, and we soon found ourselves passing over pleasant valleys and breezy hills flourishing with corn and olives, and now in the spring-tide gay and gaudy with flowers—our progress indeed was much retarded by the constant necessity for stopping to fill our hands with bunches of the pretty things, to cool one's face in their dewy petals, and to refresh ourselves with their delicious perfume. How lovely they were! and how pleasant the bright morning air and the extensive views over Judæa! we passed to the right of Neby Samwel, beyond which was the hill on which once stood the royal city of Gibeon, whereof "all the men were mighty." A rich little plain

lies below it, now green with corn, over which Joshua drove back the five kings of the Amorites with the king of Jerusalem at their head, chasing them along "the way that goeth up to Bethhoron;"—up in the village is a fountain or "pool," probably that beside which Joab and Abner sat while their soldiers fought and slew each other, twelve on each side, "followed by a very sore battle that day." One other recollection clings to Gibeon, better and holier than all these strugglings and fightings, in the prayer of Solomon for "a wise and understanding heart" granted to him here, where he had come to sacrifice "a thousand burnt-offerings,"—"for that was the great high place" after the destruction of Nob, and before the Tabernacle was removed to Jerusalem.

The two Bethhorons, to one of which was the going up and to the other the "going down" of the army of Joshua (x. 10, 11), still retain their ancient name in the Arabic, Beit Oor el fôk—the upper, and Beit Oor el tah't—the lower. There is a splendid view from the upper one, which we enjoyed from under a thick grove of olives, while examining the massive remains of portions of the ancient city wall, formed of very large stones, which are still *in situ*. The villagers brought us a large bowl of delicious olives which we quickly demolished, and a number of eggs roasted in hot ashes. The country after leaving Bethhoron is singularly devoid of villages, but it was smiling enough in the fresh spring greens, and the view over the plain of Jaffa, or rather of Sharon—on which Ludd, the Lod of the Old Testament and the Lydda of the New Testament, is situated. It was late in the afternoon ere we reached it, but we dismounted to see the Church of St. George, a rather picturesque ruin of the time of the Crusaders — the eastern apse,

part of the choir, a group of many clustered columns with marble acanthus-leaved capitals, and one lofty pointed arch remain to make a pretty picture. The town is very prettily situated among its rich gardens and cornfields, palms mingling with the olive-trees; the people were all busy making matting from the palm-leaves, which they weave very dexterously and well — it is the great place in Syria for this manufacture. Ramleh, which we reached after dark, is a large and pretty town, still more richly placed among cornfields and fruit gardens — the roads are hedged with prickly-pear, and sycamores, figs, caroubs, and the ever-dear palm come in to diversify the olive groves. We encamped on the plain, which seemed very wild and bare in the night, as the wind came soughing across its dry and grey thorn bushes, — in the morning we went to see the vaults on the north side of the town, which are remarkable for their size and good masonry: they are long tunnels, well arched over, sunk below the level of the ground, with staircases descending into them — they are considered to be of the tenth or eleventh century. A little further on stands the beautiful minaret, or tower, built in 710 A.H., *i.e.* in 1310 A.D., by the order of the Sultan, as an inscription over the door testifies. This place is believed to have been a spacious khan, which goes by the name of the Church of the Forty Martyrs; much of the cloisters or open corridors still remain round the quadrangle, and below the surface of the ground are the large cisterns or granaries, like subterranean galleries, built of good close brickwork covered with cement, — there was also a mosque, but it is now gone: a stone, lying on the ground, reports that "Sultan Bibars . . . Prince of the Faithful, came out from Cairo . . . and came to Jaffa, and conquered it,

by the will of God, in three hours,—then he ordered that this cupola should be built above the blessed candlestick, and this door in the Mosque"—in the year 1267.

Ramleh has always been a place of some consequence, since it was founded by the Khalîf Suleimān in the eighth century: it was the head-quarters of our own Cœur de Lion for a long time, and it was in this place that St. George was first declared the patron saint of England—a very sorry kind of saint, I fear, he was. Thence all the way to Jaffa the country is altogether pleasant meadow lands and wheat fields, with groves of trees, till the excellent road brings one to the delicious orange gardens which extend for some miles from the town,—the oranges were then in their finest ripeness and every branch was covered with flowers, which spread their enchanting fragrance over the whole country, and delighted us even in the pitiable plight we were in, for an oriental shower had soaked us, *jusqu'aux os,* and our dripping drapery and drenched appearance would have been very ludicrous if it had not been so very uncomfortable. Rooms had been prepared for us in the Latin Convent at the request of our kind friend the French Consul at Jerusalem, and the good monks brought us a plentiful repast, but almost before we had emptied the pools of water out of our boots, the storm had increased so much that the Russian steamer in the roadstead sent up to say she must go away or go to pieces, and we had to make a hasty descent into a small boat, and a perilous little voyage over the Jaffa rocks, before we were tossed and pitched and then thrown into the steamer, amid the tremendous surf and waves caused by the storm—that evening is not a pleasant one to remember.

Early the next morning we landed at Hhaïffa—one

of the prettiest places on the coast of Syria, and were soon most comfortably installed in the English Consulate, by the kindness of its owner Mr. Rogers. Hhaïffa is situated on the north side of the promontory of Mount Carmel, commanding the coast up to the headland of Tyre, and the plain watered by the Kishon on which Akka is situated — then come range after range of the Galilean hills, and Hermon raising his grand head loftily and majestically behind all — it was now completely covered with snow on summit and sides. A good road leads up to the large Convent which is finely placed on the very brow of the mountain; it was built from the alms collected by one monk who begged for fourteen years through Europe, and in the end obtained half a million of francs for the purpose. It is a most comfortable abiding-place for strangers, and we were charmed with the good monk who showed us over the Convent; the church is built over the cave inhabited by Elijah, which the monks say has ever since been occupied by some holy men of one creed or another — the church is ornamented with imaginary columns and marbles done in coarse gaudy painting.

At the foot of the mountain near the sea shore, is a very large cave, partly natural and partly artificial, where it is said Elijah taught his disciples,—and a little further on there is a more curious spot — a cave with a smooth bank of rock immediately below it, down which the Druzes roll themselves, on one day in the year, in accordance with some strange superstition — on that one day they flock here from the surrounding mountains in great numbers.

We rose early the next morning in order to ride to the site of one of the most interesting episodes in Bible history — Elijah's sacrifice,— it is a long ride, but one is

richly repaid by the delicious fertility all round one, and the pretty views on all sides. There is nothing grand here—but for quiet, tranquil beauty, "the excellency of Carmel" is very charming, and among the many changes in the sacred sites, it is pleasant to find this mountain still worthy of its name, — a full orchard, a fruitful field, is the meaning of the word. Having crossed the town we were soon upon the mountain, winding up its steep sides, among thick, low woods of prickly oak, laurustinus, and other shrubs, with quantities of honeysuckle, and the ground variegated with all the hues of the rainbow from the innumerable varieties of wild flowers which grew everywhere. We still looked back over the plain and the blue sea, until reaching the brow of the mountain we lost it on this side, to find it again on the other to the south, beyond the ranges of Judæan hills; now came about twelve miles of undulating ground, like park-land at home, bright, grassy, flowery lawns, studded with oaks of various kinds, plane, terebinth and caroub, with thick brushwood of lovely storax, and sometimes a wild olive-grove. Then as we neared the south-eastern end of this long ridge, the plain of Esdraelon opened out before us with Tabor, and Gilboa, and Little Hermon, and the Bashan mountains beyond Jordan, while, behind the hills to the north, beautiful Hermon appeared looking so close to Tabor as to realize one of the Psalmist's expressions, "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy Name." About an hour and a half after passing through the Druze village of Esfiyeh, we reached the easternmost termination of the ridge and seated ourselves under a spreading oak to enjoy the wide-spread view. Somewhat to our right, on a little grassy plateau, below our position but high above the plain, we saw the traditionary site of the

memorable sacrifice, which still bears the name of "el Muhrākah" (the sacrifice), — it is wide enough to contain a large multitude of people, even if it was then, as now, half covered with trees and shrubs, — amongst which, concealed from us on the top, lies an ancient stone-built fountain which probably supplied the twelve barrels of water which were poured over the altar and into the trench by Elijah's order: we had not time to descend to it, but the Consul described it to us. Meandering through the plain immediately below this was "that ancient river, the river Kishon," true to its name (*kishon*, twisted or winding), beside whose waters Elijah slew the 450 priests of Baal. Then, returning probably to the same spot where he had built the altar unto the Lord, the prophet "cast himself down upon the earth" in the earnestness of his supplication for the blessing of rain, (now that the vengeance of God had been satisfied, and the pollution of Baal-worship removed), — and up to this highest point, where we now sat, seven times over he bade his servant "go up, and look towards the sea:" until at last the little cloud arose on the horizon, foretelling the commencement of the autumn rains; while one could fancy one saw the chariot of Ahab hastening over the great plain of Esdraelon before us, stretching out eastwards from the foot of Carmel, and the prophet, with his loins girded like any one of the Arabs now around us, running before him all the way, even till he reached the entrance of his own royal palace at Jezreel, — there — on that green hill of Gilboa at the other side of the plain. And across that plain too, one also thought one could see the woman of that small village of Shunem, at the foot of Little Hermon yonder, riding on the ass, and, in the anguish of her heart urging on her servant in driving it, that

she might fall at the feet of the Prophet, and entreat him to save and restore to life the son which his prayers had obtained of God for her, refusing to leave him till he arose and followed her to the little home he had often hallowed by his presence. And the Scripture narrative acquired new life and reality as we read it here on the very spot, and all the natural features, only half expressed to the reader at home, unfolded themselves one by one to view, and seemed to deepen on the sacred page, like the landscapes drawn in sympathetic inks, developing their meaning in the living colours of Nature.

We returned to Hhaïffa by another, lower road, passing large herds of cattle gathered under the shady trees, and descending to the banks of the Kishon, the windings of which we crossed several times before we reached the town. We carried away some pretty tortoises, but, torpid though they seemed, they would always escape from wherever they were put, in some wonderful way of their own,—and we caught one of the huge locusts without wings, the marks on whose body are believed by the fellaheen to be inscriptions written in the most ancient language used in the world. This day's ride is worth any fatigue from its historical and natural interest; the character of the woodland and the scenery is much the same as that of the charming sides of Jebel Rihân in the Baruk range.

Another day we rode along the narrow plain between the sea coast and the mountain, turning round the point of the headland, and southwards to the "Pilgrim's Castle" of the Crusaders, now called Athlît—a ride of nearly four hours from Hhaïffa, along an excellent smooth, soft road. We came first to the outside end of a road of approach which was cut through the living rock, forming a pass, once closed by a gate, the places

for the hinges and bolts of which are still perfect in the rock, as well as the foundations of a strong tower on each side that guarded the gate: the rock-road itself is about eight feet wide, with ruts worn by the chariot wheels passing over it,—the rock at the sides is cut in regular banks or ledges one above another, probably *trottoirs* for the pedestrians going and coming. It is supposed to be from this remarkable rock-cut road that the fortress was called "Petra Incisa." Passing through this the place became more open, but we traced the road up to the outer gate of the city or castle, through which we went to look at the remains of an old Church with Gothic arches, string-courses, and some well-carved mouldings. The Citadel, which stands on a promontory of rock jutting out into the sea, must have been of very great strength from its situation and its enormously thick walls, formed of large well-hewn stones,—the portions of wall still standing are fifteen feet thick and some thirty feet high — beyond these there was a very strong outer sea-wall connecting tower with tower, and protecting the semicircular piece of land between; here, close to the sea, are two large, grand halls, with pointed-arch groined roofs — and a huge, solidly built cistern, while some fine, massive, granite columns lie on the ground beyond them. There is a vast extent of ruin, most of which is believed to date several hundred years prior to the Crusaders; but the earliest notice on record of the place is of the twelfth century; it is a very fine place, very picturesque, and not a little interesting—the people whose houses crowd, like the cells of a wasp's nest, the inside of the old ruins, have not a very good character, but they were hospitable and obliging to us, bringing us relays of hot coffee for luncheon. We had a delightful ride back to Hhaïffa, lighted all the way by innumerable fire-flies, glancing

and dancing round us as we went — they were small of their kind, but very bright and lovely.

A most suffocating scirocco blew the next day — so malignant that we found exertion impossible, until a little before sunset, when we managed to mount our horses, and follow the kindly guidance of our host to the mouth of the Kishon. Here he tied our steeds to the ghastly timbers of a wreck — one of four ships which had been driven up on the coast, — two of which, both called "the Sisters Maria," had been built and launched together, had sailed on different tracks round the world, and then, by a strange romantic accident, had met here for the first time since their launch, only to be wrecked, and to lie there driven one into the other, hopelessly entangled in each other's arms! This bay is very dangerous in south-westerly gales, and many a hapless ship is driven ashore — but all looked peaceful and smiling enough this evening, as we hunted for shells on the sands and gathered handfuls of honeysuckle and oleander from the banks of the river — the mountains, however, were veiled in a dreamy, sad-looking scirocco fog, and even the bright blue sky was dimmed behind the thickened air. We forded the river with great success, but accidents are very frequent here from the rapid changes that take place in the banks at its mouth, and still more from the torrent of water which comes sweeping down with a sudden flood, carrying everything before it, after a day, or even half a day's rain; such was the end of many of the soldiers of Sisera. (Judg. v. 4, 19, 21.) Travellers, fording the Kishon under the guidance of a dragoman, instead of a native, very commonly get into trouble.

The Austrian steamer came in at five the next morning, so, bidding good bye to pretty, pleasant Hhaïffa,

we went on board, and made a most agreeable voyage along the white cliffs and green banks of the coast up to Beyrout, which we reached in eight hours, and once more its lovely mountains delighted my eyes — but sad tidings greeted us of threatened disturbances in the Lebanon, and the very next passengers that came up from Hhaïffa watched the flames and smoke rising from our beloved Beit Miry.

The Archbishop Spaccapietra took us, on the following day, to see the Institution of the Sœurs de St. Vincent de Paul, which stands immediately behind the east gate of the town; it is now a very large establishment, built round two squares, and containing eight schools for different classes of girls — *all free* except the upper class of *pensionnaires*, who are the daughters of native Consuls, merchants, &c.; these pay a small sum, and have their dormitory divided by curtains, into separate apartments — they numbered about fifty. There were sixty other *pensionnaires*, forty day-scholars and more than one hundred orphans and foundlings*: besides an upper school for training girls as schoolmistresses — one of these assistant-teachers taught in every class-room under the direction of a Sister. Every class was instructed in reading and writing both in Arabic and French — plain work and various kinds of embroidery, arithmetic, music and singing; their writing struck us as marvellous — many little girls from eight to twelve years old, who had only been in the school two or three years, produced copy-books of admirable writing in both languages; every page was embellished with borders composed of flourishes, arabesques, flowers and leaves, of

* Another 100 have been added since the massacres in the mountains, and they are in hopes of soon having funds sufficient for the support of many more orphans.

their own design as well as execution, and all spotlessly clean — many of the designs were excellent. Their needle-work was also very good, even to the Archbishop's satisfaction,— we were extremely amused to hear him giving an elaborate lecture to his chaplain upon the qualities and characteristics of stitching, and explaining to him the proper finish of a well-made button-hole! The schools are open to children of any creed — Christians, Mooslims, &c., all are taken in who wish to enter it, but of course no difference is made in the lessons they learn.

Attached to the schools is a Hospital, served by two of the Sisters—it is in the midst of a garden, the roses climbing pleasantly about the windows of the sick wards each of which contains thirty beds — the women's ward, was quite full at the time of our visit;—the natives come from great distances to seek the assistance of the Sisters in the Dispensary, which is crowded for some hours every morning, and we heard of several rich people who thought so highly of their skill, that they came disguised as poor persons in order to obtain it, — they have been very successful in their treatment of ophthalmia—the curse of hot countries: the patients frequently amount to three hundred and four hundred a day.

It was thirteen years since the Mother and a few of the Sisters arrived from France—they had but some half-a-dozen francs between them, and had much difficulty in getting enough to build a house: then came long nursing in the Cholera, followed by some other equally fearful epidemics, which put off the commencement of their schools: one young Sister died of the fever caught in attending prisoners in the Serai, and we heard some touching stories of the earnest, affectionate anxiety the men showed about her, and of their sorrow for her

death; her funeral was attended not only by all the Consuls in Beyrout, but the Pasha sent three of his officers to represent himself at the ceremony. The next Pasha also showed the greatest confidence in them, and once when a criminal condemned to death, was given up to them to nurse in a severe illness, and died in their hospital, the Superior sent to the Pasha to request he would have the body identified, as is usual in such cases, but he only answered that it was quite unnecessary, as he could trust to the word of a Sister better than to aught else. This was considered an extraordinary mark of confidence, and I mention it to show how truth and earnestness in work are appreciated by the Mooslims. All the buildings they now have—and really fine ones they are—have been erected from small subscriptions and alms, not without many difficulties and trials,—there were nineteen Sisters at the time of our visit, but they were hoping soon to welcome more of them from France.

A few days after this—when tidings of horror were beginning to creep in from the mountains, and vague fears and anxiety were painting themselves on every face—we took advantage of the French steamer to carry us up to Latakia. We left Beyrout in the evening, and early the next morning went ashore to make our third visit to Tripoli, as the steamer was to remain there all day.

It is a pity that artists do not go to Tripoli, for no place is better worthy of their study for "street bits": the costumes of Saïda and Hebron are as bright and fresh as those of Tripoli, but the streets themselves are built in a handsomer style both in the Marina and the inner town, the cafés on the river-side are more romantic, and the Mosques more ornamental: oranges are

very plentiful, and they are not only piled up in every shop, but the windows are everywhere bowered in branches of the trees, with dozens of the golden fruit still hanging from them: and then the mountains rise so abruptly and grandly from immediately behind the town—the large gardens and fine old castles mingle so prettily with the rocks and sea that altogether it is a charming spot. We passed a pleasant day, buying carpets and sketching, enjoying the delicious climate among the gardens on the sea-shore.

On arriving at Latakia, we immediately inquired for horses and mules, intending to pursue our way to Suédiyeh, across the mountains—a four days' journey: they did not, however, seem easy to be had; at this season numbers of horses are sent down to the districts of Judæa on account of the pilgrims, and as all the tolerably good ones that remain are put out to grass, it is very difficult to obtain any. Unluckily it entered into our heads to go by sea, and we inquired about the boats, just now being made ready for the first days of the sponge fishing—or gathering rather: and at last we decided upon hiring one for 150 piasters, a severe scirocco having filled our souls with suffocation when we thought of the four days' ride, besides which we were assured that six hours of the clear, cool moonlight, would carry us to Suédiyeh. A sail was rigged up, tent-fashion, over a hole, four feet by five, and everything that could be done to make us comfortable was arranged by our kind Consul. So we left Latakia, with a favourable breeze and the moon shining gloriously over our heads, packing ourselves with our maid, like spoons in a row, into the small hole with the awning about three feet above our heads. In about an hour the delightful breeze died away, the men turned sleepy

and wouldn't pull—and two whole days and nights we rocked and rolled in our flat-bottomed tub upon that hot and glaring sea! after twenty-four hours of it, we drew to land, and took to bathing in a shady nook, hoping that the salt water might prove a little distasteful to the myriads of wretches that had been making carnival on the strangers.

The worst of it was that we were so much shut in to our hole, and so much baked, and so qualmish, that we could not look out enough to enjoy the scenery—we could only see that the coast was really pretty all along the foot of Mount Casius: the numerous little bays and creeks, the various ranges of hills dipping their rocky feet in the blue water, added to the very bright greens of the prickly oak, terebinth, and myrtle, with the gay flowers, all combine to make it very enjoyable—when one can see it. We crossed the bar of the Orontes near sunset on the second day, too late to get horses for our luggage, and only a strong breeze will carry a boat against the current of the river; so we had to sleep another night in our hole, dining on the shore by the light of the moon which shone down on the rocky defiles that form the amphitheatre of hills enclosing the rich little plain of Suédiyeh—the ancient Seleucia. The eagle who showed Seleucus where to place his city, was an eagle of taste as well as wisdom, but the bird of Jupiter has been at a discount since the destruction of the "Free City" built by his great worshipper, and in these days the meek, little silkworm reigns sole sovereign of the plain. Accustomed to the mountains clothed and terraced with mulberries throughout the Lebanon, the vivid greens of the gardens were not new to our eyes, but nowhere had we seen *such* mulberries as these: not sparingly planted as in the Lebanon, but

closely crowded, with branches so loaded with leaves one wondered if there was space for one more, or how the small number of families in the place could gather half as many in the course of a silk season. The leaves, however, are used as fodder for the cows, especially when, as has been the case for several years, the worms partially fail—a few hours of severe scirocco sometimes killing every silkworm in a district. These mulberry gardens are divided by well-made roads with a water-course on each side, and a high hedge of luxuriant pomegranates, tangled over with wild vines, while myrtle, apricots, peaches, plums, olives and figs are seen every where. There is nothing prettier in Nature than a pomegranate hedge in summer—the trees grow so gracefully, and the peculiar dark yet bright glossy green of the leaf contrasts so well with the myriads of gorgeous scarlet blossoms.

We pitched our tents on a little olive-shaded hill, whence we could enjoy the lovely view of the gardens and their Swiss-looking cottages, the winding river, the sea, and the noble mountains. Right opposite to us was Mount Casius, 5318 feet high, rising abruptly from the water, with deep, narrow ravines and chasms, but all covered over with a green velvet mantle of underwood, and bright little sloping uplands,—the apex, a cone of white limestone, alone deserving the Arab appellation of Okra—the Bald Mountain. The wood on this mountain is said to be beautiful—the myrtle covers its feet until replaced by lofty oaks, which are succeeded by pine forests, and after 3500 feet above the sea, come glades of birch, pear, apple, and quince trees —while huge scarlet peonies, yellow asphodel, violets and pansies flourish up to the very edge of the snow on the summit. The bay, which curves round at its foot, is varied by remarkably bright orange cliffs, cropping

out here and there, while the successive lines of green corn, mulberries and fruit gardens fill up the flat plain to the foot of the Pierian range on the northern side. These are the *heel* of the Amanus Mountains, which form the south-eastern side of the Gulf of Iskenderoon, and there join the great Taurus range: under the projecting promontory of these mountains — the Pig's Head, as it is called in Arabic — was the fine port, harbour, and fortress of Seleucia Pieria — built by Seleucus Nicator, the first king of Syria, B.C. 300, on the site of a more ancient fortress.

Half-an-hour after leaving the gardens of Suédiyeh, the road leads under fine bluffs of rocks, almost honeycombed with grottoes and excavated tombs, which extend up to the very back of the old town and are now much inhabited by the peasants. After passing the remains of a large gateway, the city wall is distinctly to be traced the whole way to the shore, the ancient masonry rising in many places several feet above the ground: within these walls about a quarter of a mile from the sea, is the basin or dock for the galleys, which occupies an area of 47 acres, and is now half filled up with mud, — from this a passage between two thick walls, about 350 yards long, led out into the sea, the great gate which separated the passage from the basin, closed between two strong towers, the bases of which were cut from the living rock, and still seem loftily guarding the way. The harbour, which is now much sanded up, had formerly two strong jetties, curving towards each other, built of fine blocks of stone united by iron clamps: the greater part of one jetty remains and some of the other. The view hence is striking, as one looks back across the ancient walls and the rock-cut passage — through which one can fancy the Roman galleys gallantly passing in, with all their oars outspread, — the mighty handiworks

of ancient days contrasting with the split and tumbled-down rocks and walls, and the simple *chalets* of the silkworms and their tenders, and behind them all the noble mountain covered with the rich green of the myrtles and oleanders and mulberries, and every here and there the darker spots of the squared or arched entrances to the ancient tombs.

But a greater work than basin or jetty yet remains to be seen: this is a cutting in the solid rock — nearly three quarters of a mile long, in some places 120 feet deep, and averaging twenty-four feet wide, mostly open to the air, but in many parts tunnelled through the rock; a little channel for a small stream of water runs nearly all the way along the side, keeping at a level height, while in one place a staircase is cut out and descends to within fourteen feet of the bottom, which was probably the usual level of the water. This magnificent work is believed to have been made to carry off the water, (which might otherwise have injured both the city and the basin) from the ravine behind the town, where it collected from the hill-sides and poured off into this tunnel—as even now, spite of fallen rocks and other obstacles, the water in winter still fills up the mighty excavation to the depth of fourteen or sixteen feet; and possibly another cutting, now much filled up and grown over, on the other side of a solid wall which may have been a huge dam, was used to convey the stream occasionally into the basin or dock. For whatever purpose it was constructed, it was a very splendid work, and a triumph of labour, which must have cost many years, and very many hands to accomplish. We could discover no inscriptions or carvings, save one small tablet, about a foot square at the eastern entrance, on which is very distinctly cut, the oval of an eyelid, but without the eye itself.

The Tombs in the rocks are well worth visiting: nearly all have but one entrance — to a few, however, there are two or three arches in front, divided by small columns: the principal Tomb — that "of the King," as the Arabs say — is very large, — three arches give entrance to the outer chamber, the eight corners of which are ornamented with fan-shells, and led into a much larger chamber surrounded by arched niches under which are tombs, and some others are cut in the floor of the chamber — none of the lids remain, but the grooves upon which they were fastened are still visible. We counted about forty tombs in the one room or hall, two of which are very peculiar, standing in the centre of the chamber, they have been cut from the rock in isolated sarcophagi under a canopy supported at each corner by a column, looking much like an old-fashioned four-post bedstead — the columns have rough capitals. Another room leads off from the right hand of the outer chamber, containing twelve or fourteen niches with handsome fan-shell ornaments — the same as those used in all the niches of the Temples of Baalbek, but roughly executed here: the entrance to this chamber is by a semicircular arch with six or seven mouldings. All the Tombs have been opened at some early date, but many Greek inscriptions have been found in later times: numbers of the sarcophagi are ornamented with garlands or wreaths, and contained small terra-cotta jars for the ashes of the dead.

A statue of large size, but headless, was dug up from a garden near the city wall, a year or two ago: it is of some river-god, perhaps Poseidon himself, habited in well-sculptured drapery with a vase in one arm from which water is flowing: possibly it was the personification of the Orontes.

The fire-flies danced round us as we rode back across

the scented plain, and the great yellow moon illuminated even the *colours* of the pomegranates and oleanders, as we passed along the gardens up to our tents. More than commonly rich are the perfumes of this plain, for the late Mr. Barker*, who planted fully half of it, brought together into his own garden hundreds of trees and plants from far distant lands,—Chinese, Persian, North and South American, and Indian flowers and fruits grow luxuriantly on the Syrian plain, and add their exotic beauties to the many lovely productions indigenous to the country. The garden is surrounded by trellises of Muscat vines, which bear abundantly, and the wine made from which was most delicious. The liquorice plant covers the whole of this country with its pretty lilac flowers, among which francolins, partridges, snipe, and quantities of other game hide themselves.

The bay of Suédiyeh supplies a very delicious little fish, called by the natives "Sultan Ibrahim:" it is a kind of red mullet, but very small, rich and delicate in flavour and of the prettiest bright colours.

But there is nothing so pretty about the plain of Suédiyeh as the women, whose large, lustrous, black eyes gleam from dark faces far more delicately and sweetly formed than those of any other Syrian women we had seen. The women of Nazareth and Bethlehem certainly are handsome, but they are cast in a clumsy, coarse mould, which is more "jolly" than engaging, and, however much they have been celebrated by poetical

* The late Mr. Barker settled at Suédiyeh about thirty years ago, devoting himself to the improvement of the land and of the peasantry. He was much beloved and respected by them all, and is one of the *very* few Christians of whom the Mooslims have been known to say, "he is *Zeroum*," *i. e.* blessed, and at rest with God.

travellers, I never could see half as much to admire in any of them, as in the sweet, smiling little mouth and white teeth, the straight noses and slight figures of their charming sisters of Northern Syria. They wear an ugly costume of a coarse stuff, drab-coloured, without any relieving tints: their faces are, fortunately, unveiled. The men of Suédiyeh are chiefly Ansayreeh, the curious sect about whose tenets and secret rites so little is known: they have most pleasant, courteous manners, and are remarkably handsome and well-made men with open, intelligent countenances,—very gaily dressed in bright crimson and orange *abbahs* and white shirts, and nearly all have red leather boots reaching to the knees. They call themselves simply Fellaheen, disliking to be given the name of Ansayreeh, and are most friendly with the Christians, but very quarrelsome with the Mooslims; they never speak of their own creed and are too abstemious and sober ever to let out the slightest allusion to their secrets,—it is said that if any person should ever by accident approach them when they are holding a sacred feast, his life would be in great danger, if he was not fortunate enough to steal away unobserved. People say they worship the Sun and Moon, but this is probably untrue: they appear to keep some feasts relating to our Lord and His blessed Mother, as they believe Him to have been one of the Incarnations of the Deity; the virtues they seem to prize the most, are those of hospitality and generosity—among themselves: at their meetings for worship, which are held near the Tomb of one of their Saints, a feast is always made for the poorer brethren. Like the Metouaalees and Druzes they say that the archangel Gabriel made a mistake in bringing the revelation of the true religion to Muhammad, as it was in reality intended for his son-in-law 'Ali.

A very pretty ride is the road to Antioch from this Seleucian plain, passing chiefly along the banks of the Orontes: we took the road by the south bank, crossing and recrossing ever so many streams, and were finally ferried over the wide and rapid current of the muddy river in a rude boat, secured by stout vine tendrils, by way of ropes, to each shore! The road lay through fruit gardens and miles of luxuriant shrubs and flowers with lofty trees — poplars, lime, and maple, which, with the pretty mountain views, rejoiced one's heart and eyes. Along these shady lanes, 1800 years ago, came the two Apostles Paul and Barnabas, weary, perhaps, in body, but "strong in the Lord," when, having been "separated for the work" at Antioch, they "departed unto Seleucia, and from thence they sailed to Cyprus." After nearly five hours' riding, we turned up over a hill, where we saw curious cavern tombs, and the remains of an underground aqueduct; and after riding over a flat plain, we arrived suddenly at the edge of a steep descent into a deep, close dell, between the plain and the foot of the mountain. The banks of the dell were thickly covered with shrubs and shady trees in tangled masses, through which a hundred streams were dashing in cascades of snowy foam, with loud and half deafening music: this beautiful spot was the famous grove of Daphne, where wild revels were annually held by the thousands of pilgrims who came to enjoy its deliciousness. Of the noble Temples, dedicated to Apollo, which long ago adorned the groves, whence the mysterious voice of the Oracle issued, not a trace now remains, except in the stones of a dozen corn-mills turned by the once sacred streams, and still surrounded by the thickets of bay and aromatic shrubs sacred to the gay god: the sacred cypress has disappeared also, and is replaced by mulberries and

figs,— the words of ancient wisdom are hushed, prophecy is no more, the Arcadia is withered, and nought remains to whisper legends of the "god of Love, and Light, and Poesy," but the perfumes of the groves he loved, and the echoes of the shepherd's pipe which sound sweetly through the valley. But ere these changes had been quite effected, the unholy atmosphere of this "sensual paradise" had been purified or at least neutralised by the bones of St. Babylus, a martyred Bishop of Antioch, while, much to the disgust of the priests of Apollo, a Christian Church was erected in the very heart of the sacred grove of Daphne. Julian the Apostate, however, made them happy by the removal of the episcopal remains, but on the very same night, the Temple was set on fire, it was said by the lightnings of Heaven, and the statue of Apollo entirely consumed; Julian's reign was no sooner over than Daphne was resanctified by the restoration of the holy bones to their original resting place, and the memory of the miracle became as dear to the hearts of the Christians as the oracles of Apollo had been to Pagan worshippers.

We rested for some time under the shade of a splendid lime-tree before we pursued our way along the pleasant lanes, passing through Ansayreeh villages, of neatly built houses, roofed with tiles, and with little gardens enclosed in osier woven fences: less than two hours took us to Antioch — proud old Antioch — spreading out in the broad, flat, fertile plain at the feet of the fantastic crags of Mount Silpius, — the Orontes shining brightly in its numerous windings past the city, while on the other side of the valley, many a fine peak or cone, in the rugged outline of the Amanus mountains, lost themselves in little wreaths of light mist resting here and there on their summits. Our tents

were pitched outside the town and near the river, where gigantic *sakiyah* wheels are employed to raise water into the gardens, groaning loudly and distressfully at every turn. Not far off were two huge structures built by Ibrahim Pasha as a palace for himself and barracks for his troops; only the shells have ever been completed, and from these the roofing was taken by the English Consul, with the permission of the Government, for the barracks built for the Land Transport Corps at the time of the Crimean War; it is said that the walls are going to be pulled down now,—a fate similar to that of some of our old ships, that rotted and mouldered on their slips before they were launched, and were finally taken to pieces and burned after ornamenting the dock-yards for some ten or twenty years. These ill-fated buildings were raised from materials, taken by the Pasha, from the ancient walls and fortifications of the city.

Antioch retains its ancient name in the Arab appellation of Antākie: its site like that of Seleucia, was chosen by Seleucus Nicator, from the alighting of an eagle after sacrifice on Mount Silpius, and named by its founder after his father Antiochus: it is royally well placed. During the 300 years which followed its foundation up to the Christian era, the kings of Syria delighted to add fresh beauties to their metropolis: temples, palaces, colonnades, and bridges adorned the streets: Pompey added new temples, baths, theatres, aqueducts, and a basilica. These, and the grand colonnade leading from the city gate along the Berœa or Aleppo road, must have been standing in undiminished glory when Barnabas the Apostle brought Paul from Tarsus to assist him in "opening the door of faith" to the Gentiles of Antioch, who were the first converts that called themselves by the name of Christians. The

good seed sown by them, grew and increased, and brought forth fruit abundantly, watered from time to time by the blood of some martyr, and sending out into the world, fathers and confessors of the faith, and scholars of great renown, from whom she earned the name of "the Eye of the Christian Church," until about 600 years after Christ, when the Persians under Chosroes destroyed the whole city. Once more rebuilt by the Saracens, she saw the first onset of the Crusaders in Syria; they had already undergone some sufferings in crossing Asia Minor, and many a ghastly corpse had strewed the mountain passes of Cilicia, but the superhuman sufferings that afflicted them during the seven-months' siege of Antioch, were only equalled by the superhuman valour which distinguished the army of Godfrey de Bouillon — the horrors of famine and pestilence had been brought on by their own improvidence, and the shameless sensuality which pervaded the camp — jealousy of each other hampered every measure and protracted the duration of the siege—and only treachery at length enabled a small body of men to scale a distant postern, when nearly every man, woman, and child in the city was massacred by the Christian troops, in June, 1098.*

Much of the Roman fortifications are still standing and can be descried from a great distance: as they are carried straight up the steep sides of the mountain, they are very fatiguing to examine: the finest portion, however, is within an easy walk along a good path. This part is the "Iron Gate"† which defended the

* See James's "History of Chivalry."

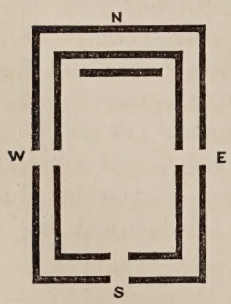
† The "Iron Gates" of this Pass are usually confounded in descriptions of the sieges of Antioch, with the bridge on the plain at the north side of the town: this bridge was closed at one end by iron gates,—hence the mistake.

eastern end of the city from the attack of an army stealing in through the narrow mountain pass on the southern side — the only road from whence they could be hidden from the citizens. The ravine, which is excessively narrow and lofty, turns with a sudden *elbow* round the end of Mount Silpius, and is filled up with a solid wall of masonry (built with intervening lines of Roman red tiles), fitted to the rough natural sides of the gorge as if the walls had grown into the rocks: it stands across the ravine rising to about half the height of the mountain; from thence another wall ran up the dizzy height to the summit, where it met the many-towered wall that had come up from the western end of the town, and had passed frowning along the mountain top — looking down from this height and enclosing all one side of the city. Just at the summit are the remains of a Church dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul: and here the city wall was built in a row of arches, open on one side, easily distinguished from the city. The wall descended from the Iron Gate into the plain, passing below the ancient Church of St. John, lately purchased by the French with a piece of ground for a cemetery. This church is in fact a very ancient excavation from the living rock — two pillars have been left standing in front as a portico. In one corner, close beside the altar, is a small well, and the grotto seems to have been excavated some way further: the colours on the sides can still be traced: and the simple rude solemnity of the time-honoured spot seemed a fitting place for the streams of living eloquence poured forth to the scholars and disputers of the proud old city,

"awed by truth divine
Breathed through the golden lips of Chrysostom!"

Some way above this, and only to be reached by a steep scramble up the cliff, there are some curious colossal figures sculptured on the face of the rock,—one is a female head and figure down to the waist, the features are worn away but the hair is still distinct, parted in the centre and rolled back,—beside her stands a full-length male figure; they are supposed to be Egyptian —why, I do not know: they are curious, and the view over the beautiful plain from them, is fine. The ancient Aleppo gate, Bab Bulus — Gate of Paul — is still standing — a handsome archway shaded by a fine lime-tree: thence the wall may be traced through the plain half way to the bank of the river, and at a short distance beyond it are some very remarkable and mysterious remains. First, there is a series of thirteen masses of solid masonry, shaped like buttresses — the height of each is fourteen feet and the width fifteen feet — but, as there is *no trace* of any wall which they had once supported, they must have been erected for some other other object: nothing is now to be seen but the heavy masses of stone and cement.

At the distance of a hundred yards or more from these, are some massive, broad walls, built in two oblongs one within the other (as in the accompanying diagram) with an opening on three sides: these walls are fourteen feet high and twelve feet thick and are built of an extremely hard cement: at the northern end inside both is a detached mass of masonry of the same width and height as the wall and at the same distance from the inner one as they are from each other. It is difficult to imagine for what



purpose these walls could have been originally constructed: the only conjecture that seems in the least probable is that it was a theatre for sea-fights, the part between the walls being always kept full of water with gates to let it pass at pleasure into the inner court: the spectators may have been placed on the top of these thick walls, to which they mounted by exterior steps; the proximity of the spot to the river seems to favour this idea — it has also been suggested that the buttresses supported an aqueduct bringing water to this theatre, but they do not appear to lie in connection with this building, nor to have any special adaptation to an aqueduct.

The walls of the city, in the plain, are still very distinct — very fine walls they have been and marvellously massive: history tells that they were wide enough for two chariots to drive abreast on them. We were very much pleased with Antioch — there is much variety in the scenery — the mountain peaks are more sudden and varied than is usual in Syria — the plain is particularly rich — and the river is a very noble stream; in its days of glory Antioch must indeed have been magnificent, — it was called the third city in the world. It is a remarkably healthy place: the strong breeze down the wide, open valley blows away all miasma, so that fevers and epidemics are little known. The people are somewhat fanatical, but thrifty and industrious.

We left Antioch after a few days' most pleasant sojourn in the hospitable house of our Consul, and wended our way along the rich, flat plain, fording many small streams and passing several ancient ruined bridges and aqueducts, around each and all of which were complete forests of oleander. After about five hours' slow riding we turned up one of the defiles of the Amanus moun-

tains, and reached a large ruined khan where we expected to find our tents all ready,—but our interesting Arab cook—a man we had engaged at Latakia—had piled up all the luggage in a heap, and was sitting quietly smoking beside it when we arrived, coolly remarking that he "couldn't think where to pitch them." It was then quite dark and the pitching was slow work—so that we fell fast asleep on the grass while waiting, and were much astonished when at 11 P.M. we were wakened with the announcement that dinner was ready.

Our ride, on the following day, was a lovely one: we wound up the steep pass of Beylan, enjoying beautiful views of the plain of Aleppo and the great lake—Bahr el Abiad—stretching far away, while our path led among the most charming glades and glens filled with thick forests of various kinds of oak and pine, filled up with judas-trees, laurustinus, and myrtle, while the pass became continually higher, grander, and more richly wooded. I do not remember anywhere in Syria so fine a pass: the scenery and foliage of the valley itself is worthy of the Mysian Mount Olymyus—but the views from it are not equal to the magnificent surroundings of Broussa. Almost the whole way the old Roman road was invisible, but the broken remains were worse than the roughest natural ground, and fortunately there is usually a narrow track beside it. Beylan is known in all history as the "Iron Gate of Syria"—it is the only entrance into the country from the Gulf of Issus—now called of Iskenderoon—and it is not easy to enumerate its various appearances in history. The armies of both the First and Second Crusade passed through the long defile, weary and wayworn, with but few remaining of the gallant thousands that had started from Europe:—

Alexander the Great, flushed with the utter defeat of the Persian army under Darius Codomanus, the last king of that great empire, triumphantly advanced through the "Iron Gates" for the conquest of Phœnicia, which ended in the capture and destruction of Tyre: — and along here the "Son of Consolation," the Apostle Barnabas, went from Antioch, to seek Saul, the zealous convert, at his home in Tarsus, and brought him back to teach much people at Antioch.

The caravans to Aleppo and Antioch all pass along this road, and we found it gay with passengers. In about three hours we came in sight of the town, most picturesquely perched on ledges of the mountain, up both sides; the gorge is throughout excessively narrow, with only room for a powerful torrent at the bottom, but the depths are bridged in several places with fine aqueducts mounted on double arches, and its sides are richly ornamented with wood, from out of which a thousand foamy cataracts come tumbling down with marvellous beauty: it is a place for any kind of romance — there is such variety and grandeur in the scene at every step. Various Sultans have at different times, enriched the town with Mosques and other buildings, but there is nothing handsome about it now — it is but an enchanting combination of wild, savage, and fantastic rocks, luxuriant foliage, graceful cascades, and shelf after shelf of yellow-brown houses each with its little dome and open verandah, clinging round the deep ravines of the great chasm. The men are a very fine-looking well-dressed set, and bear a good character — the women, soft-eyed and handsome — but they wear the most frightful dress — an *eezar* or cotton sheet enveloping the figure from the head to the feet in one great bundle, of a deep brickdust red!

We found a delightful garden just beyond the town, where we encamped under the shade of fine pomegranate trees, then in full blossom — whence we could make excursions, on foot, among the rocks and gardens of the ravine, until it was time to go down to meet the steamer at Iskenderoon (or Alexandretta). Just beyond the town, the road has been *cut through* the promontory on the east side of the gorge to the depth of about forty feet — this was the "Iron Gate," — here a handful of men could have kept a large army at bay for almost any length of time — so tremendously steep are the sides of the ravine. Passing round this projecting cliff, the sea burst upon our view — the vast Bay of Issus — with the beautiful snow-covered heights of the Taurus Mountains on the other side and Iskenderoon on the little plain by the shore; — our steamer was descried waiting there, even her colours visible in the clear air — we descended to the plain in two hours, winding through delightful woods all the time and enjoying the noble panorama. But after the fresh, sweet, healthy mountain air the stifling heat of the unwholesome marshy plain, reeking with fever was most disagreeable: it is said that a very little drainage would render this plain perfectly healthy and productive — the soil is very rich, but so deadly is the miasma that there are scarcely any inhabitants to cultivate it; the town is a miserable collection of huts, mostly made of osiers and wattles, with the strange little sleeping-places mounted up on high poles, such as we had seen at Banias, to ensure the occupants from snakes, scorpions, &c. We did not linger longer in the town than to see the caravan for Baghdad starting on its long march, and another for Aleppo — both carry on the passengers and merchandise brought by the steamers: the road from this to Bagh-

dad is the easiest of all the land routes to that city, avoiding the great heat and fatigue of the Palmyra Desert, and passing through green meadow-land the whole way, — the caravan marches to Mosul, and the passengers then descend the Tigris to Baghdad.

I had a raging headache — for the Jerusalem fever then lurking in me was brought out instantly by exposure to the slightest miasma — and it was therefore with but half-opened eyes that I saw the shores of Syria receding from us as we pushed off in the little boat from Iskenderoon. Exactly one year and one week had elapsed since we had first touched the shores of Syria in this very spot, when the snowy mountains and the glowing oleanders had given us as sweet a welcome as they now bade us a kind good-bye: then — much as we anticipated and expected, we little knew the pleasure and happiness in store for us; — now — the serene days of our dear little mountain home — the magnificent country rides — the glorious Desert and the wild Bedoueen — the long, long stay in the desolated but ever Holy and beloved City — bright and sunny hours with kind and valued friends — all rushed into my mind, and made my heart sink with the same feeling as that of parting from a long and tenderly loved companion, as my foot quitted that sandy shore.

Farewell, most Holy Land — Farewell, dear and beautiful Syria; already the blood of her massacred natives was crying out from the earth, and the flame and the smoke of her burning houses was rising into the unclouded sky, and yet we dared to hope and believe that the day will come when industry and enterprise will be spread throughout the country, and happy homesteads clothe the mountains and fill the pleasant valleys — when truth and justice and honesty

will be found in every village, and honour in every heart, — and, better than all, when Salvation by the Cross of Christ, Whose Blood was shed for us in that sacred country, will be proclaimed from north to south, from end to end, making "the Desert blossom like the rose."

CHAP. XXIV.

KNIGHTS OF THE PAST AND HEROES OF THE PRESENT.

We had written by the steamer of the previous fortnight to engage horses to be ready for us on landing at Mersina, and the English Consul obligingly sent a boat and kawass to bring us on shore early in the morning, as we were anxious to occupy the time of the steamer's stay at Mersina in visiting the fine ruins of Pompeiopolis or Soli — now called Mezetlu; it is about five miles from the town, the ride passing near the seashore, along a plain densely covered with thickets of myrtle, and a few oleanders: two streams are crossed, both pleasantly shaded by trees.

Soli was peopled by a colony from Rhodes, and is mentioned by Strabo as a city of renown: it was destroyed by Tigranes, king of Armenia, and re-built by Pompey, who gave it his own name. The port was enclosed by two fine jetties with circular ends, constructed of large stones, secured by iron clamps, and filled in with rubble — much of these still remain, but at the time of our visit a Turkish boat was loading with the stones at the end of each jetty, to use in some other building — and perhaps by this time both have disappeared. Opposite the harbour, at a short distance from the shore, there once stood a noble portico, at the commencement of an avenue of 200 columns which led up to a Temple further inland: forty of these

columns are still standing on one side and four on the other — and the ground is strewed with their fallen drums; at the southern end some stones yet remain above the columns enough to show that it was once vaulted over, so as to form a covered way — but it is remarkable that some two or three of the columns are shorter than the rest,— most of them are about thirty feet high and plain, but some are fluted vertically, others spirally — all have acanthus capitals, amongst the leaves of which heads of Venus and Hercules also appear: the work of all is poor and not in good taste — they are now enclosed in deep groves of myrtle and laurustinus, &c.

Near this are the remains of a once fine theatre now almost buried in the soil; it was built of white marble and had a cornice running all round the top, of wreaths sculptured with tragic masks: some of the vomitories still remain — the figure of a Venus, life size, sculptured in white marble, but broken, was found here. The city walls are also traceable, with the ruins of small forts all round them — and the tombs are said to be peculiar and very interesting, resembling the large and very curious mausoleums discovered at Tarsus.* This little expedition was very pleasant — full time is allowed for it by every French steamer, and horses, of some kind, are always procurable.

We found the town of Mersina perfectly full of Circassians (Tcherkesses): these poor creatures belonged to a tribe called Nogay, and of course became Russian subjects from the time of her conquest of the Caucasus, but, being Mooslims, and very much attached to their religion, they could not endure being under the yoke

* See a detailed account and plan of the Ruins in Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort's "Karamania."

of Russia, and they, therefore, about two years ago, applied to the Sultan for his protection and assistance in emigrating from the hated empire. The Sultan acquiesced in their demands, and sent ships to Kertch and Poti to bring them off: at first the Turkish Government allowed them three piasters a day per head, and promised each man a bullock and agricultural implements — but neither were ever forthcoming, and when the number of emigrants amounted to some thousands, the money could no longer be given; they came down in lots of from 800 to 1000 at a time — men, women, and children — fine, active fellows, and, as we were told, excellent workmen, but there was nothing for them to do; and horrible as their sufferings were during the three weeks' or month's voyage, usually without food or covering, huddled on the decks*, yet they were scarcely more miserable than on arriving at their destination.

The Sultan gave them a small island in the Sea of Marmora and the great plain of Adana and Selefkeh, reaching to Adalia and Koniah — and on this they were turned out as soon as they reached Mersina — at the time of our visit they already numbered 20,000,— 13,000 having died between their homes and their destination! On arriving they fought a whole day with an Arab tribe, that had attacked five of their number, who had been sent up some little distance to purchase cattle — the Tcherkesses gained the day; they had scarcely a piaster between them, and who could blame them if they took to highway robbery, simply to prevent starvation? The authorities did what they could, but among such enormous numbers, with 12,000 more ex-

* In one instance more than 1000 were shipped on board a steamer of 500 tons.

pected in a few weeks, what could be done? pestilence was already beginning among them, and during the summer months would inevitably thin their numbers, —in one year, the rich and beautiful plain would amply repay cultivation and draining, but how were they to find seed to sow, or tools to work with, even if they could struggle through that one year?

They were a very fine set of tall, well-made men though but few were in the least handsome, the Mongolian type being too strongly marked in their features —the high cheek-bones, still more prominent from starvation—the sloping eyes, and large, long teeth, give a mingled impression of fierceness and cunning which is not pleasing; we saw some rather pretty women among them—but their costume is ungracious in the extreme: a badly-made cotton gown *à l'Européenne* and a handkerchief tightly tied over the head and round the neck. The men wore long gowns of very thick brown woollen stuffs, like the old Jews at Jerusalem, tied in at the waist with leathern thongs, and six or eight cartouches sewed outside these coats, looking like a couple of rude Pan's pipes on each breast. Their head-gear is a huge, round muff of the coarsest sheepskin, with the long wool unshorn, dyed a dark brown, and looking very droll over the unkempt black locks which hang down beneath them.

We have spoken before of the exceeding beauty of the southern coast of Asia Minor,—it suffices now to say, that after all the splendid country we had seen since we came along this coast in the previous spring, it seemed quite as beautiful as before — since if the fortnight later had melted some of the snow from the lovely mountains, it had also brought out more and more of the foliage and flowers. Alas, the foliage

will not long add its delightful charms to this coast — for it is fast disappearing, owing to the horrible habit of the natives of setting fire to any tree they want to use instead of cutting it down: of course the fire is communicated and a thousand trees are burned where one was needed; every year the decrease of wood becomes more apparent, and often and often these terrible fires are watched from Rhodes burning for two or three days at a time, to utter waste and ruin.

We reached Rhodes early on the morning of the 18th of May, and were glad to have a few days of rest in that pleasant climate and the hospitable house of our Consul. The island was now looking pretty; the plane trees, for which Rhodes is celebrated, were fresh, but shady; the judas trees in the hedges were in full blossom; the gardens bright and gay, while the air was laden with flowery perfumes, borne on the gentle sea-breezes which keep the summer temperature of the island at a very agreeable coolness. The environs of the town are pretty; the varied outline of the little bays, as well as the beautiful coast of the mainland, Anatolia, opposite, add much to the beauty of the scene. The suburbs were full of the unfortunate Tcherkesses, some of whom had been dropped here instead of going on to Mersina — hungry and homeless, here as there, sitting chiefly in the cemeteries, waiting for employment, or to be sent on further.

We went on the following day with the Consul and his wife to call on the Colonel commanding the Turkish troops at Rhodes, Suleiman Bey: he speaks English well, having passed five years at Woolwich for his education. Under his care we were shown over the Barracks, once the Convent of the Knights, usually called the "Hospital" in memorial of the first building of any kind that the

Christians were allowed to possess in the Holy Land, viz. an hospital for the reception of such pious pilgrims as fell sick at Jerusalem, for whose nursing and protection the Order of the Knights of St. John was instituted in 1048. It is built in the same shape and form as that the ruins of which are still in part existing, in the Holy City, which the Knights so unwillingly quitted, but this building is larger: it is a square of four arches on each side, and of two stories, covering a wide corridor into which the rooms open; one side was wholly taken up by a very fine hall—the ancient Refectory—with a ceiling of cypress* wood (a durable wood of a pretty red-brown colour, with a pleasant perfume and the property of resisting the intrusion of any and all insects): the arches of the hall, ornamented with cable mouldings and leaves, are supported on very short columns, the capitals and bosses bearing the shields of the Knights. All this building the English-taught Colonel makes the soldiers keep beautifully clean and nice: they have also a small court containing twenty-four streams of water issuing from Saracenic mosaics in marble, for their ablutions. We went into the great kitchen which was perfectly clean and tidy, and tasted the dinner of boiled rice, suet, and beans, preparing for the soldiers; five times a week they have meat.

With all this seeming comfort there was yet discontent and misery among them, for these soldiers had been sponge-divers, or sailors, or artisans of various lucrative handicrafts from which they earned enough to support their wives and families, besides serving as a sort of militia-men occasionally: now that their Government has seized them and made them soldiers perforce, they have

* This wood is frequently misnamed "Cyprus wood;" there is no wood peculiar to that Island.

but one piaster a day for their pay, and of course their wives and families are starving. These poor wives had come up in a body, only a few mornings before, to the English Consul, weeping and wringing their hands to entreat his interference, and could scarcely be persuaded that he could not settle it all, and make them comfortable by "one English word" to the Pasha!

Then we went up the famous street of the Knights' "Auberges" or Priories: it was here that, ten years after they took possession of the island, they were divided into the eight "languages" of the Order: only five of the eight Priories still remain distinguishable. The first is that of England, bearing a shield with the arms of Peter d'Aubusson, the Grand Master, who won for the fortress the title of the "Buckler of Christianity" during the First Siege of Rhodes, — the date is 1483: then comes the Priory of Italy bearing the arms of Fabrice de Carretto the last Grand Master before the Second Siege, and the date 1519; then the Priory of France, the best preserved of all, as it has received some little care and attention in modern days; the door has some elegant mouldings of the usual twisted cable — the Saracenic type — with small columns, and bands of the same mouldings between the floors; and the motto over the door "*De France le gñt* (grand) *prior F. Emery de Amboise* 1492;"—the Cross of the Order and the three pales of Amboise: and two scutcheons leaning on lions rampant with three nails on each, the *canting* arms of Pierre Clouet the architect. Then two tablets bearing the arms of the Order and of Amboise with the legend "*De Amboise em gñt prior;*" later tablets with the arms of Villiers de L'Isle Adam, and a scutcheon of the royal arms of France dated 1495, with the legend "*Voluntas Dei*" underneath, Saint Louis at

the sides, and "*Dieu* (ayde) *le pélerin*" above it; then the scutcheon of Amboise again, and the Cardinal's hat presented to Pierre d'Aubusson; and after this his shield and that of the Order placed at the left-hand end on his death by his successor Emery (or Almeric) Amboise.

A little beyond is the Chapelle de France, bearing five shields set in a cross with the arms of France in the centre and the legend "*Capelle Francie*," the arms of the Order and of the Grand Master Fabrice de Carretto: this building, finished in 1519, replaced another which had been destroyed in the First Siege as the inscription denotes by initials "R(everendus) D(ominus) F(rater) P(ierre) P(apefust) B(ases) R(estauravit) 1483. There is also a little preaching pulpit, stuck on the outer wall, such as one still sees in Italy, with a small staircase from the street.

Opposite to this is the Priory of Spain and Portugal, with the scutcheons of the two nations united, of the Order, of d'Amboise, and of two Commanders. And a little further on comes that of Toulouse—or Auvergne—with the inscription "*P. S. Dñs F. Franciscus Flota Prior Tholose construxit anno* 1518," engraved under the arms of France, the Order, de Carretto, and the Commander Flota.

All these, therefore, were built after the First Siege in 1480: but there is said to be still a house at the top of the Knight's Street which was built before the Siege, as it bears the arms of the Grand Master Roger (or Gerard) de Pins with the date 1356-1365; and another on the quay dated 1407: we did not, however, find these houses (which are described by M. le Comte de Voguë), and I think they must have been destroyed in the explosion. I have been thus particular in giving the names to the scutcheons, as the knowledge of them adds greatly to the interest of seeing

them, and most travellers, having but an hour or two to give to Rhodes, cannot linger long enough to decipher them easily for themselves.

Beyond the Knight's Street, the Turkish Colonel took us into the remains of the Grand Master's Palace, once a splendid building, but alas, completely demolished in the explosion of 1856, as it adjoined the Church; the walls of a few chambers, and the grand staircase are all that can be distinctly traced now, though the openings into twelve granaries under the courtyard still remain, and are used by the Turks. Opposite to the gate of the Palace are some richly ornamented windows belonging to the Church, and the tower is partly standing; the dial of its clock was found some time ago with the hands still pointing to the hour of the explosion which had so suddenly buried it in ruin!

A good idea of the old fortress is derived from a walk round the ramparts, to which the Turkish Colonel obligingly accompanied us: they afford also some charming views of the island and the lovely shore of the mainland, besides that it is pretty looking down into the town with its picturesque *bits*, remaining from the time of the Knights, its little domes and minarets, gardens and palm trees: the handsomest part is in the Jews' quarter, although on this side the Siege was the hottest and fiercest. In one corner, on the eastern side of the fortress and precisely over the Bazaar gate, originally called St. Catherine's gate, is a square tower, containing a tiny chapel, the interior of which has received three coatings of frescoes at various times, now nearly all alike destroyed save one figure, which is often called St. George, but which must have been commemorative of the well-known story, sculptured on a marble

tablet let into the wall of the great bastion of Auvergne, on the eastern side of the ramparts: viz. that of the young Knight Deodato de Gozon who, disregarding the interdiction of the Grand Master Elyon de Villanova, went out to fight and soon overcame some great monster, usually called a crocodile by the old historians, who had devoured many women and children in the island; and who was for his disobedience stripped of his habit, by his stern and angry Superior, in spite of the acclamations and gratitude of the islanders at the courage and gallantry of their deliverer; having thus punished his rebellious son, it is pleasant to add that Villanova afterwards restored him to the Order and amply rewarded him. Doubtless the details of this story are fabrications and exaggerations, but some fact of the kind is, almost as undoubtedly, true, since up to the time of the explosion the inscription on the tomb of Deodato de Gozon (he was afterwards Grand Master) remained legible, "*Ci git le vainqueur du Dragon.*" This little tower is the more interesting as it is thought to be of anterior date to the time of the Knights, and to have been one of the angular towers of the Byzantine fortification: an opinion confirmed by the appearance of the frescoes where the second and third coatings have peeled off, which seem to be of a much earlier period than the twelfth century.

The little gate by which the Turks, headed by Soliman the Magnificent, entered the city after the capitulation, has been long since walled up, but on the ramparts above, there are still scores of witnesses of the sanguinary but gallantly-withstood Siege, in the shape of balls and stone shot lying about, some of the latter thrown by "basilisks," too huge to be carried far, but whose weight in falling must have been crushing.

Many of the old guns remain also, some of them prettily ornamented; one, from which a ball passed so insolently close to Solyman the Magnificent as even to scorch his beard, was afterwards punished by the Turks by being filled up and covered externally with ugly heads of negroes stuck on in bronze!

We came back through the extensive cemeteries which almost surround the town, and puzzled a long time over the stone altars, as they seemed, which appeared every here and there, until it was explained to us that the Turks bring the corpses of the dead to the cemetery and lay them on these stone slabs to be washed before interment! a very horrid arrangement it appeared to me, to perform this office in public, for these stone tables frequently stand in the high road, close by the city gates.

But by far the most interesting part of our stay in Rhodes was spent in examining some antiques, beside which the remains of mediæval chivalry were dwarfed into trifles of yesterday—these were from an entire Necropolis of the time of the Phœnician-Greeks, which has been within the last two years discovered: they are, we were told, the only undisturbed Phœnician tombs that have ever been found anywhere. By-and-by the results of these discoveries will become more generally known than at present as their disinterment, which is but lately commenced, is carried on very quietly and secretly lest the Turks should fancy them to contain treasure and either break them up themselves or prevent us from having them. They were discovered by M. A. Biliotti, son of the English Vice-Consul at Scio, who on seeing some traces of tombs cut in the rock began to dig there for some time in vain, till in the winter of 1858–59 a part of the hill slipped and exposed some vases to view, which M. Salzmann, a French antiquarian,

pronounced to be Phœnico-Greek. Excavations were immediately recommenced, and M. Salzmann has been since commissioned by the British Museum to uncover and collect the antiquities. This Necropolis is situated about a mile from the village of Kalavardos, and is believed to be that of the ancient Camiros, the principal city of the three Dorian settlements in Rhodes, which were united in days of unknown antiquity, with Cos, Cnidus, and Halicarnassus into the Dorian Hexapolis.*

The bodies appear to have been buried usually without a sarcophagus as only a very few sarcophagi have been found; they were probably surrounded with vases &c. &c., but the whole series of tombs have been so much disturbed by earthquakes (which are very frequent in Rhodes) and their contents, as it were, intermingled, the lighter articles generally pushed up nearest to the surface, that it is impossible to judge in any way of the original arrangement of the sepulchres. Everything is found thickly encrusted with earth, which, if any damp has reached it, has eaten away the enamel: all this strongly-adhering earth has to be melted off with diluted aquafortis, and the cleaning of each, even of the smallest vases, is the work of many days with constant watching; then the polish of the enamel is afterwards renewed by the friction of the naked hand. The vases are of all sizes, from about three feet in diameter down to a few inches, and of every conceivable form, each one more graceful than the last; they are all covered within and without with figures, chiefly of allegorical animals and intricate patterns, generally on each the figure of Astarte in the form of a female face with the body of a bird: with but few exceptions they are in black and red, the latter in various shades: on

* Herodotus, book i. 144.

one of the vases there were some portions of the figures —a bird, an ornament, and a part of a shield—in a brilliant pure white enamel—but this is very rare. There were quantities of figures surmounting long bottles, or tubes, of alabaster or stone, evidently idols for worship: and a vast number of small idols in porcelain, pierced, as if used for amulets, charms, necklaces, &c. &c., some of them quite Egyptian, representing Pshent and other Egyptian gods; scarabei also, and a figure of the size and form of a scarabeus but bearing on its back a well-cut human face with a quantity of hair carved round it. There were numbers of small buttons, with *cartouches* on them in what we were told were Phœnician characters: and some oval pointed stones along with a great many pieces of lead of the same shape, marked over with Phœnician symbols; these are very heavy and were probably used for their slings.

Among the metal ornaments there was one band of gold, gleaming bright after a little cleaning, with a rich pattern beaten in it: a gold bracelet with a lozenge pattern cut out from it: an olive crown where the leaves had been made in bronze and afterwards gilt, and the fruit added in porcelain: and one most delicately made wreath of myrtle with the berries hanging down, all in gold—which made one fancy the fair head the pretty thing had probably once adorned;—there is another golden ornament, so commonly found in the tombs that M. Salzmann conceives it must have been a Hiëratic ornament which each corpse was obliged necessarily to wear, perhaps as a kind of passport of the soul, or credential of salvation and sanctity —it is an oblong plate, about two inches long, always bearing a figure of Astarte on it, and with little bells hanging from the lower end: sometimes two birds

perched on the upper corners form the hooks by which the ornament was fastened on. There were a great many lamps, some of them very pretty in shape, and natural shells now commonly found in the Island: these with many little boxes and odd things are supposed to have been playthings placed in the tombs of children. Nothing remains of the dresses worn by the corpses, save numbers of tiny rings and beads in blue porcelain, with which they are supposed to have been embroidered; and only very few bones remain, but some have been found, curiously enough, *pierced through* by the roots of a tree! and one skull, that of a woman, of the Circassian type, not Semitic: but from this no inference can be drawn as it might have been the skull of a slave.

It is to be hoped that this beautiful and deeply interesting collection,—the whole of which is due to the untiring perseverance and ingenuity of M. and Mdme. Salzmann and M. Biliotti,—will not lie for many years embedded in the cellars of the British Museum, as, happily, they will not take up very much room when they are exposed to the Public view.

Some writers have thought that the word Rhodes was derived from the Phœnician for a serpent, but it seems more natural that the *riante* and fertile island should have so been named by the Greeks from the abundance of roses which blossom there,—a specimen of which was stamped on one side of the ancient coins of the country in her days of proud independence.

We left Rhodes at midday on the 23rd of May in the Austrian steamer "Elleno"—about the very dirtiest old tub that I should think the paternal government could possibly keep for the unhappy passengers whom they convey. Our companions were numerous, but the *human* ones were pleasant—the weather, however, was

stormy and conversation was not much in fashion that day; I sat on deck watching the islands, as we rolled past them, looking all the prettier for the heavy broken clouds and sudden lights of the changing sky. We had now entered the "White Sea," as the Turks and Greeks call the Ægean, and were among the Sporades — a number of apparently barren rocks, within whose little valleys and tiny plains generations of men have been born whose names will be written in some of the brightest pages of the history of Heroism that the world has ever known. The Sporades, with the exception of about half a dozen islands that lie close to the Thessalian coast, belong to Turkey and are nominally under the government of the Pasha of Rhodes; but the inhabitants are a thoroughly independent people, and more frequently hoist the Greek flag than the Turkish on their ships.

We had thought of making a little tour among the splendid scenery of Crete (Candia), but the summer was too far advanced, even if the unsettled state of the Cretan peasantry would have permitted us to do so in safety. I can, however, imagine nothing pleasanter than spending a year or two among the Archipelago islands, gliding over the exquisitely blue sea, examining the thousand differences that exist between one island and another, instead of the somewhat monotonous likeness they bear to each other at a distance — extracting little treasures of antiques from their classic soils, and listening to the thrilling tales of their heroic wars. Great numbers of pretty things are constantly found in the islands, and they would probably repay a more careful search; ancient Greek tombs abound in Scarpanto, Nisyros, Kalymnos, and Stampalia, — and in these, gold and silver ornaments are constantly found; Greek vases, cups, and statuettes, are often picked up,

especially in the two latter: these researches would be the pleasantest in Stampalia, in which, for some unknown reason (which is, however, a *fact*), no serpent or venomous reptile will live—if such are imported, as they sometimes are in firewood from the mainland, they die almost immediately.

Most of these islands subsist now upon the products of the sponge fishery, the young men are the divers for gathering them, while the elderly men form the robust and hardy seamen. A good diver can make from eight to ten dives in a day,—the constitution is, however, soon impaired by the laborious life if carried on too long; but in olden times, and perhaps still, no youth was considered by the island maidens eligible for a husband, until he could remain a certain time, fixed by law, under the water. Accustomed as we are to the pretty sand-coloured articles we buy, we should be a little surprised at being offered the sponge in its native state; when freshly torn off from the rocks it is covered with a thin but tough black case, inside of which is the sponge growing in a lake of white liquid like milk. The sponge-gathering is a very lucrative business, extending as it does over a vast area of sea, for the annual value of the sponges taken in Kalymnos alone amounts to about 25,000*l.* sterling! This island has 260 boats and employs about 1650 men and boys; the average depth of the finest sponges is 30 fathoms, those of an inferior quality are gathered at lesser depths: the finest are sent to Great Britain: they cost in Smyrna about three-quarters of the price that they are in England, but on the coast of Syria we got very good sponges, well-sized and fine, for one or two shillings each.

Some fine mediæval castles ornament these islands, especially in Stampalia, Cos, Leros, and Patmos:

many standing columns still remain, capitals, and bits of sculpture that have survived from the ruins of ancient Greek temples. At Leros, an ancient granary was lately discovered, which on being opened was found to be full of Indian corn, which must have been there since the beginning of the 16th century at least, when the Knights gave up Rhodes and all the small dependencies round them. On Cos (then called Lango, from which perhaps it derives its present name of Stanco), they erected a large castle, embedding in its walls some fine slabs of classic sculpture; and around this island they many a time gallantly repulsed the attacks of the Turks, the eccentricities of the coast, which runs out into peninsulas as if it was playing at hide-and-seek with the islands, enabling them to perform some amusing tricks of war; on one occasion the commandant of the fortress contriving to cut off the two foremost of the galleys, hastily landed the Turks they had contained, and sailed back among the enemy's fleet in their own vessels, filled, however, with Christian sailors, when to their astonishment their seeming brothers opened a broadside upon them, and speedily carried the nine vessels and their crews triumphantly into port!

At Lemnos the remains of the famous Labyrinthus — the columns still erect — are as yet unexplored; while on Patmos there still exists part of a very fine acropolis on the top of the mountain, the lower parts of the walls being cyclopean. Patmos is famous for its beautiful women, and learned professors; the monks pretend to be poor but they are enormously rich: it seems to be a very interesting island to visit.

But the islands which possess the most living interest at present are Cassos (or Caxo) and 'Psaria, the sound of their names alone suffices to thrill many a heart with

admiration and sympathy. Cassos we had passed in coming from Egypt, but we were then too sea-sick even to look at the picturesque and world-famous rock. When, in 1821, the news came that the Greeks had borne their dreadful yoke long enough, and had risen to arms under Alexander Ypsilanti, the bold hearts of Cassos fitted out several small vessels — all they had — well armed and manned, and proceeded to the coasts of Syria and Egypt where they captured a great number of vessels, much larger than their own, with valuable cargoes on board. They next made a descent upon the island of Rhodes, and managed to drive the Turks out of the villages into the fortress. With a portion of the proceeds of the booty they had thus obtained, they bought 120 guns of heavy calibre with some of which they fortified their own little island; with the remainder they armed eight vessels, and with this squadron they hastened to the succour of their brethren in Crete (Candia), affording them most timely relief.

Elated by all this success, the little squadron in the following year appeared off Alexandria, and, after a very sharp engagement, four of their vessels captured a large Egyptian man-of-war in the very sight of the port: while the other four vessels ran into the port of Damietta, and made prizes of twenty ships lying there laden with corn, ready to start with their provisions for the Turkish fleet. They then sailed back to Crete and blockaded the Mahommedan towns in that island. Naturally enraged at all the damage which this little body of hardy and courageous men had inflicted on his Turks, Muhammad 'Ali, Pasha of Egypt, made several energetic attempts to get possession of the tiny island, but he failed in them all and was finally obliged to recall his ships. But in the summer of 1824, he sent a Turkish fleet of forty-

five vessels and surrounded the island with them,—after repeated efforts to effect a landing, in all of which they were still disappointed, the Turkish Admiral was on the point of raising the blockade, when a Rhodiote pilot on board his ship, offered to land a body of men. Forty gunboats were accordingly placed under his orders, with which he appeared off a place called San Giovanni di Maritza, and then, to deceive the Cassiotes, he stood out into the offing in the direction of Crete. When it became dark, however, he returned and hid his gunboats among the deep caverns and creeks running in from the sea and under a steep mountain. The next night he landed with all his men, they jumping on shore from the yards of the gun-boats on to the extraordinary rocks which had so well hidden them. The poor Cassiotes fought long and gallantly for some days, and would really have driven back their enemies, had not reinforcements arrived from the Turkish fleet — then the island was taken, but not before the greater number of those who could bear arms had fallen. Old men, women and children were massacred in cold blood by the Turks; and about 2000 women and children were taken away and sold as slaves ; so that the population, which had been in 1820 about 13,000 souls was reduced to 3000. The island is now beginning to recover from its losses.

'Psaria we passed in the middle of the night about a month later, and I greatly regretted not having seen the birth-place of so many bold hearts and sturdy frames; this island contains scarcely ten geographical miles, and the people depend wholly on commerce for their subsistence, as the island itself can produce but food enough for three months' consumption; yet they have some really good schools, and the 'Psariote men,

though almost always at sea, keep their families comfortably supported by their gains. During the war the 'Psariote marine obtained complete mastery over the immensely superior number of Turkish vessels, chasing the enemy even into the Dardanelles, under the brave leader Canaris and some others; the Sultan at last in July 1824 sent down the Capitan Pasha himself with 200 ships and an enormous number of troops on board; they surrounded the island, the inhabitants of which had then been increased by about 5000 refugees and soldiers from various parts of Greece; attacked on all sides, the unhappy islanders were butchered, the town was burnt and utterly destroyed and hardly 2000 managed to escape from the island,—the few who remained alive assembled over the powder magazine, to which, just as the Turks were scaling the walls, they set fire and perished all together in one grave under the tremendous explosion! A month after the 'Psariotes retook their island from the Turks and the peasants mostly returned to it, but the richer men settled at Syra; before this destruction of the island the 'Psariotes were the best shipwrights and the best seamen in the Levant, and their ships were models of naval architecture; now the island possesses only 60 trading boats and no vessels of its own; but there are 40 large vessels, built at Syra, of about 8000 tons in all, which make voyages all over the world under the Hellenic flag, and are manned and navigated by 'Psariote seamen.

The next day beamed more brightly upon us and pretty and green were the coasts of Khios (or Scio) and the mainland as we turned into the lovely gulf of Smyrna: the sunset lighting up the bright little meadows and the richly wooded hills and lofty rocks, as we glided along through shoals of jolly por-

poises tumbling about in the water: then it faded off from the white houses and red roofs of the city, and left us in darkness as we came to anchor, to our great disgust too late for *pratique* that night; down in the dirty steamy cabin we had to sleep another night, our condition not improved by the perfumes of the water around us: the darkness therefore was scarcely dispelled before we exchanged the marine fleas for their terrestrial cousins, and took up our old quarters in "les deux Augustes."

The bazaars, no longer very Oriental or new in our eyes, were all we had to amuse us while waiting five days for a steamer to Athens; we might have made some pretty excursions, for the neighbourhood of Smyrna is interesting in every way, but the low fever from which I was suffering clung to me, and the weather was too hot for any exertions. We could not, however, omit seeing the view from the Castle again: and, having admired it so much at sunset the year before, we took it this time at sunrise, and thought the prospect still more beautiful than before; the cypresses too are certainly finer than any we have seen elsewhere, even at Constantinople. The eighteen miles then completed of the Aïdîn railway appeared to pass through lovely country, and the summer residences of the Smyrniote gentry looked most inviting; the neighbourhood of Smyrna is indeed very charming and it is no wonder it is so universally admired.

We were by this time tolerably well acquainted with the long Gulf, but it would be difficult to weary of its beauty which we again enjoyed, as, for the *fifth* time, we steamed along its waters on the afternoon of the 29th of May,—coming, however, suddenly to a full stop near the mouth. A screw had fallen out from the

piston of our engine, and we lay for twelve hours in the same spot, thereby arriving at Syra at twelve o'clock of the following night, and missing the curious view of the island which we had much wished to see.

There are two towns in the island of Syra—the old one mounted upon the top of a steep cone out of the way of the pirates that then infested the Archipelago, and the new one down on the beach, where quays and lighthouses and stately buildings of white marble find easy communication with the vast number of ships and steamers that are always entering or leaving the harbour. The double town is picturesque and the mountain curves prettily round the bay.

Soon after sunrise we were on deck, gliding past the islands of Gioura, Thermia, Zea, St. George, and Makris: the fine cliffs of which, though wanting in vegetation are beautiful in outline, and were then finely coloured in the morning sun. Shortly after 10 A.M. the square rock of the Acropolis—recognised in a moment by its well-known portraits—became very distinct, and in another half-hour we landed at the Piræus. The wide quays, the bright European-built houses—the pretty pleasure-gardens so completely Western—and the active, working look of the people, seemed very gay and modern to our eyes, so long used to the decay and inactivity of the East: but far more surprising and very delightful did it seem, to be whirled along the excellent road in an easy open carriage, such as we had not seen since we left Egypt: our enjoyment of it was, however, soon quenched under the thick and heavy clouds of dust, that nearly overwhelmed us in the hour's drive, and which had whitened the fields of low vines into dull masses, and weighed down the olives, acacias, and plane-trees bordering the roads

—which are as straight and formal as the famous "Long Walls" connecting the Piræus with the Fair City.

The view of Athens from the sea, and the approach from the Piræus, is, I think, the least pretty of all: for myself, I was so immensely struck with the arid dreariness of the whole view, that half of my imagination of the romantic beauty of "divine Greece" vanished: my eyes and memory were so full of the rich luxuriance of colour and the endless shades of verdure and fertility in Syria and Asia Minor, that Greece—for the moment—appeared to me far more stern than sad—more dreary than lonely. And this, I fancy, is the *first* feeling of most strangers,—you must wait till the morning and the evening—the sunrise and the sunset—have thrown their "bright investiture and sweet warmth" across your eyes—till the purple and the crimson sheen of evening have mantled on the mountains—till you have watched the shadows stealing in dim haziness, scarcely veiling the dazzling marbles of the exquisite buildings, and till the turquoise blue of the calm, clear ocean has deepened into sapphire—before the mind can really take in the perfection of beauty in Athens—

> "Fairest of all! oh Queen of Cities!
> Lying beneath a lovely sky."

And, to be struck with Greece, one should come to it first from the West: after the chill north and the west, it would seem half Oriental: while to the eyes of the Eastern traveller, Greece has lost the golden halo and the glorious luxuriance of the East, without gaining (what one *then* thinks of as the greatest charm of all) the cool shadiness of the West. No place is as pretty

at midday as at any other time, and Athens loses more than most cities do: the sun too was so scorchingly hot, through the suffocating dust, that we were glad to be housed at once in the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where we found kind friends to welcome us; it seemed luxuriously delightful after the rudely simple, or uncivilised dirtiness of most of the inns of the East.

CHAP. XXV.

THE PARTHENON AND PARNASSUS.

Nearly the whole of our first three days in Athens were devoted to the Acropolis — viewing it by the earliest morning, by the sunset, and by the light of the full moon: each portion of the day throws its own perfection on the view, and the Acropolis has not been *seen* unless by all three lights. Fortunately the buildings united there need no description from my feeble pen, as drawings, paintings, and photographs of them abound,— the latter, however, give no idea of anything but the architectural detail and the general proportion, and Athens is sadly travestied in a sepia-brown representation of its marbles. The *éclatante* brightness of the beautiful stone is at no time so well seen as in the early morning, for it is dipped in a hundred dyes by the afternoon rays of the sun; the remarkable beauty of the sparkling material has, perhaps, a still larger share in the perfection of these structures than we are aware of, more even than in the transferring of the conception of the sculptor from the dark brown clay to pure Carrara marble — for there sometimes the embodied thought loses the depth of shadow and gains a cold, icy hardness, which does not harmonise with the action expressed; but in buildings one has only to contemplate the difference between the impenetrable black darkness, the heavy mysterious shadows, and the noble masses of St. Ouen

or of one of our own Northern Cathedrals, with the fanciful building up of snow, changed by fairy hands into stone, of the pinnacles and towers of Milan Cathedral, which gives such an indescribable feeling of embodied spirituality to the upper part of the building, and blends in such strange harmony with the snowy mountains in the distance,—in order to fancy the wonderful charm of Pentelican marble in pure Doric, under a Grecian sky.

I had this feeling of almost tangible spirituality in my mind whenever I looked closely at the Parthenon; —well may she be called "Minerva Parthenos" (the Virgin)—for truly she is the invincible, unscaled, untaken, Jungfrau of Athenian monuments, standing on the proud summit of her noble pedestal—elevated, uplifted above all others,—and it is no wonder that the Athenians, who knew not that "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands," should believe that the circumambient atmosphere around her Temple was fairer and purer than anywhere else, and that a "crown of light" hung eternally over the head of the virgin citadel. Strange fitness, indeed, that after various vicissitudes of paganism, the "Virgin's chamber" became a church dedicated to the Virgin Mother, and that Life of Love revealed to us in her Divine Son was there proclaimed in its full perfection and completeness such as Plato had shadowed out in his grand ideas and words as the only happy and satisfying life—that Life which *he* could only know as a still hidden problem, not an actual, finished fact. Pity that a few hundred years later the mantle of darkness should have again dimmed its lustre, and the fair building have been perverted into a Mosque,—after which it fell into complete ruin: ruined, indeed, yet glorious and beautiful still, like some noble matron who has borne her part through all

the prime of life, now fading into the silvery tresses, the bending stoop, and the lingering step of age, yet in whom, although the loveliness of youth has vanished, the soul shines forth in pure and holy spiritual beauty, while she "walks with inward glory crowned."*

"And how . . . describe
Thy Perfectness, when such thy Ruins are!"

One of the spots in the Acropolis where thoughts of the past crowd most rapidly on the mind, is when standing below the steps of the Propylæa — the giant portal, the barrier-gate, the triumphal arch which led into the Fortress and up to the Sacred Altar of Athena — completed more than three hundred years before Christ, yet still erect in proud stern majesty: the mind rapidly peoples the pavement with the solemn pageants that passed up the very steps on which one stands, while the mark of the chariot wheels, and the groove scooped by the heavy doors moving over the marble floor, still distinctly visible, seem to bridge over the two thousand years since Greece became a Roman province. Delicately glowing with the minute detail of bright colours still traceable on the friezes and mouldings, which made the lustre of the snowy marble shine still more brightly, the Propylæa with its five lofty gates, formed the magnificent object of that view; in the foreground, on the left, stood the equestrian statues of the sons of Xenophon, and on the right the small but lovely Temple of Nike Apteros: while, seen through the open gates and directly opposite the centre of them, was the splendid statue of Minerva Polias, in bronze, whose helmet and spear were discernible from the sea beyond Sunium: while mounting

* Shelley.

the steps, the Parthenon and the Erechtheum — objects dear to all Athenian hearts—were obliquely seen within the Sacred Enclosure. Now, the Propylæa forms a great hospital of its own sick and wounded; the scattered fragments, a thousand statues, urns, vases, mouldings, friezes, &c. &c., ranged upon shelves, or imbedded in square frames filled up with clay, are here carefully preserved; it is delightful to see them so well cared for, especially the immense number of valuable inscriptions: but the scores of arms, legs, noseless heads, broken fingers, bits of rounded shoulders, &c. &c., sorted under their respective denominations always reminded me of "Tate and Brady's versification of the Psalms of David with the poetry extracted."

The small Ionic temple of Nike Apteros was for two hundred years completely lost — at last some fragments were accidentally discovered *in situ*, and the whole was built up again from its own ruins, and now stands in wonderful perfection in its own place; many of its friezes are intact, but copies of those taken away by Lord Elgin ought to be sent out to replace the hiatus of others. The Nike Apteros, or Wingless Victory, expressed the proud determination of the Athenians that Victory should never be absent from their arms; they therefore represented her without wings lest she should use them in flying over to their enemies. It was from here that old Ægeus threw himself down to end the life that became intolerably bitter to him, when deprived of his beloved son Theseus, who thus received, in the death of his father, his punishment of sorrow for the desertion of the beautiful Ariadne in the island of Naxos, almost within sight of the Acropolis.

Passing through the Propylæa you are in the presence of the ghosts of the three Minervas of the Acro-

polis — the bronze statue of Minerva Promachus, which stood on a pedestal, in the great enclosure, alone in her glory: the chryselephantine statue of Minerva Parthenos, also by Phidias, which was placed within the sanctuary: and the original olive-wood statue of Minerva Polias, said to have come down from heaven, which was mysteriously concealed from vulgar view within the inner chamber of the Erechtheum.

The interior of the Parthenon was completely destroyed by the shells of the Venetians in 1687, and the central columns, six on one side and eight on the other, of the noble peristyle were thrown down: but the rest of the columns, with the beautiful porticos at the eastern and western ends, remain to delight the eyes of the world, while it is doubly sad to pass from under the rich sculptures and many columns of the exterior into the empty space and ruin within, — some beautiful fragments are treasured there, but all broken and defaced like the walls that shelter them: and the only way to fancy the Parthenon less a ruin than she is, is to stand without, where nought but the rich tomb raised upon the marble bier can be seen, from whence even the fair form of the dead maiden has been rudely torn away.

The eastern half of the Erectheum was dedicated to Minerva Polias: all the columns of the Ionic portico but one are still standing, and they look very fine in the morning sunlight. The western end had no direct entrance, but a splendid and still beautiful portico on the northern side led into the Temple, and through it to the famous Caryatide-supported portico, the Cecropium, as well as to the Pandroseum Proper. All is sadly ruined within, but outside it appears little changed, as much that had fallen has been replaced: the fragments strewn around are of exquisite workmanship. Erechtheus was sup-

posed to have been born of Atthis or Attica, and adopted by the goddess Athena (Minerva); Poseidon and Minerva, having contended for the possession of the city, the prize was adjudged to Minerva as the provider of the *best* gift, the olive tree, while Poseidon had only given the horse (of which the salt spring was a symbol): they were therefore reconciled and united within the walls of the Erechtheum, which was thus made a type of the future glory of the Athenian arms by sea as well as by land, to which union, doubtless, Themistocles and Pericles frequently referred in their exhortation to the people to make Athens a maritime power: the altar of Poseidon was placed within the sanctuary of Athena Polias, the guardian of the city, and their respective emblems of the salt well and the olive tree were enshrined within the Pandroseum. The miraculous olive tree has withered away since that Morning Sun brightened over Bethlehem which caused the death of Pan; but the marks of the trident of Poseidon are still shown in the living rock! The southern (Caryatide) portico has no entrance from the outside, and was chiefly an external ornament commemorating the sepulchre of Cecrops: it has been completely restored, the new pieces contrasting rather glaringly with the old, the workmanship of which they do not rival.

One lingers long on the western steps of the Parthenon to gaze at the view spread out before one's eyes—but this is still better enjoyed from the monument of Philopappus erected on the summit of a conical hill some little distance to the south-west of the Acropolis. Many a sunset found us there during our short stay in Athens, and my pulse quickens as I recall the indescribable loveliness of that view, dyed in hues that no paint-box can imitate. The great plain of Attica lies at one's feet, covered with the gardens that surround the city, and

the olive woods which are now, in the slanting rays of the sun, of a deep, dark myrtle green — the calm sea, like a turquoise mirror, stretches out beyond — (the white lines of the Piræus brightly marked on the shore and the pretty bay of Phalerum curving round with the ancient port of Munychia at one side) — the two lovely islands of Ægina and Salamis, dyed in deep lustrous purple, seem to lie floating on the bosom of the sea: the mountains of the Peloponnesus, in clear forget-me-not blue, range behind its distant shore, where stand Epidaurus, Methana, and Trœzen: while, to the left, the sun sinks in floods of orange behind beautiful Geranea and the other mountains on the isthmus of Corinth, all bathed in a dark, mysterious violet, — the summit of Kithæron coming in behind the sloping foot of Mount Parnes which formed the boundary wall of Attica. Gaze upon this till every lovely line is imprinted for ever on your mind — then turn in haste, and catch the last rosy glow on the Acropolis with the Parthenon exalted in lofty majesty above all: their ruin and decay veiled over by the kindly distance, and the ancient splendour almost restored in the loveliness of the golden hue spread over the noble marble fronts; — mark the crimson tint on the barren rock beneath, and the "wine-empurpled" violet of wild, stern Lycabettus and beautiful Hymettus behind them; — do not shun a hasty glance at modern Athens which then, and then only, comes out in a thousand nameless tints of delicate colours, softening the staring, upstart modernism it wears by day — and acknowledge that the whole scene is transcendently lovely! Then wait — only a few moments — till the full moon, such a moon as the clear atmosphere of Greece can show — has slowly risen above the summit of Hymettus, silvering

the purple of the mountain and gleaming on the side of the Parthenon *ere yet* the golden glow of the sunset has completely faded from the snowy marble — and look upon it unmoved — if you can!

Then you must go up to the Acropolis itself: watch the grand and solemn masses of the Propylæa with the shadows of the front columns falling across the western wing, and the dazzling brightness of the little Wingless Victory shining out from the deep shadow at its base. Go on to the Parthenon and look at the exquisite line of the imperceptibly curved steps illumined with the silvery hue — at the shadows of the columns and of the marble roof-beams falling athwart the ground and the cella wall — mark the background slopes of Hymettus and the rich, clear darkness of colour they assume under such a moonlight, — most peculiar and most sadly sweet, — and, lastly, go and stand beneath the Caryatides that still guard the memories of the daughters of Cecrops, and look at the calm, serene smile which Diana lays with her cold finger upon each marble maiden face and each stately figure! You need not despise the twinkling lights of the little town in the distance below, — kind hearts beat there, — yes, and nobly brave ones too — and the day may come when native hands and heads will arise to make Greece a *great* country as well as a free one!

Dr. Wordsworth, writing nearly thirty years ago, describes the ancient Temples of Athens as the *least* ruined among the surrounding buildings, while their grandeur and preservation was the more striking from the modern desolation around them. Athens in 1860 bears a very different aspect — thriving, busy, noisy and gay, the classical Greek has been transformed into the brightest-coloured edition of the nineteenth century

Bavarian—the massive heavy German on his side being a good deal brightened and beautified by the exhilarating atmosphere of Greece. The misfortune of modern Athens is that nothing can make the invariable German pattern harmonise with the Greek scene; the very wide streets, glaring white houses, large piazzas, and straight roads, all excellent in the North, are intolerable in the incredible dust and the scorching sun of the Southern latitude,—and, notwithstanding the gay, clean look of the town, one regrets the narrow winding lane of the Eastern city, and sighs for the latticed window, marble floors, and shaded rooms, which have here given way to Western civilization and incongruity. In 1832 "modern desolation" heightened the grandeur of the ancient buildings,—now they are rendered all the more solemn and loveable by the gay brightness and youthful impertinence around them; the majestic old eagle soars magnificently above the brood of unfeathered fledgelings, and the "tattered manuscript" of the Classics becomes the more noble and venerable from the hot-pressed pink and white binding about it.

There is one advantage in this,—that modern Athens, even in the prime of her manhood, can never interfere with the ancient: had she in any way endeavoured to imitate the old model, or forced a contrast of even the finest examples of other styles with the unique perfection she glories in, the failure would have been glaring and painful; as it is, the huge, white, unornamented pile of the Bavarian Palace — like a vast white mass with rows of black dots upon it—interferes with nothing; it is simply a very large receptacle for a very large household, and one can turn to it from the Temples and the Monuments without any kind of jar in the mind.

Thus, had the Venetian tower, built when the Acropolis was refortified by the Republic of Venice, been a highly ornamented campanile, however beautiful in its own place, it would here have been an eyesore and an impertinence: as it is, it carries its own mark of venerable respectability, and produces no discord in the mind. The very interesting and beautiful old Byzantine Cathedral of Athens would be *more* beautiful anywhere else; and one experiences a sort of mental wrench when one descends from the Parthenon, and entering the new and yet unfinished Cathedral, one feels oneself filled with admiration of the light arcades, the groups of daintily-carved columns, the upspringing domes, and the delicate poetry-in-stone of this fine specimen of the Byzantine grand-daughter of the ancient Doric.

The houses of the citizens are solid, substantial and neat, with a certain degree of handsomeness about them derived from the good stone employed in their building; they are plainly ornamented but are rather staring; there is a great fashion for gardens in the squares, and avenues of trees in the streets, but they are always so laden with dust that it seems a waste and a cruelty to plant them. For the dust at Athens is something indescribable — stifling — and intolerable; on a calm day it lies thickly upon one's tables and chairs, and penetrates even into one's bed—when there is a breeze it filters through the closed windows and fills one's hands, one's mouth, and one's hair, till one feels half suffocated. The fragile pepper trees best resist its disfiguring appearance, but the unfortunate oleanders, of stiffer growth, are really transmogrified into white and grey heaps which look most melancholy.

The Temple of Theseus, which stands on a slight rise at the foot of the Acropolis, is singularly graceful

and beautiful; thanks to St. George, (who was made to act, during the time of its occupation as a Christian Church for Hercules and Theseus, in the commemorative friezes that surround it,) it has been preserved nearly in perfection; it is low and small, but in beautiful proportion and finely finished; its contents are still more beautiful than its exterior, for it is now the Musée containing all the noblest and loveliest of the works of Art yet remaining in Athens,—some statues of Apollo, an exquisite Achilles, a Mars, a Pan, and some female figures of almost unrivalled beauty. Among them also is the famous bas-relief of the Persian warrior found under the modern soil of Marathon; while on the platform outside, are a number of venerable stone seats, brought down from the Areopagus, which were once the chairs of the judges of the Senate — the solemn Council who sat on "Mars' Hill."

One of these simple stone seats was one day occupied by an Elder of the Senate, who took his accustomed place when a dispute had to be heard upon the Areopagus, and began to listen with weariness of mind to the "new thing" the stranger had to tell, — when lo! the Spirit of God stirred within his breast: he had "felt after Him and found Him" — Him, the Christ, the Incarnate Son of God, the pure, the lowly, the all-merciful, the loving, — he saw Him in contrast with the abstract principles to which a thousand altars stood erected all around, — the shadows he had been groping after in deep darkness vanished before the firm reality and simple loveliness of Light and Truth, — and casting away at once those gods who had never saved any one of the multitudes who worshipped them by day and by night from suffering or from sin—because their religion was all selfish and self-reliant—he lifted up his heart in

the Righteousness of Christ, and accepted with humble gladness the good tidings of great joy which proclaimed peace of heart and salvation to all the world. This Elder's name was Dionysius, and the messenger who set forth the "strange thing," was Paul the Apostle. The traces of a small Church dedicated to the memory of Dionysius—who afterwards became Bishop of Athens—are still visible on the summit of the Areopagus.

No picture, however gloriously painted, can adequately portray the scene of St. Paul's discourse: to enter into its spirit and to realise its hold upon the minds of his hearers, one must behold that "worship of men's hands," "the gold, the silver, and the stone, graven by art and man's device," and embody that atmosphere of idolatry and ignorance which pervaded "all the nations of men on the face of the earth" assembled in this crowd; one must see the innumerable altars raised to the comprehended and uncomprehended attributes of the Divine Nature, or for the propitiation of gods whom they knew not, and to whom they could not even apply a name: one must feel that religious yearning which was a part of the very being of these high-hearted and excitable citizens, which vented itself in such a prodigality of material worship that Athens was called *a city of gods*,—without remembering all this, the peculiar mark and character of that singularly beautiful address are lost. Unseen, but felt, in the bosoms of the superstitious Athenians, was the immediate vicinity of the dark and awful fissure, part of which runs under the very seats of the Judges, the sanctuary of the Eumenides or Furies; probably the inner recess of the chasm and the black pool of water were then completely concealed in the Temple which once stood at the entrance: now one can look down into the very heart of the

black darkness of the gloomy and once awful cavern, of which the rocks are thought to have been split further open by more recent earthquakes. They felt that it was deliverance from the dreaded punishments they believed to be inflicted, both here and hereafter, by these terrible serpent-covered maidens, that St. Paul proclaimed there on that rocky hill by the doctrine of Repentance from their sins, along with the welcome assurance of the Resurrection from the dead. The steps up to the summit from the valley below, the stones on which the accuser and the defendant stood, and a rude bench all cut in the living rock, still remain perfect: it is to the Christian the most impressive spot in Greece.

On the south-western side of the Acropolis stands the picturesque Theatre or Odeum of Herodes: it is but little destroyed, and late in the afternoon when the sun lights up the ruddy stone and brick of the arches and shows out the graceful curve of the seats, this building is a beautiful object. The Greek plays, so full, in every line, of natural imagery and allusion to the surrounding scene, would be read with thousandfold pleasure, seated on one of those old seats, under the blue sky and breathing the sweet "pellucid air" which happily can never change.

From this, passing over the remains of the Dionysiacum Theatre,— one of the largest and grandest ever made — the eye naturally travels round to the splendid Temple of Jupiter Olympius, which became, from the length of time that passed between its commencement and its completion — seven centuries — a byword and a proverb among the Athenians, who, after all, left the Romans to finish it. It is hardly possible now to imagine how very magnificent and glorious it must have been, as, of the 120 columns which once adorned

the exterior, only fifteen now remain. A double row of columns surrounded the cella, doubled again at each end, each column 58 feet in height and fluted, surmounted by a capital of the most elegant and bold though delicate Corinthian acanthus; no other Temple could have rivalled this one unless it be that of the Sun at Baalbek, which in the general design and the richness of the detail will well bear comparison with its Athenian brother: the situations of the two are different —the Temple of Baalbek stands, with its brother Temple, upon a hill overlooking a vast plain and opposite to the loftiest portion of the wooded and snow-capped Lebanon mountains: there could not be found a finer site in itself for the noble group, but it stands alone — no other object attracts the eye: the Temple of Jupiter Olympius is placed on the level plain, commanding no distance, and backed by low and barren hills, but near to the foot of that rock which rears up aloft for the admiration of all generations one of the most exquisitely lovely of all the buildings in the world, and the glory of Greece.

The view of the Acropolis from the neighbourhood of this Temple is one of the finest that can be had — from this the abrupt rising of the rocky hill from the plain, and the steepness of its sides, are better seen than from elsewhere,— while, shining in its whiteness, the Parthenon appears, like a broken-hearted Queen, on the summit of her noble pedestal. The situation of Tadmor is, in my opinion, finer and grander than that of any of these Temples—Jupiter Olympius, Baalbek, and even than the Parthenon,—but Palmyra lacks the memory enshrined in every heart, of those centuries of Poetry and Heroism, which form the real "crown of light" fixed for ever in the sky above the Acropolis.

Bending round the eastern end of this world-famed

rock a small street anciently ran — a street of monuments raised to commemorate the victory of such-and-such a chorus in the Dramatic contests. One specimen only of the monuments is still standing, but this one is nearly perfect: it is a very small circular structure, surrounded by six Corinthian columns, and standing on a plain square base; a rich frieze and a highly ornamented roof support a beautiful pedestal on which the Tripod — the prize of the successful candidate — was placed: the name of the Chorus, in this case of Lysicrates, was engraved on the architrave. If all the monuments were as pretty as this one, the street must have been beautiful indeed.

A larger building, but not nearly so pretty, called the Temple of the Winds, stands further to the north: on its eight sides are sculptured the Winds of each season with their respective characteristics, from the lighted charcoal and thick garments of Winter to the flowers and fruits of Summer and the rains of Autumn; the beautiful capital of the doorway, uniting the Egyptian water-leaf with the Grecian acanthus, has disappeared. The most picturesque among the other ruins is the Portico of the New Agora, erected by Julius Cæsar — which stands alone, looking very majestic, but very lonely and sorrowful in the midst of the shops and *cabarets* that surround it.

We drove very early one hot morning to the cool "groves of Academe," — the "olives" are outside the walled garden in which there are some fine oriental planes (the descendants of course of those which formed "Plato's retirement"), with acacias, flowering shrubs and vines; but "the Attic bird" refused to "trill her thick-warbled notes"* for the stranger, and we were

* Milton.

only consoled by the pretty view of the Acropolis from between the trees, which is, however, a good deal prettier in the evening. The Kephissus, in summer a very poor and feeble stream just as it was in ancient times, runs in green ditches along the Academy groves, but she had just then found the road more to her taste, and we drove through pools of water, and tumbled in and out of deep holes in the most alarming manner until we were quite tired with the unusual exercise. The roads were lined with the mud walls, built in thick slabs, or cakes rather, which I had thought peculiar to Damascus: here, however, they were topped with brushwood.

Having thus been *in* the Kephissus we walked out in the afternoon one day to the Ilissus, which we crossed, stepping on pebbles over the shallow stream, and ascended into the Stadium, the traces of which are yet very perfect: a fine bridge once spanned the river — in winter a copious stream — and must have made a grand approach to the spacious semicircle, when the hill-side was lined with the ranges of white marble seats: there is something touching now in the utter loneliness and silence of the grass-grown hollow, when one thinks of the gay and excited multitude that thronged its banks to witness the races, holding in their hands the wreaths and bouquets of flowers to be showered down upon the fortunate victor; Time, with "the peacefulness of grass" has clothed

> "as if with silence and deep sleep,
> Deserted plains, that once were loud with strife," *

and not a flower was to be seen on the banks of the river that went lazily murmuring by, save the lavender

* Alex. Smith.

spray of the fragrant *agnus castus*—an humble substitute for the delicate heliotrope that once grew wild there,—a plant consecrated to Plato, as the only flower mentioned by him. Under some tall bushes of this shrub,—for not a tree remains on the bare banks of the Ilissus—we sat down to read Socrates' invitation to Phædrus to rest awhile with him under the shadow of the plane-trees there—the ruined heaps of the bridge piers were opposite to us, and a little further down was the site of the Temple of Artemis (since a Church),—but alas! we had stumbled upon the steaming carcase of a dead horse, and other abominations, and we were obliged to beat a hasty retreat. So we went on to the Fountain of Callirrhoë (or Nine Springs), where the Athenian women have washed their clothes ever since the days of Pisistratus, and were still washing (probably not the same women or clothes) when we passed by, and listened to the babble of tongues joining in loud duets with the gushing noise of the pipe-led stream.

Such was the suffocating heat of Athens at this time that the sound or sight of water was absolutely a relief: we found we could attempt nothing in the way of sight-seeing between the hours of 10 and 5, which did not leave much daylight at our disposal: the most luxurious enjoyment was to go and sit for two or three hours before sunset in the gardens of the Palace, which are thrown open with great liberality to the public, and which contain, besides some interesting Roman remains, a great variety of fine trees and flowering shrubs; they are laid out with much taste and ingenuity, especially in the beautiful tree-framed views they afford of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, &c., with the strange wild peak of Lycabettus, the slopes of Hymettus, and the islands in the blue sea; some one

of the Bavarian bands are always within hearing as one walks up and down the shady paths.

The Queen has also a large farm with a *maisonnette de plaisir* at a few miles' distance from the city, reached by an excellent road lying between gardens hedged with oleanders; there is a lovely view from the top of the small tower, and very pleasant are the avenues of white and yellow roses, the innumerable clover beds which perfume the air, and the fine trees of this carefully kept garden. The cow-house, containing about sixty cows, was worth seeing for its good order and arrangements, besides some gentle and very tame giraffes lately arrived from Egypt. This is a very pleasant drive from Athens: we went back slowly, enjoying the sight of the full moon, with Venus, a little world of glowing silver, triumphing in radiant beauty over Jupiter,—while every mountain height—Hymettus, Pentelicus, Lycabettus, &c., was crowned with immense bonfires to celebrate the King's birthday: it was most strange and weird to see the Acropolis lighted up with the brilliant, fiery glare which revealed every Temple and column in a strange, uncanny fashion. The town had been very gay and noisy all day, the German soldiers filling the streets; and when we re-entered it, the pavements outside the cafés were crowded with gentlemen and ladies, many of the former and nearly all the latter in the national costume, certainly the most picturesque man's dress possible. Everybody knows by pictures the bright waistcoat, hanging jacket, tight cloth buskins, and full white kilt or petticoat (most ingeniously made) of the Greek, which become their sharp faces and lithe figures so well: the only peculiarity of the ladies' costume is a richly embroidered jacket and a falling scarlet cap, with a long gold tassel—the skirt covers a

due proportion of *crenoline:* it is a graceful and pretty costume, especially the cap, which is arranged with immense care and art.

As we were curious to see the very varied costumes of the Greek peasants, we were pleased to hear of a great annual fête to be held on Mount Pentelicus on the 4th of June, the Festa of the Santa Trinità, and gladly agreed to accompany some friends thither. We started at 8 A.M. in a covered carriage, leaving the town by the north-east. The road crossed an apparently very long subterranean aqueduct, with openings to the air, covered with iron lids, at every few yards: and then lay over an open, heathy country, for about an hour, after which we passed through a grove of really noble old olives and some vineyards, before we came to the pretty stream of the Kephissus, and began to ascend the hill through thick brushwood of agnus castus, lentisk, and prickly oak, with arbutus, judas-tree, and abundance of yellow broom; then we found ourselves on a grassy plateau, shaded by a thick wood of lofty silver-poplars, and covered with crowds of carriages, carts, unharnessed horses, and parties of people, all busy upon wine, lemonade, coffee, and more substantial viands. We went first, as in duty bound, to the little chapel, which is ornamented with Byzantine frescoes representing all kinds of martyrdoms of a horrible and lugubrious nature: and then sat down to watch the dancers, and to examine the endless variety of costume which is really worth seeing. The fair faces of the Greek peasant women look very delicate and refined after the coarse Syrian and the ugly Egyptian women; but we saw very little real beauty among them—good eyes and eyebrows are their best feature, and their figures are as beautiful as their movements are graceful. The dancing was all

very slow and monotonous, seemingly without any particular rule: the couples went hand in hand, or followed each other, sometimes with a handkerchief twisted about between them, and the women's eyes were invariably bent on the ground. I began to sketch two or three of the prettiest women, but a great crowd gathered around me, and made merry with so many jokes and witticisms, that the husbands always snatched away my victims before I had made any progress in their portraits. At last we were invited into a little room in the Monastery, where a handsome young woman, the sister of one of the Priests, was induced to sit to me: but nothing could make the blue-satin-robed Priests understand that I wanted light and elbow-room and that I did not like their leaning over my shoulders; and the girl was so shy and modest that the picture-taking was an unpleasant proceeding on both sides and succeeded very ill: it was, however, considered very splendid by the Monks and peasants, and the poor thing was allowed to escape before her blushes had quite burnt through her cheeks.

Her dress was truly magnificent, though how she carried the weight of it, that hot day, I could not understand; and it is so stiff with its great thickness that it hides all beauty of figure. Her gown was of very thick white cloth, reaching almost to the ground, and nearly tight round her, embroidered, to the depth of two feet from the bottom, in coarse worsted and silk—chiefly dark green and orange—so as entirely to hide the material: it was open on the bosom, showing a white gauze shirt, and was bound round with a girdle of very thick crimson woollen stuff finished with tassels: every girl embroiders such a dress for herself before her marriage. Over this gown and the white apron trimmed with lace, comes

a long shapeless coat, reaching to below the knees, of double crimson cloth,—the under cloth an inch or two larger than the upper—embroidered all over with gold and a little coloured silk until it is as stiff as a board—excessively rich and ungraceful: the sleeves are long and the dress very open on the bosom, which was entirely covered with seven or eight gold chains, strung with gold coins, very tastefully arranged with Greek crosses stuck with jewels: and a necklace of a dozen strings of pearls was round her throat. The red cap was bound upon her head by a coloured gauze handkerchief, and edged with two rows of gold coins; her nice brown hair was plaited in two long braids with thick red silk cords, and enormous tassels reaching down to the ground, topped with gold and silver—a huge bunch to each braid, of which the weight was quite fearful. Over all this was a beautiful white gauze veil, richly and elegantly embroidered with gold, not hanging over the face, but swathed round the neck under the chin, and hanging down behind. Such a dress, without including the coins which seemed to be chiefly foreign monies, or the pearls, costs from 60*l.* to 80*l.* The dress of the unmarried girls is simpler, but also much embroidered.

From the little chapel above the Monastery there is a lovely view of Attica and the islands with the Peloponnesian mountains—Corinth is very distinctly seen;—and close by we found delicious cool shade beside a clear fountain, where we ate bread and oranges in preference to the sour lemonade, and bitter acrid wine (like a *tisane* of resin and vinegar), with which our neighbours were refreshing themselves. All seemed bright and happy, and we saw not the slightest sign of drunkenness, nor even heard any loud, vulgar shoutings: the road was covered with returning parties as we drove

back to Athens, riding on donkeys, or packed into rough carts which seemed to our notions highly *infra dig.* for the gold-embroidered velvet jackets worn by both the men and the women.

We had intended to make a rather extensive tour in Greece, and on arriving in Athens we had at once commenced our *préparations de voyage:* but, to our great disappointment, we were met on all sides with the most complete discouragement: the people seemed to think us more than half crazy for the very idea of travelling in Greece in the month of June. At first we assured them we had come from a hotter country, and were well inured to the sun, but when we found the very dragomans who offered their services refused to engage for excursions in the country, we began to think there "must be something in it," and we very soon learned by our own experience that the Grecian sun was not to be despised, and that Apollo, in fact, was twin brother to Baal; moreover that the air of Greece has such an effect upon the nerves, that the heat is more *irritating* and injurious there than in Syria, from the body being in a less healthy condition. On first arriving in Greece, the stranger feels exhilarated and buoyant: he realises that he is "lightly tripping through an atmosphere of surpassing brightness;"* he feels so strong and well and happy that he is delighted with himself and with everything around him: but in this very charm lies a sweet poison; the nerves, which have rejoiced in their sudden tension, are in a day or two (or more, according to the power of the sun and the constitution of the individual) strung to a pitch beyond endurance, and the result is either fever,

* Euripides.

or some form of neuralgia. The extraordinary prevalence of the latter complaint, among all classes and both sexes, must unquestionably be produced by the climate, and it seemed fully to deserve the name we heard given to it — "the curse of Attica." The stranger, after a few days, finds his new strength has unaccountably disappeared; a feeling of intense fatigue and heavy limbs overpowers his energies, — and the hot, suffocating nights bring him neither rest nor sleep; if the mosquitos will let you venture out of your curtains, you roam from room to room or from bed to sofa and sofa to bed — but you always arrive at the conviction that there was more air in the place you have just left than in the one you have just got to; your temples seem bound up with cords and your head feels bursting: and then, if you stay another month in Athens you are pretty sure to have some attack of *tic*, which will fill you full of sympathy for those Athenians who cannot leave Athens during the heat of summer.

We knew, however, that refreshing air would be found upon the mountains, and so in spite of all fears we engaged a very highly recommended dragoman, Spiro Adamopolous, to arrange a six-days' excursion for us, parting at the same time with our good Syrian Habeeb Soma, who had accompanied us thus far. We were anxious to travel in the same manner as we had done in Syria, but alas! we yielded reluctantly to the dissuasive eloquence of our new attendant—and included only beds and provisions in our engagement with him. I strongly advise no one else to listen to such dissuasions; a tent adds but one mule to the troop, and besides enabling you to stop where and when you please, it affords you peace, quiet, and a sound refreshing sleep: the dragomans are only unwilling to take it

because of course it adds as much to their trouble as to your comfort.

General Sir Richard Church—one of the heroes of the Greek War of Independence, whose kindness to us was untiring and whose advice proved most useful—provided us with letters of introduction to various gentlemen's houses, for in Greece, private hospitality still supplies the place of public accommodation: a government order, called a *Bouyourouldi*, was procured for us, which was to insure us lodging and attention wherever we demanded them. Our baggage mules and horses had been sent on the night before, as in order to lessen our fatigues, we had engaged a carriage to take us as far as the road was then completed—a seven hours' drive. We arranged to set off at 6 A.M., but not being ready till half an hour later, we were rather surprised at receiving a message from the coachman to say that he would not go at all if we delayed another moment, as he considered that a few minutes later it would be too hot to set out! the hôtel people wished us good-bye in a melancholy manner as if they thought we were going to perdition, and altogether we became very much impressed with the possible imprudence of our proceedings. It was, however, too late to draw back, and our peace of mind was soon restored by the luxurious enjoyment of the easy, comfortable, covered britschka, rolling along the excellent road with four horses, at a speed that tempered the heat by the pleasant breeze. After leaving the plain the road runs through the pass of Daphne, a narrow and pretty valley,—(not half as charming as its romantic Syrian namesake)—from whence there is a most beautiful view of Mount Geranea and the Bay of Eleusis, looking like a lake—so completely does it appear enclosed by the famed island of

Salamis,—one could scarcely even *fancy* its tranquil loveliness disturbed by the noise and strife of such a victory as that of Salamis: without a single boat, or human being, or any sign of life, the landscape seemed like a most exquisite picture,—and yet one's heart thrilled in only thinking of the two-thousand-year-old memory! Skirting the edge of the bay, we drove round to the village of Eleusis, where we alighted for a few moments to examine some excavations commenced about six weeks previously by a M. Le Norman:—the French Government having purchased some houses which were believed to cover the site of the Temple where the Eleusinian Mysteries were practised, the workmen were then engaged in laying bare its foundations, and were daily discovering capitals, drums and bases of columns, and broken bits of very beautiful sculpture, heaps of which were already collected in a little house hard by. We saw capitals of each of the three orders of architecture—one very large Corinthian capital, with richly and finely cut acanthus leaves was being then uncovered; and the pedestal of a statue, with two torches crossed on the front. There was also an enormous medallion containing the bust of an Emperor—the head broken off, but the throat remaining with the folds of his well-arranged toga on his shoulders, and on his breast the figure of an urn—the whole surrounded by a wreath of flowers—roses and perhaps some kind of lily. We walked on a little way to the site of the Temple of Ceres, from which one can see the extreme narrowness of *the* Straits where the battle was fought,—and the rocky seat on the brow of Ægaleos whence Xerxes sprang up in an agony of grief and rage at his effeminate generals.

After leaving the Bay, we struck to the right, and

followed a very pretty and wild road—marvellously winding—for

> "the upland paths
> Of Kithæron's glades are steep,"

through rocks and low woods, till we came to a little Khan, called Casae, where we reluctantly left our carriage. The house had only one room above and two below: we mounted to the upper one which was unfurnished, and lay down on the bare floor wrapped in our cloaks for an hour, but it was very hot and we were glad to leave it at 3.30 P.M. to ride up the pretty wooded gorge, and look back at the fine and picturesque Gipsy Castle, as it is now called, the site of the ancient Œnoe (Col. Leake). A cool breeze greeted us on the brow of the defile, refreshing us enough to enjoy a glorious view, when—for the first time,—our eyes beheld Mount Parnassus. On the right, the lofty snow-covered peak of Mount Delphos in Eubœa, with range behind range of mountain and hill—then the fertile Bœotian plain of Thebes and Platæa—and to the left, the hill of the Sphinx stretching out its length, like fore-paws folded, below the rugged heights of Helicon and the snowy peaks of Parnassus. The light was shining upon the white houses of Thebes—and one could not help fancying how splendid a point in the fine landscape it must have been, when the music-built walls of the ancient Acropolis yet crowned the hill on which its humble descendant now stands: one's mind too involuntarily harked back to the Egyptian No Ammon—probably the oldest city in the world—the history of whose wars and triumphs and heroes looms out from the dark and mysterious veils of the Past, only enough to know that they would be as glorious, as exciting, and as

touching, as that of its Phœnician namesake and contemporary, whose own history is also inseparably interwoven with the mythologic fables of the early dawn over Greece.

We now descended the other side of "Kithæron's wooded glades," riding among some scores of men employed in constructing the road: in the fields we observed here, and every where else in this expedition, little sheds or tents stuck up on a few sticks to shade even the poorest peasant during his field-labours; it seemed strange coming from such much hotter countries — such as Egypt and Syria, to find so many more precautions taken against the sun; yet on the other hand the peasants wear only a thin straw hat! so poor a protection from an Eastern sun would be almost fatal to a Syrian.

We reached Thebes about sunset — the approach to the town is remarkably pretty, and the principal street is substantially built; we alighted at the house of a Greek gentleman, M. Theagene, — a name dear to Theban memories — whose hospitality, already bespoken for us, was most kindly given; we enjoyed a sound but very short sleep, for — warned by the heat and fatigues of our first day, we left Thebes before 5 A.M. descending the pretty hill on which the town is built, into the plain, which we were three hours in crossing; the whole plain was covered with water — from the Asopus, I believe, — and we splashed and waded through the rushes, the water frequently reaching to the horses' middles. Crossing a little ridge, we entered the plain of Leuctra — the scene of Epaminondas's victory over the Spartans; and passing by the ruins which mark the site of the ancient city, we stopped about 9 A.M. at a small khan. Here our beds were put up in

an empty room and we lay down to cool and rest, for the heat was already too great to admit of further exposure to the sun: repose in such houses, however, is not very easy to obtain, for the large apertures left in the floor of the upper rooms to facilitate communication with the *cabaret* below, give free access to the noise and chatter which the peasants love to prolong over their sour wine. We left the house at 4 P.M. passing over the richly cultivated and charming plain — one of the prettiest rides possible — winding along the foot of Helicon, whose jagged, craggy peaks towered up above us; we passed the sites and ruins of several ancient cities — among them Coronea, where ruins of a theatre, Agora, and Temple of Hera may still be seen: and then we wound close under a noble perpendicular cliff, called Petra, which the Greeks fortified and held for a long time successfully against the Turks, in the War of Independence. Down from Helicon's sacred sides, danced a hundred little rills of clear, cool water — no wonder the nymphs that lived among them were inspired with poetic thoughts and sweet songs,—and the way was bright and fragrant with flowers and shrubs, under which the ground was actually swarming with tortoises, some of them very large and beautifully stained, while the path was everywhere marked with innumerable serpent trails.

The previous afternoon as we descended the side of Kithæron, one of our men killed a huge snake, the largest I ever saw at liberty — it was certainly little under five feet long, and thicker than my arm: the skin was of a pale blue-green, very bright and pretty, with yellow underneath: our servants said it was of a very venomous kind. A few minutes after, we passed another of the same size, and here at the foot of Helicon

we saw two more: they were much larger than any we had seen in the East. It is curious that Helicon and Kithæron—the time-honoured haunts of the gentle Muses—the sacred pleasure-grounds of the sport-loving Artemis—every rock, glen, grotto and spring of which were peopled with their own sweet nymphs—should now be infested with serpents and snakes, more, it is said, than any other spot in Greece. Were the serpents that entwined the tresses of the wild Bacchanal maidens—who tore poor Pentheus to pieces merely because he was too prosaic and sober—the only beings that survived the evaporation of all the spirits on these sacred mountains? or is it a nineteenth century parody of Nature on the noble old allegories and poetry of ancient Greece, that declares, like the Child's History of England, all those sweet legends to be "absurd nonsense," and would fain translate the Nymphs and Oreads of old into snakes and serpents, spotted frogs and tiny newts?

Moreover, as we looked onwards upon the snowy heights of Parnassus, the rosy glow of sunset suddenly illuminated his "horned head," and we were free, despite all modern "common sense," to believe with the delightful old creeds of yore, if we pleased, that the crimsoning of the snow announced the arrival in person, of the youthful god upon the summit of his favourite vine-clad mountain: the effect was so pretty that a legend was quite *necessary* to explain the soon-fading loveliness, which had passed away as quickly as a love-dream over a wine cup. But when the sun had sunk, and the golden haze had gone—when dead silence had fallen on the woods, and even the murmuring rills seemed hushed into half-tones, and the leaves were whispering their hopes and fears to each other under cover of the darkness, and only the stars shone

down in quiet radiance,—I looked and looked among the woods, and fondly hoped I might catch a glimpse of an ivy crown, or a white arm, or the wild eyes of an Oread, or a Bacchanal's thyrsus,—but alas for the golden dreams of the Past!—the breath of stout Britannia must have passed over my soul and veiled my eyes, for the fierce and fatal maidens hid themselves and would not appear at any price,—and all I could obtain to cheer me on my path, was a few glow-worms, shining meekly on the grass.

In spite of the pleasantness of the ride, we were excessively tired before we reached Lebadea, the lights of which had long twinkled most invitingly from the wooded heights on which the town is built, as we groped our way through the luxuriant meadows. We stopped at a filthy khan where our cook had already prepared our dinner, declaring that it was impossible to find better quarters at Lebadea, while to us it seemed equally impossible to remain for the night among the fleas and fowls which pervaded every room; we had, however, disconsolately alighted, when a venerable white-bearded Priest came to announce that a gentleman had prepared his guest-room for us, and was expecting us—so we went on most thankfully to a clean-looking house, where, nevertheless, our hopes of an undisturbed sleep were woefully disappointed.

Lebadea is a most picturesque, charming town, and though small, seems lively enough, with gay little shops, which were already open at 5 A.M., as we rode up to the ancient Sanctuary of Trophonius, a natural cave in a narrow mountain gorge, which it is considered very unlucky to enter; outside the cavern there are several niches and tablets cut in the face of the rock, and from it a small stream issues into a weedy basin: while

further on, from under the noble rocks of the gorge, a copious mountain torrent—the Hercyma—wells out, tossing, tumbling, and foaming down the rocks into the valley beneath. On the heights above is a well-placed modern castle, in ruins. We had quitted the town by 5.30 o'clock, and after fording a river we mounted a low hill, whence snowy Parnassus looked splendidly beautiful. Two hours brought us to Chæronea, where we stopped to see the broken marble lion which has for twenty-one centuries marked the spot where the Thebans fell—broken, but not bent—in the battle which made Philip of Macedon master of Greece, and in which Alexander the Great first gave promise of his future fame. It was a fine thought to render the memory of the nobility and courage of these unfortunate patriots undying by an almost imperishable emblem, but we failed to discern the wonderful depths of mixed expression said to exist in the features of the lion's face; with which in fact we were very much disappointed.

We were more interested with the very curious little old Church of the Panaghia in the village, which contains two Doric and two Ionic columns, some ancient frescoes, a stone chair from which it is said Plutarch was wont to teach, and a number of strange inscriptions outside the building which tell of the worship of Osiris of Egypt—according to the Greek and Roman knowledge of him. The Mayor of the village, advised of our coming, came out to meet us, and offer his assistance: but we could invent no cause for his services, and could therefore only thank him. We rode on to the remains of the Theatre, partly cut in the rock, on the side of the hill: the semicircles of seats are so distinctly visible that it is worth seeing, although their marble coverings have disappeared; towering perpendicularly

above the theatre are the remains of the ancient Acropolis of Chæronea; and below are the ruins of an aqueduct and of a beautiful five-mouthed fountain well deserving of imitation elsewhere.

It was now 8 A.M. and broiling hot, a scorching sun was shining on the plain of Davlia, the old Daulis, which it cost us two hours to cross, and which seemed all the hotter for the very beautiful view of the stern, grey rocks and sparkling snows on Parnassus before us, and the glacier which we fancied we could distinguish between the summits. At length we began to mount the steep hill—the foot of Parnassus—and to approach the thick pomegranate groves, laden with flowers, in which the little houses of Davlia are hidden. All the nightingales in the world are descended from the birds of these groves, for here it was that poor Philomela became the first specimen of those small singers. We got into a cool, airy room in one of the Davlian houses, and lay down to rest, till two o'clock. Nothing could be more charming than the rest of our ride that day: and this consoled us for not being able to ascend Parnassus from Davlia, descending upon Arachova, as we had wished to do, but the intense heat and the want of sleep had deprived us of so much strength that we were really afraid to attempt so fatiguing an undertaking, especially as we had no tents, in which to take a night's rest *en route*. From Davlia the path mounts up and up, cooled with refreshing mountain breezes, the views changing at every step,— now among narrow, winding passes—then over bold mountain brows—barren rocks and lofty cliffs contrasting with green little meadows and luxuriant brushwood,— and after passing an isolated rock called the Brigand's Tower, where twenty-five of these gentry were taken last year, after many unsuc-

cessful attempts by surrounding their stronghold, we turned suddenly to the west and pursued a long, narrow and steep gorge which was very grand and beautiful,—Mount Parnassus, on the right, rising up sheer to the summit, with quantities of snow on the side, the frowning rock looking very cold and Alpine — and, on the left, the steep sides of Mount Elemon clothed with a thick wood of lofty pines and other trees: while deep down in the bottom, rushed a stream. This is the pass of Schiste, and just at its commencement is the narrow place where Œdipus met and murdered his father Laïus; I fear from what we heard he only set the example for a great many murders that have been committed there since that unhappy day.

As we went on, the views became still more rich and varied. Wherever human foot could stand vines were planted, the finest plants and the most neatly tended we had seen in Greece: each vineyard had its own stone wine-press, but the grapes are pressed a second time in the peasants' houses. The road wound along steep and narrow ledges rather giddily, and the rocks seemed wonderfully split and broken at the edges by earthquakes, which are said to be of not uncommon occurrence here: the air was deliciously laden with the perfume of the yellow and white broom and the abundant honeysuckle clambering everywhere. As we mounted the last ridge such a magnificent panorama opened upon us, looking down over the whole gorge with the Gulf of Corinth and the Peloponnesus beyond, that we regretted greatly not having arrived five minutes sooner to catch the full sunset glow upon the scene: as it was, the light lingered upon the mountain tops gloriously, and crimsoned the snow on the five lovely peaks of Pentebro and the other mountains of the Morea, in perfect beauty.

Arāchova was immediately before us, *se cramponnant* on the very steep side of Parnassus in an apparently wonderful way, and we were very glad to get through the crabbed lanes of the place before it was quite dark. The people were all out, enjoying the evening after their day's work, and excessively gay and picturesque it was: the men with bright-coloured clothes about them, smoking and chattering: the women, every one with a strong scarlet and yellow woollen apron fastened down upon the hips, and plenty of silver ornaments on their heads, with their spinning distaffs in their hands—such a noise as the pretty, buxom creatures did make with their voluble tongues and high-pitched voices! Our dragoman took us to a nice room in a very large house belonging to a friend of his own, where about fifteen women and children, some of them very pretty, surrounded us for the next two hours to examine and shake hands with the interesting strangers; our riding-habits and hats exciting immense astonishment.

The best wine in Greece, we were told, was made here, and we were therefore anxious to taste it, but we found it excessively unpalatable, so saturated with resin and vinegar that none of us could take a second sip. The Arāchovians are famous for another manufacture which is really good and pretty,—a thick strongly-woven tweed, used for carpets and cushions and sofa covers, &c., it is warm, and of colours tastefully arranged in patterns, and closely resembles the Spanish peasant's *manta* or woollen scarf, which is, however, of much brighter colours.

The women fed us in the morning with their finest wheaten bread, made only as an offering to the Priest, and marked with sacred symbols: and we left them at 8 A.M. following a beautiful path along the mountain-

side, looking down into the great valley below, and bowered thickly over with wild roses, honeysuckle, prickly oak, zakkhoum, &c., till after two hours' ride we turned a corner and came upon Delphi, one of the most sacred spots in all Greece, the oracle of which was revered till a comparatively late period, by the Grecians and their colonies. The mountain here recedes from the valley in a sloping semicircle, round which, like the seats of a theatre, were the terraces on which the city of Delphi was anciently placed; portions of the Pelasgic masonry which supported these terraces are still very evident under the modern houses. Doubtless the appearance of this finely-placed city, adorned with rich buildings and commanding such beautiful views, must have been very splendid. In the deepest portion of the semicircle, the rock is split into a chasm or fissure down which the stream of the Pleistus used to tumble: it is dry now, and the cliffs are of no great height, but it must have made a fine background to the Temple, built of Parian marble, which once covered over the small basin in which the Priestess bathed when about to deliver her oracle: — the steps by which she descended into the Castalian fountain still remain, but the basin itself is now overgrown with weeds and contains only a half-dry puddle; behind it, in the face of the rock are a variety of niches, large and small, one of which has been converted into the very tiniest chapel possible, dedicated to St. John; and there is also a channel, cut in the rock, which conducted the stream beyond the Temple; this too seemed dry. The spring seemed to fill a few yards lower down, where several women were washing clothes with the aid of men and boys — and altogether, with the extreme filth and neglect of the whole place, it is now singularly unromantic

and unattractive. We went down to the Monastery built on the site of a large Temple, and found some fine fragments of sculpture scattered about, with some Doric columns, and other remains — and the view from under the noble old olives — some of them perhaps a thousand years old — was most beautiful.

While we were looking about a Sergeant and a private in uniform came up with a salute, and announced that they had been sent from Scala, in obedience to a letter from the "Home office" of Athens, to attend our orders and to accompany us down to Scala; they had come up the night before, and had prepared a house for us to sleep or breakfast in; of all this our dragoman did not inform us till after they were gone, but only said that, happening to be there, they politely offered us their services if we wanted anything, and he suggested that we should give them a *pourboire* and send them away: they refused the money, but shortly after went away leaving us to breakfast, very uncomfortably in the sunshine, by the spring: we had asked for some house, but the dragoman assured us there was none in the village fit for us to go into, and that we had better breakfast in the open air. It was so hot in this shadeless place that we were glad to ride on as soon as possible, though we had contemplated remaining at Delphi some hours, to enjoy the view, which is both to the North and to the South, magnificent: so, only taking a hasty glance at the Stadium, which is worth examining, and at a rock-hewn tomb by the roadside, we continued our route, the baggage mules having been sent on ten minutes in advance of us. The road was tolerably bad but wide, and well protected from the precipice on the outer side; in a quarter of an hour, however, we heard a great shouting "Spiro! Spiro!" to which our

dragoman for some time gave no heed:—when he did listen he announced that the muleteers had taken a wrong road, or rather that they had turned off from the only road, that one of the mules had been on the point of falling over the edge of the precipice, when to save it, the cords securing our luggage had been obliged to be cut, that his own canteen, &c. which was fastened to the same mule was quite safe, having been placed on the inner side, but that all *our* things which had been tied on the outside had gone to the bottom of the valley! He recommended that we should go on to Chrisso,—an hour and a half further—and await the arrival of the muleteers who were trying to recover the spilled goods; the heat was now intense and we could do nothing better, so seeing a nice, clean house in the village, we asked permission to enter, and receiving a hearty welcome, were soon installed in a large, airy room with mattresses laid for us to rest on.

After waiting a weary hour we insisted upon Spiro sending down after the soldiers who had come to meet us at Delphi, and on his going himself to look after the luggage,—he returned, in another hour, with a bundle tied up in one of our garments containing a few books, clothes, &c., all things of no use to the finders, some circular notes, of which happily they did not know the value, but of course not a single halfpenny of some 50*l.* in coin, or of a bag of gems, turquoises, and Syrian antiques, which will probably be offered for sale to travellers in Greece for the next five years. That the box had tumbled down the precipice was probably true, for it was completely crushed, the clothes were torn and the books spoiled,—but whether its descent was accidental or pre-arranged, we shall never know: why our guards should have been carefully sent away, or why the

mules should have been taken off a very well-known road, or why letters, placed with the money in a leather bag so stout and thick that no tumble could possibly have torn it open or burst the lock, should have been taken out and restored to us *uncrumpled*, while all the rest of the valuable contents of the bag were *nowhere* — are questions which will probably never receive a more definite answer than "it is just what you may expect in Greece;" the poor consolation which was afterwards bestowed on us from many quarters. On our return to Athens, everything that could be done to discover the culprit was done, but of course nothing of value was ever recovered.

We sent for the Mayor of Chrisso, who held a regular court of justice in our resting-place, taking down our depositions (to which my sister was required to swear on a splendid copy of the Gospels, cased in embossed silver), and asking about a hundred and fifty irrelevant questions which would have amused an English court very much, touching her birth and parentage, confession of faith and education, whether she had been at school or not, &c., in short, writing a brief biographical memoir of her which must no doubt be an interesting item in the archives of Chrisso. It was sunset before we escaped, and we had a rough descent to make in the dark to Scala: it was slippery and very disagreeable, but we were a large party — half a dozen soldiers accompanying us in order to hold the door shut after the horse had gone; we were annoyed, too, to miss the pretty view as we crossed the wooded plain: the air was very hot and close, but sweet, and the fire-flies danced around us. We reached the steamer at 11 P. M., a very small Greek steamer from Patras: there were ten ladies on board and only three berths appropriated to them, and these were in the

general saloon: so we lay down on the deck and enjoyed the fresh sea air and the early dawn on the grand and lovely mountains that surround the Gulf of Corinth — reaching Lutraki at 4 A.M.

Here we stayed till eleven, letting the other passengers go on, and waiting for a return carriage to convey us across the Isthmus (for which they ask any price they fancy at the moment); and we spent our Sunday morning in the shade on the deck of the steamer looking at beautiful Corinth. It is a noble situation: the white town of New Corinth on the water's edge with gardens all round, the lofty Acropolis of ancient Corinth, towering grandly behind it, standing out from the surrounding mountains, and looking over the calm and lovely blue gulf at its feet,—

"A fortress formed to Freedom's hands."

We wished to drive to the Seven Columns, but there was no carriage to be had except for the drive straight across the Isthmus to Kalamaki: there are pretty views all along this well-made road: Mount Geranea, the real key of the Morea, on the left, and the Onean Mountains on the right; corn-fields and vineyards border the road, but the isthmus is chiefly clothed with the fresh bright green of the Isthmian pine, from whose branches were woven the simple crowns of the Chivalry of ancient Greece — crowns that were soon withered and valueless in themselves, but which remained wreaths of fadeless virtue in the memories of the people.

We made the best toilette at Kalamaki that we could with the remains of our garments and the ruins of our dressing apparatus in the hospitable house of a currant

merchant: after which a very slow dirty steamer took us on to the Piræus in six hours: nothing could exceed the beauty of the sail across the Saronic Gulf and round the island of Salamis,— every island was of a different colour and form, seeming to recede and advance in the clear atmosphere as we passed by. We reached Athens at 11 P.M. very much in need of rest and sleep.

It was some days before we recovered strength enough to make any more expeditions: the far-famed Ægina, however, was not to be resisted, and we made an effort to accompany a friend to that pleasant, pretty island. Our dragoman had engaged an open fishing-boat to carry us across the gulf, and we drove down early to the Piræus, getting on board by 7 A.M.; they had promised to run us over to the island in forty-five minutes, but it was ten o'clock before we reached the shore, and the sun was excessively hot, as of course the little boat afforded no shelter whatever,—we had then a roasting walk before we found an umbrageous fig-tree under which to rest and breakfast; fortunately from this fortress of comfort we espied three donkeys whom we captured and mounted, sitting *somehow* on the wooden pack-saddle and making loops of whipcord for stirrups: an hour, through charming varieties of wood and rock, shrub and flower,— myrtle, arbutus, laurel, and pine,— carried us up to the beautiful ruin of the Temple dedicated to Minerva by the Athenians, who built it on the north-eastern corner of the island, in the idea of the goddess ever regarding, and being seen from Athens. It is magnificently placed — facing Attica, Salamis, and Sunium, with Kithæron, Pentelicus, and Hymettus: the eye sweeping round the mouth of the Saronic Gulf and the beautiful islands of St. George and Hydra, and across its own lovely curv-

ing bays to the Hieron mountains behind Epidaurus and Methana. In the opposite corner of the island rises a cone-shaped mountain on which a Temple to Jupiter once stood — built by Æacus, the king of Ægina, and long afterwards dedicated to Elias the Prophet, in order to take up the thread, as it were, and thus translate into Christianity, the legend of the king's prayers for rain having been answered by Jove in a plentiful and immediate shower.

The Temple of Minerva was built, probably, six hundred years before Christ,— it is of a soft stone, which has become a venerable grey colour : the sculptures have all been carried off to Munich, but twenty-two beautiful Doric fluted columns remain standing *in situ*, the fluting carried up to the abacus, and ending in a row of beads surrounding the column. It is said that the vermilion coloured stucco which covered the pavement, and the azure ground against which the sculptures of the typanum rested, could till lately be distinguished, but the whole of the architrave has now fallen and we could not discover a trace of colour anywhere. But it is still a very grand and very beautiful ruin, with a simple, noble grace peculiarly its own.

The sailors insisted on our going on board again by one o'clock, declaring that the wind would be unfavourable by three — but it was even then dead against us, and we did not reach the Piræus till past six o'clock, after five hours of a roasting which fully realised one's ideas of purgatory, the whole party being really ill from the fearful heat on the head and the glare of the water. We found the next day that the King's cutter had been kindly placed at our disposal for Ægina, but unfortunately we had gone before the intelligence had reached us.

Our last expedition was a long ride up to the summit of Pentelicus, an expedition that no traveller should omit: it is not a fatiguing ride with good horses. We passed on the side of the mountain a very pretty little turn, embowered in trees, and then followed a wild and steep path up through flowery woods, and past the quarry whence the marble used for the Parthenon was taken, and the great grotto which contains some very white stalactites, and then winding round some narrow dizzy bits among the low woods emerged at the foot of the bare cone. Here we dismounted and walked up to the summit; the view is very extensive and very beautiful, including the islands, lovely Eubœa with all its bays and mountains, all the Cyclades, and on a clear day Mitylene, and Khios, with the Negropontine strait up to Volo—the whole of Attica and part of Bœotia: while directly under the foot of the mountain lies the ever famous plain of Marathon. Nothing struck me more in this magnificent panorama than the extreme *petiteness* of the country which composed it: one began to comprehend the reality of all the different peoples of the Greeks belonging to cities, not states: and that impossibility of real union among such a number of very small independencies, each contained within its own walls, and each jealous of its own exclusive honour, which eventually caused the fall of Greece; but one marvelled all the more at the seemingly inexhaustible number of these very citizens, when one remembered the armies engaged at Platæa and Miletus on the same day, and a hundred other similar instances: truly the Athenians deserved the name of the "Immortals," better than the ten thousand Persians continually recruited from the five millions of Xerxes' followers,—when one thought of

the almost immeasurable Persian Empire, and looked on the little Attica at one's feet!

So ended our Grecian excursions, for the rest of our stay was unpleasantly occupied by illness, and all the other expeditions we had planned we were compelled to give up; the hot, dry climate had by this time so seriously affected both ourselves and our servants, that we were glad to leave the beautiful country, in spite of the deep interest and delight we had in all the memorials of ancient Greece, and the great pleasure which the kindness we met with at Athens afforded us. We left the city reluctantly enough, in a suffocating scirocco to go on board the "Neva," (one of the finest steamers of the Messageries Impériales); and the last object we saw in Greece was the Doric Temple of Sunium, dedicated to Minerva as the Providence of all Athenians, which stands on the very brow of a dizzy cliff, whence the Grecian exile, or mariner, snatched the last blessing of the goddess of virtue and wisdom, whose sweet and strong lessons he bore away in his heart, to other lands, where, whatever happened to his body his heart was still Greek—and whence, on returning, he received his first bright welcome back to the country of his birth, his love for which aroused all that was noblest and highest in his soul. Twelve fluted columns * still stand, riveting the eye by their lonely, desolate beauty: to us they appeared in singular loveliness, for the white marble was glowing in the sunset as we glided beneath the cliff, and in another moment, the young moon appeared just above the columns, as though it rested there like Dian's kiss: and long after all else around us had sunk into dark masses, they shone out in silvery

* Whence the modern name of Cape Colonna.

splendour against the sky, casting down a long line of bright reflection on the trembling waters at their feet: I thought, as the fair scene faded away, how many a Greek sailing past them had said in his heart,

> " . . . Better
> Be ashes *here* than aught that lives elsewhere!"

CHAP. XXVI.

PARADISE ON MOUNT OLYMPUS.

Day broke as the Sea of Marmora contracted to the entrance of the Bosphorus, and the red lines of the coming fire appeared above the horizon among the deep blue clouds of Night, as we glided in through crowds of Turkish ships and foreign steamers. We had been on deck for an hour before, but the view was scarcely striking nor even very pretty until the sun came lightly flecking the Palace on Seraglio Point, and lighting up the dark masses of the cypress trees among the buildings.

Being too ill to walk, I was carried up to the hôtel in a sedan-chair, where I remained for a week in bed, all unheeding the far-famed beauties of Stamboul, until one evening when I was able to enjoy a really lovely view from our window in Missiri's pleasant house. Some heavy showers the night before had cooled and cleared the air—and the colouring, misty and tame by day, came out well under the sunset hues: looking over the piled-up, confused mass of roofs below us, the eye rested on the mouth of the Golden Horn filled with ships and steamers, between which scores of caïques were lightly skimming the water. Then came the white buildings—palaces, government houses, &c. of Seraglio Point, mounting one above the other, with the lofty cypresses between them—to no great height, indeed, but the domes and minarets of the great Mosques, Santa Sophia,

Suleymanyeh &c., rise behind them as crowning points above the general mass; on the other side of the water is Skutari, green and white like Stamboul, with the quaint-looking Maiden Tower*, as redolent of legends as any Rhenish Castle, standing in the sea before the point, — while stretching away in the distance came the pretty outlines of the Prince's Islands, in front of the blue wall of the Asia Minor mountains, from which for an hour or two, the beautiful snowy heights of Olympus, shone out with majestic grace against the clear blue sky. This was just for the time a really fine view. The climate is also delightfully refreshing, even in the city, after Greece; and on the Bosphorus the air is still more enchanting.

We were anxious to get out, but the *how* until I was strong enough to walk was a difficulty: I could not quite manage to ride, and we had, besides, left our saddles in Greece: donkeys are beasts unknown at Constantinople for carrying human burdens, and the caïques were too far off. So we sent for a *telega*, and the article was soon at the door: imagine an oval pill-box warranted to contain four people when packed like figs in a drum, painted a brilliant rose colour, covered with carving and gilding like a juvenile Lord-Mayor's coach, and with windows all round, mounted on huge wooden and leather springs of the most primitive construction. The horse was driven by a man who walked beside the vehicle (which is called an *araba* when oxen are harnessed to it) — but sometimes he sat on a little seat considerably below the level of his horse's back: the furious jolting is quite indescribable, and until we had left the streets of Pera, very far from

* Absurdly called by Europeans "Leander's Tower."

agreeable, save as a means of taking involuntary exercise.

The brown hills behind Pera are entirely ugly, as are also the mean wooden houses of the suburbs of the town—too ordinary looking to be in the least picturesque: but before we reached the country, we passed the Sultan's Palace, a fine object from the water, close to which it stands. It is of dazzling whiteness, covered over with wreaths and ornaments of the same white stucco as the walls, so as exactly to resemble a bride-cake; it is surrounded by huge walls with gates of much gilt bronze, and a small garden. The Sultan's Theatre is close at hand, which as well as his Kiosk, a pleasure building in a little wooded dell close by, is in the same style of ornament and as dazzlingly white. Times have changed a good deal from the ancient manners and customs of the Turks, since the Sultan has a regular *Corps de Ballet* to dance without veils or *shintyan* before his Turkish Majesty!

After an hour's drive we descended a steep road into a delicious little narrow valley with a winding stream and a forest of park-like and lofty trees—perhaps two miles in length: this is the Sweet Waters of Europe, where the Turkish women congregate—to smoke, laugh, eat, chatter, and flirt. An ornamental weir has been made beside a pretty Kiosk, and the place is really charming. It was too late in the season for seeing the fair visitors—in the summer they frequent the Sweet Waters of Asia, but we found the more natural beauties pleasant enough to reward us even for the abominable jolting of the *trajet* there and back. It is much pleasanter to go there on horseback and to return by caïque along the Golden Horn.

Another morning we started early, in a caïque, to see

the far-famed beauties of the Bosphorus. Perhaps they are better seen from the decks of the steamers, but the caqïue is pleasanter and you have more time to contemplate the views. I do not know what will be thought of my confession, but I fear I must register my humble opinion that Constantinople and the Bosphorus do not deserve the immense amount of praise and admiration with which they have been be-painted and besung over and over again. It is possible that as most travellers visit Constantinople almost directly after leaving England, and after a good many days of sea voyage, the *commencement* of the warm colouring of the East may trick their eyes into fancying the real beauty of the place greater than it is —perhaps the Orientalisms daze their judgment with new and undigested emotions, while the luxury of the climate soothes and fascinates the senses—perhaps like very many of those who saw it during the Crimean war it is the only Southern or Western place they have ever seen—perhaps they think it safest to follow the lead of the good old writers, Lady M. W. Montagu, Miss Pardoe, &c. &c., who have let poetry run away with their pens, and expended all the silk and satin of their souls upon clothing the wax doll they stuck up there. A very pretty doll it is—but it is not the one Venus in the world. If the City was a less confused mass than it is of very poor houses with some few splendid palaces and a great many lovely Mosques, and had hills rising above and behind it, it would be much more imposing than it is: it is the same with the Bosphorus, the windings of which are very graceful: but it is useless for people to say *if* the Bosphorus was as narrow as the Rhine you would see how fine it is, because its beauty is not in what it *might be*, but in what it *is*: and your

eyes as well as your reason tell you that the hills which border it, though pretty and well wooded, are too low for its width and very monotonous: they are just very pretty, and then you have said all that you can (I think) justly or reasonably say about it. The greater part of the Straits at least, on both sides, are lined with houses, with gardens or woods behind them: about the middle and at a pretty bend the two Castles of Anadol (Asia) and Roumelia (Europe) are picturesque enough: and there are half-a-dozen little wooded meadows and valleys, either between or behind the towns, which are extremely pleasant and make most refreshing little *séjours* for the Perotes in the summer. As you leave Constantinople to ascend the Bosphorus, with the morning sun shining on Pera, it looks well: the Russian Embassy Palace, the Barracks, the great Arsenal, the beautiful Mosque of the Valideh (Sultan's Mother), and the Sultan's Palace look really imposing, and here and there the Palaces of the Sultan's sons-in-law, of his sisters, or of his Ministers are also handsome enough: but in general the effect of the wooden houses everywhere, always more or less tumble-down, looks poor; the Embassies at Theràpia are the only wooden houses which look handsome, and here the Bosphorus is really pretty. Standing among the gardens and flowers of Theràpia, looking across the water at the largest Kiosk of the Sultan (built and presented to him by Muhammad 'Ali), and at the well-shaped hill called the Giant's Mountain further on, while on the European side the bay sweeps gracefully round, richly wooded above, and fringed below with the gaily-painted houses of Buyùkderè — above all, with the fine opening of the Black Sea, and the delicious air blowing in on your face, one may be excused if one remembers *that* view a

little *couleur de rose;* while looking back at Theràpia from the Cyanean Rocks, or Symplegades, is a still finer view and the most beautiful of all on the Bosphorus: this is the only spot from which, in my opinion, the Bosphorus can be called really very beautiful.

Buyùkderè is charming; but the country behind it is much more so: we disembarked ourselves from our gliding caïque, at the hôtel, and got into a *telega* to drive to the Forest of Belgrad. And *such* a drive as we had! after the gentle motion of the caïque! along a narrow road, chiefly paved and full of holes, over which we jogged and jolted to that degree that we came back with our shoulders sore from bruises, and the vertebræ of our necks aching with the unusual effort of keeping one's head on, while it seemed continually on the point of coming off! Nothing could be more fatiguing by way of a three hours' drive, but we were well repaid for our sufferings; first came English-looking hedges of luxuriant hawthorn, elder, blackberry and nuts, tangled over with nightshade and wild un-English vines, behind which were fields of graceful dhourra (maize) with pomegranates and olives; further on, after wonderfully steep bits and turns, we passed under the double tier of arches of the Aqueduct built by the father of the present Sultan, and mounting the hill caught a beautiful view of Buyùkderè and the "gates of the Black Sea;" and then we went deep down into the Forest under *such* plane-trees, English oaks, chestnuts, poplars, beech, and a few pines, in dark delicious shades and winding paths, through a brush-wood of ilex, arbutus, and elder. Not a branch is allowed to be cut in the Forest, except by the Verderers of the Sultan, for it is all Royal property, though open to every Constantinopolitan to take his *kef* under its

"care-dispelling" shades, as they call it, and to sleep in the pretty kiosks built beside the Bends (or Reservoirs) which the forest contains. The water, in fine wide streams, is carried by the aqueducts into Constantinople—there are seven of them with a huge reservoir to each, and altogether it is a noble work.

Belgrad was the favourite abode of Lady Mary W. Montagu, and her house is still shown in the little village. How much changed she would find the world on the banks of the Bosphorus if her shade could now re-visit the originals of her own brilliant descriptions! how much scandalised she would be at the elaborate, gaudy *getting-up* (toilette is too *nice* a word to use) of the ladies that parade the quays and promenades of these Levantine towns! how much horrified at the modern *disgracieuse* parody on the stately swimming hoops and delicate chapeaux of her day, in the "crenoline," which now jerks along by daylight below the *décolleté* shoulders and round boys' hats of the Buyùkderè ladies, beside which even the Turkish robe and coquettish yashmak is both graceful and modest!

There is a delightful new hôtel at Buyùkderè, not on the quay, where the houses are sometimes damp, but some way up the hill; it commands a very fine view and is perfectly clean and comfortable. There are plenty of handsome, gay-looking wooden houses in Buyùkderè: the best and prettiest is the Russian Embassy, which has a delightful little garden: but there are few things on the Bosphorus to compare with the garden of the English Embassy at Therapia — truly a small terrestrial paradise in that delicious climate.

A party having been formed at the hôtel to share in

the use of a Firmân for seeing the sights of Stamboul, we joined it and started early in the morning in a *telega* to save fatigue, commencing our round with the Seraglio — a large palace of rather low rooms built by Sultan Mahmoud II. altered and added to since then, and last used by the present Sultan's father; it is built, I believe, over the remains of the Baths of the Greek Emperors. The palace is furnished in a very heavy style of painting and gilding, in bad taste and now quite dingy: all except some marble baths, and a little octagonal room lined with Damascene mosaic of tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl, with an enormous fire-place covered with plates of brass. Then we came to the well-kept and pretty garden, where we gathered great bouquets of flowers; and then to a beautiful Kiosk beyond it, all gilding and inlay and delicate tracery of fine marbles; inside is the Divan (like a four-post bed), on which the Sultan comes to repose himself for an hour after performing his devotions in the Mosque of Achmet on the day of the Kourban Bairâm: this little room is full of pretty things. From the window of this Kiosk, all the Sultan's answers to foreign Ambassadors were given up to a few years ago: no foreigner being then ever admitted to his Sublime Majesty's presence. This Kiosk is a perfect gem of architecture. Then we passed the hall where the Sacred Banners and some sacred arms are kept; but no infidel, even of Royal or Imperial rank, has ever been allowed to enter the hallowed precincts. The most sacred of the Banners is carefully concealed from vulgar gaze, except on the occasion of a religious war, when it is exhibited by the Sultan himself in order to stir up the hearts of the faithful. The Banner is said to be made of a robe worn by the Prophet.

After this we saw a large collection of the ancient costumes of the Court displayed upon very well made waxen figures of life size; they are very dirty, but curious, and rather interesting in showing the various costumes worn by the officers of state, dignitaries, and heads of trades in past days: some of the faces are excellent.

Then we drove on to a side door of the great Mosque of Santa Sophia, entering by a winding staircase and coming out at the west end into the clerestory gallery now appropriated to the Mooslim women. This *coup d'œil* of the interior is the most interesting, as you can thence examine the details of the workmanship, but, from below, the building is indeed surpassingly beautiful. The ground plan is divided into three parts, a square with a semicircle at each end, the whole surrounded by a wide aisle. The centre dome is surrounded by two domes and seven half domes, to which the eye is carried up far above the real height by the tiers of columns and galleries—forty columns on the ground and sixty smaller ones above them, and so on till it reaches the dome, which is low (and therefore appears all the wider in span), pierced with forty-eight windows; while, looking beyond the central part itself, the eye is lost in the perspectives of the slender columns and galleries in endless but elegant sub-divisions of the surrounding aisles, covered in by their own domes and half domes. The insides of these domes are all gilt; the columns are every where of porphyry or serpentine, and the capitals are of white marble wrought, as are also the spandrils of the arches they uphold, in such exquisite incised tracery as to look like petrified lace, the classic forms flattened down into harmony with the mosaics which line the whole church, and the severe Corinthian original,

almost forgotten in the luxuriant richness which has broken out into what one might call a hot-house Grecian order — a Romanesque Classic — or a free Oriental translation of the Western text; — each capital bears the monogram of the Emperor Justinian who built the church, and these the Mooslims have spared, but the faces of all the Seraphim that support the corners under the dome, — the figure of Christ the Saviour in the act of blessing, which once filled up the western dome — and every cross in the whole building have been carefully effaced. Of the great columns, eight were brought from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and eight from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek: those of porphyry are banded round with iron. On one side is the Sultan's gallery, enclosed in a network of gilt tracery, to conceal his Majesty from common eyes, should he ever visit the Mosque; and opposite to it another small gallery is kept for the descendants of the Prophet to pray in: above this the carpet on which Muhammad knelt at Mecca is suspended against the marble-encrusted wall: while near it is the rude picture of a hand — the hand of the Prophet — like the cipher of the Sultan who could not write, it is "his mark," — and without this no mosque is legally accredited.

The marble floor, unconcealed by pews or any such like obstructions, had some picturesque groups of kneeling or seated Mooslims on it, collected round an old Moollah, who was energetically and solemnly preaching to them on "the sixty religions in the world;" their bright dresses and turbans, and the venerable figure of the old Moollah with his fine face and long white beard made a good picture and an interesting one; but suddenly a wild and not inharmonious chant broke from the lips of a set of Mooslims at prayer in the

side aisle, and flung back one's thoughts to the time when *here*

> "The Faith was led in triumph home,
> Like some high bride, with banner and bright sign
> And melody and flowers——"

and one's heart yearned for the time when the Ottoman prophecy shall be fulfilled, and Santa Sophia shall be ours once more! One almost fancied one already heard the glad praises of the Te Deum resounding through the aisles and saw borne aloft the Red Cross Banner of our Eternal Hope and of our Faith, before which, even in this now darkened land, so much of the best blood of Christendom has been joyfully spilled!

The outside of the Mosque is excessively ugly: but its form may once have been forgotten under mosaics and colours: such a lovely interior ought to have been cased in the porcelain tiles from the old potteries at Kutayia in Asia Minor—one could forget or forgive any form in looking at their beautiful colours and patterns. There is a very fine Fountain in the Court.

But I am not going to act guide-book through all the other scenes and sights of Constantinople; not even into the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, where the huge disproportioned columns look as if they had the dropsy: nor yet to the Mausoleum of the last Sultan, though I might well linger there over the exquisite illuminations of many Korāns that stand on inlaid desks placed round the group of tombs in the circular hall — the illuminations of which are superbly delicate and highly finished, and of a variety of pattern both in flowers and arabesques superior to many of what we consider our finest specimens of mediæval work:—nor even shall I linger in the Bazaars of Stamboul; for although they are unquestionably very fine from their great extent and evident

prosperity, they are so infinitely less Oriental and picturesque than those of Cairo and Damascus, that our Easterned eyes were quite disappointed. These Bazaars are built of no particular architecture, they have regular skylights, and are painted and whitewashed: in the other cities they are mostly rough constructions of wood and matting, all in tumble-down confusion,—producing dark shades and sudden strong lights, and making a new and striking picture at every yard: or if regularly built, they are always handsome and imposing stone structures of Saracenic architecture, suggesting both power and grace. Then in Constantinople, numbers of them are regular shops with counters in them, and you hear French, Italian and English on every side—besides that fully half the men in the bazaars are in European dress. There are some fine and purely Oriental things in them, nevertheless,—old arms, Persian things of all kinds of beauty, especially silk stuffs and enamels, saddle-clothes covered with splendid gold embroidery,—the slipper bazaar with its shelves of bright colours and silver threads, like shows of cut flowers—and the drugs, in a solemn, dark, really Oriental-looking place, full of such mystery as befits the kill-if-not-cure destination of its goods. After all, I think seeing Preziosa's beautiful drawings are quite as good as the Bazaars themselves: they have all the life itself transfixed by his magic brush, without the noise, confusion, dirt and dogs of the originals.

The gayest sight we saw was the Sweet Waters of Asia to which Lady Bulwer kindly took us, on the great day of the year—the Friday after Kourban Bairâm. This is the summer Hyde Park of Constantinople—the Sweet Waters of Europe being only in fashion during the winter season—there is no beauty in the spot save that of

a few fine trees beneath whose shade the women sit the whole day. The place was excessively crowded, and one could not have a better opportunity of studying Turkish women — they did seem to me enormously unlike the pictures drawn of them by those of our modern poets, who describe them as fair and modest pearls, sitting like snowdrops enclosed in one of Ward's patent sealed cases — the damp dews on the inside of the glass answering to the *jalousies* through which the almond-shaped eyes gleam in half-veiled light, — here the gay flaunting flowers of the Bosphorine hareems were sitting in a closely-packed mass upon the green sward, under the shade of the oak and the elm, the colours jumbled into each other, like the pattern of a brilliant Parisian carpet, thrown up upon a groundwork of their white veils, almost dazzling in its confused brightness, while the harsh, bird-like, ceaseless chatter of the ladies' tongues was almost *relieved* by the occasional cry of a spoiled child or the squeak of a swaddled baby. Each group of two or three women had their own mattress, *goolleh* (clay jar) of water, and an embroidered handkerchief containing their comestibles for the day — chiefly raw cucumbers, of which they eat from morning till night, and most of them were smoking nargilehs. The richer ladies were driving round and round the small meadow seated in gilded and painted *telegas*, something like our Royal state coach, only two or three of which had curtains drawn to conceal the inmates. Some of the Sultan's family were there, each lady with a couple of slaves on the back seat of the carriage, dressed as gaily, if not as richly, as herself, — many of the slaves are petted up almost as much as their mistresses, and their slavedom is sometimes the extreme of luxury. Since the last few years, the yashmak has ceased to be a

"snare," and has become only a "delusion,"—once it concealed the features of its wearer—now it only sets off and enhances their beauty—

> "Like the indistinct, golden, and vaporous fleece
> Which surrounded and hid the celestials in Greece,
> From the glances of men:"

the single fold of gossamer gauze across the mouth and chin acting far less jealously on the fair faces of the Constantinople ladies than the "voilettes," or the shady riding hats of the ladies our own country. There were some beauties among them, and some of those more remarkable for intelligence than the others, reminded me of sweet gentle faces at home: but these were few, for, in general, they look sadly inane. And yet we were assured on the best authority that they do not now by any means lead the entirely vacant lives we are accustomed to believe they do,—there is scarcely a hareem belonging to a tolerably rich person, where the ladies do not read French and play on the pianoforte, besides occupying themselves with many kinds of embroidery, and some even sing and draw: one Pasha's wife was mentioned to us who had lately played the whole of the "Trovatore" by heart to our informant. But these accomplishments are all learned from French governesses and *femmes de chambre*, with whom they are liberally supplied: and with these accomplishments they learn also the morals, or rather immorals, of their teachers, who are invariably of a very disreputable class; "progress" has indeed begun even in the Turkish hareems, but it is the progress of vice only; formerly if they had not intelligence enough to be useful and good, they were at least in happy ignorance of many of the vices to which they are now addicted. Perhaps the sight of European

women does them more harm than good, for when they see us going and coming and rejoicing in our own liberty, they fancy that we must use that liberty for only the same objects as they would: they can conceive no other kind of restraint upon ourselves than that of brick walls and strong locks, and they long for the freedom which would enable them to obtain the paradise of passing the whole day in endless coquetry, flirting, and admiration. These "innocent arts" are in fact all that a Turk looks for in his wife or in his wife's friend: though allowed a certain number by his creed, he seldom takes more than one or two women in marriage, in order that he may not have more on his hands than he can manage or afford, since he must supply each with a certain amount of occupation in slaves and dress: anything better in his wife he would consider Frank innovation and a bore; to him she is but a thing to amuse his leisure hour, and his daughter a something to sell to the highest bidder in money or influence,—and so until the ideas of Turkish husbands and fathers are changed and elevated into something better for themselves and their families —until the whole corrupted system becomes healthier and sounder, we had better let alone the attempt to teach their women, with the conviction that their accustomed aimless and useless lives are far preferable in their unhappy case to greater knowledge, since, if they are ever so simple and silly there is at least a chance of their being more innocent. When their beauty is gone, or if they have always been hopelessly ugly, they sometimes become more practically useful: some of those we heard of, women of high rank, act as thorough housekeepers—one Pasha's wife was spoken of who managed the household so completely that not a single bottle of wine was withdrawn from the cellar,

nor a loaf of bread entered the house without her knowledge and permission.

From this digression we must return to the noisy crowd under the trees, among whom we walked for some time, listening to gipsies under the hedge at one side of the meadow, who were singing badly enough, and playing on various instruments, of which a kind of guitar was the prettiest. Their swarthy, coarse, Spanish-looking faces contrasted strongly with the dead-white, waxy complexions of the Turkish ladies: but perhaps the greatest contrast of all happened to be the young Count de Paris, sitting quietly smoking and looking on at the motley crowd, with his fresh fair young face — his shining French hat — and his unimpeachable boots and gloves.

There are several pretty meadows and pleasant little valleys along the banks of the Bosphorus, especially on the Asian side: the "Sultan's Valley" is a charming shady grove of fine elm-trees and oaks, under the lee of the Giant's Mountain: Kandeeli is another — to which the legend is attached that it is the meadow where Jupiter found Europa playing with her maidens, and whence she made a most unpleasantly long voyage, all the way to Crete, mounted on the plunging bull. There are many others which we had not time to visit.

We had but a short time to remain in Constantinople, but fortunately the grandest fête in the year — the Sultan's Reception during the Kourban Bairâm took place while we were still there, and my sister was kindly sent a ticket to see the ceremony. Leaving the hôtel immediately after sunrise she crossed over from Pera to Seraglio Point in a caïque, and waited for an hour or two, while the party she accompanied were collecting, watching the early light shining on the city,

and the dancing caïques bearing richly dressed Pashas to meet the Sultan. When all were assembled they were admitted into the inner court of the Seraglio Palace, passing by the great plane-tree on which the Janissaries were hung, and which flourishes greenly still, however great its own disgust at its temporary degradation — one wonders that the Dryad within the great trunk did not hang herself forthwith. Within the court they found the Sultan's seven riding horses — beautiful animals splendidly caparisoned, each with an aigrette of white and coloured plumes on his head, and a splendid saddle-cloth with harness to match—three embroidered in gold and coral on dark-blue cloth — one in pearls and rubies — another in pearls and emeralds — another in gold and silver, &c., with jewelled and enamelled ornaments hung over their faces and breasts: all his favourite riding horses are brought, as he chooses at the moment which one he will mount. After a short time she and her companions seated themselves on some raised seats under the shade of an old tree close to the great doorway of the Seraglio, whence the Sultan, announced by cannons, issued at 7·30 A.M. on horseback, preceded by his guard of honour, and all his Court on foot. His spirited horse seemed to bear only a dead burden, for with his head stooping, his face ghastly, lividly pale and expressing only the deepest dejection, the Sultan passed on, with a rigid, fixed stare on the ground before him, without appearing to see or even to be aware of the brilliant scene around him. He was now on his road to the Mosque of Suleymanyeh, to perform the most solemn of all the Mooslim ceremonies — viz. the sacrifice of a lamb to Allah, which he slaughters with his own hands, — and the annual renewal of his Coronation vow. It is said that the Kourban Bairâm is held in commemoration of the birth

of Muhammad. The Sultan returned from the Mosque in three-quarters of an hour, looking like a man walking into his grave, and retired into the Seraglio to rest in the beautiful kiosk I have mentioned before; meantime carpets, embroidered in gold, and a gilt *fauteuil* were placed before the gateway: the chair was covered with a light gold tissue lest any profane dust should precede the Sultan on the sacred seat; and the scarlet-and-gold guards, and 200 or 300 splendidly attired Pashas, arranged themselves around it in a semicircle, every now and then relieving themselves for a moment from the heavy state helmet, which bears a *huge* fan of large feathers bending over the crown of the head. Others had smaller feathers made into bouquets of flowers in white and green.

When the Sultan had seated himself he was presented with a large scarf of red silk squared and fringed with gold, one end of which he held in his hand: while the ministers and officers came up with salaams that were almost prostrations, and touched the other end of the scarf with forehead and lips—the nearest approach permissible to the Sultan's hand. After a certain number had kissed the sacred scarf on the right side of the Sultan, this end was folded up, and the other unfolded for a much more numerous set of kisses and salaams, on the left side. Once or twice an Ulema came up, and then instead of kissing the scarf, he prostrated himself before the Sultan and kissed the hem of his robe: this is the ecclesiastical privilege: the Sultan sitting utterly impassive and apparently quite unconscious of the obeisances made to him: in fact the scarf was so placed over the arm of the chair that they were made almost behind him; once he called to an officer in the circle and spoke to him for a few minutes, and, at the

end, when a body of Sheikhs and Ulemas approached, he rose up and received their prostrations standing. These Priests were most gaily dressed in bright-coloured, gold-embroidered robes. After them came the Sheikh of Mecca in a green cloak—he has a fine face and long white beard,— approaching within a few yards of the Sultan, he raised his hands pronouncing a prayer or blessing on his Majesty, while every officer and Pasha present drooping their faces between their hands at the end for a moment seemed to be joining in the prayer for their Sovereign's welfare. They care not a rush for Abdoul Medjid individually, but for his office they care most lovingly and reverentially, and would readily give their lives for whoever fills it. This ended the ceremony, and the Sultan forthwith disappeared. The whole affair is the coldest thing imaginable; Eastern etiquette forbidding any animation on the faces of the soldiers and courtiers, and the reception—so brilliant to the eye—would have been conducted in unbroken silence, save for the performance at regular intervals of the short tune—the "God save the king" of the Turks, which concluded with a formal, measured, unhearty cheer given by a few selected men. This silence and stillness in such a brilliant scene was most oppressive: civilisation, however, like everything else, has its own *tristesses*, and one cannot return to those much more amusing ancient days when the Byzantine Emperors, in this very city, received distinguished foreigners seated on a throne surrounded by lions of gold and silver, which, at every salaam of the guests, opened their mouths and *roared!* while birds sat on branches of gold and silver trees singing long songs: but these sounds must have been meant as very broad hints, for the history says that as soon as the per-

sons introduced had presented their offerings to the Emperor, the lions left off roaring and the birds ceased to sing!

The time had unhappily come for us to return to Europe and we had calculated upon leaving the Bosphorus this week, but we had been very desirous of seeing Broussa, and the temptation of lingering a little longer under a real blue sky and a warm sun was too strong for us: so on July 7th we started in the steamer for Jemblik. It is a pretty run, across the end of the Sea of Marmora and into the Bay of Moudhania, of about five hours, but we had to include an hour's delay in landing about fifty heavy bags of specie for paying the troops encamped near Moudhania: we heard that their pay had then been about two years in arrear, and, though nothing ever is true that one hears in the Levant, there is every probability that this was fact. There were plenty of horses to be hired at Moudhania, the nearest port to Broussa, but we had no saddles with us and were obliged to go on to Jemblik to find a telega —a vehicle of a very much more primitive construction than even those to which we had become accustomed in Constantinople; it was shaped exactly like the half of an egg-shell cut lengthways, each end sloping backwards: we packed closely in, four of us, with cloaks and shawls, acting as wedges to each other against the fearful jolts which ensued. The road is excellent for about one-third of the distance, the rest of it is in a state of nature, and the drive was dreadfully fatiguing. The views at first repaid one well,—looking back over the lovely little bay and the hills on the other side of the Sea of Marmora,—and they became glorious as we at last reached the crest of the coast hills before descending into the plain of Broussa: the immense

plain in all its richness, dyed in deep browns and shady greens, enclosed in mountains of every variety of form in brown and rich violet, deep blue and lilac, while towering over the opposite side stood Olympus, in unclouded majesty, its naked peaks shining against the deepening sky in a mantle of rose-coloured snow: while behind us, between the defiles and woods, came one blue corner of the little bay. It was very beautiful indeed, but alas! the sun went down as we stood here instead of our reaching Broussa in time for a seven o'clock dinner as we had been promised, and moreover there was to be no moon till nearly morning. We had been told the roads were usually safe, but we entirely appreciated the apparently endless and utterly dark woods of that plain, and the enormous length of the town as we jolted through one half of it: for it was half an hour after midnight before we reached the clean little German hôtel at one end of Broussa! The effects of the eight hours' jolting, to say nothing of the starvation, lasted through the next day, and we were not in the most easily-to-be-pleased humour when we made our first inspection of the town that evening.

There was, however, little danger of discontent: for the eyes must be dull indeed and the heart cold that could fail to be delighted with the enchanting loveliness of Broussa. My mind was full of Damascus and Beyrout, Antioch and Smyrna, and the golden halo of Greece was shining fresh and strong in my memory (in itself a trial of comparison to any other country)—but they vanished from my thoughts as the rare beauties of Broussa unfolded themselves one by one to my view,—truly, I thought, we have kept the best till the last. One vast, gloriously fertile plain—covered with little streams of water, and meadows, and orchards and

woods — not brushwood, but fine lofty groves of trees,— while the town lay curling round the feet of the noble mountain, running up the small ravines and hiding itself in the rich deep woods, with hundreds of fine domes of bright colours and quaint buildings rising up from its bosom — while more than one range of mountains of most varied shape and colour, some of which were snow-capped, bordered the plain. It sounds no finer than many another place in description, but it is the wonderful combination of beauty which makes Broussa so romantically delightful, — still more, that however much charmed one may be with the *tout-ensemble*, each feature in it is still lovelier when seen in detail. As for the town it is the most picturesque town I have ever seen in any country: the streets wind in the most curious way up and down very steep slopes, so well watered that the sound of rushing water is never silent in any part of the town, and they are all kept perfectly clean, while they are so narrow that the houses, being all built with projecting upper stories, nearly meet overhead, giving those heavy black shadows down each side, under the projection, which add so much to the picturesqueness of the effect: all the houses are of wooden framework, with high-peaked gables, so that one might fancy oneself in a quaint Flemish or Swiss town, were it not that each house is painted bright sky-blue, pink, or red, and that every street is filled with rich and gay Oriental costumes, while the overhanging mountain, of Tyrolese grandeur and wildness, is clothed with an eastern vegetation and luxuriance — besides that wherever the eye looks it is met by many-domed baths or by one of the 360 Mosques which adorn or have adorned the town. Great numbers of *filatures*, the *fabriques* for reeling the silk for which Broussa is so

famous, are scattered about the town: these are principally French, and are gay, handsome-looking buildings —they lie chiefly towards the outskirts of the town, while within are the Bazaars—which are remarkably amusing and picturesque: they are very extensive, and are richly stocked with European as well as Oriental goods —Manchester prints and German hardware, besides Broussa silks and cottons, and embroideries of the finest kinds—the Constantinople bazaars are supplied with these articles from Broussa, and many merchants have shops in both places. Broussa is famous for its cotton towels and bathing dresses, made of a peculiar fluffy texture, for its rich silks, cloths made of camel's and goat's hair, and for its elegant silk gauzes: these latter are chiefly woven by the Greeks and Armenians—each has a loom, or several looms in his own house—nothing can be finer, or more delicate than the fabric or brighter than the colours woven into them. The embroidery of gold upon cloth for saddles &c. is most splendid of its kind, and that upon camel's-hair cloth for the *seggadehs*, or praying-carpets, was the best we had seen anywhere. At every three or four yards there is a cooking, or sweet-meat shop, containing messes of all the colours of the rainbow, and every two minutes you meet a man with hot bread and cakes on his head, or with pails of cherry and lemon ice on his arm. The Bazaars are full of dogs, fiercer than any we had met even in Constantinople: one day riding through the town on a donkey with my little dog in my arms, the brutes spied the little stranger, and I was obliged to give him to one of the dragomans to carry they leaped up so fiercely to tear him from me: every turning added to the troop, and despite two strong kourbashes with which they were plentifully belaboured, it was difficult to get

quit of them, and the din of their yells and howls was so horrible that we were too glad to escape from the Inferno.

Our hôtel stood at the west end of the town, with a fine view of the plain and the opposite mountains, but nestled too closely under Olympus to see much of his noble old head: we had the early morning sun, and cool rooms all day—a rather important point in July, as Broussa is of course hotter than Constantinople: a delightful draught of wind comes down the broad plain nearly every day, but it has not the fresh feeling of the breeze off the Bosphorus, and Broussa is, occasionally, too hot. In the winter there is much snow on the sides of the mountain, and the air is sometimes keen, but we were told that with a good woollen dress one is never really cold, and that scarcely any one uses a *mangal* (or pan of charcoal). The Perotes say that Broussa is liable to fever, but we were assured that the report is untrue—the English Consul who has resided in Broussa for twenty years informed us that no member of his family had ever been attacked by it, and that he did not believe any one but the very poor or very imprudent ever suffered from it,—the Turks clothe warmly, in silk and cloth frequently lined or trimmed with fur, in order to avoid a chill on perspiration, and they live on proper food: the poor work in sun and shade only half clothed, and feed entirely on raw and unripe vegetables—they eat raw cucumbers, vegetable marrows, and green tomatos all day long, and of course fever is the consequence; but it is impossible to persuade the common people to wait till fruit or vegetables are ripe, they delight so much in the sharp acid of the green fruit. The town is well supplied with both, as well as with excellent

meat and milk — from the latter, quantities of *kaimak* and *yaourt** (clotted, and curdled milk) are made daily, and are most refreshing and wholesome food. There is also good fish of various kinds from the mountain streams, — and game in abundance.

But the glory of Broussa are its Mosques: whether the numbers given are correct or not, I know not: but as the city is more than three miles long, containing about 75,000 inhabitants, and as a Mosque, or the ruins of one are seen literally at every twenty yards throughout the town, it is not unlikely that the reputed 360 may be counted. They are continually destroyed by the earthquakes, and as neither the rents in the walls are repaired, nor is it considered right to remove the ruins of a Mosque, but a new one is immediately built up to replace the fallen one, they increase in number very rapidly, and a strong feature in the characteristics of the place is this contrast of gay, brightly-painted houses, brilliant and gaudy bazaars, and handsome, finely-ornamented Mosques and baths, with the masses of ruin and tatteredness intervening at every step. It was something quite new — an innovation on hitherto invariable custom — that the most ancient of all the Mosques had just been restored, — this was the Ulu Giami: the dome had fallen in, though the minaret, which is very pretty had not been touched: every arch and ponderous square column was just cased in fresh whitewash, and ornamented with coarsely-painted wreaths and arabesques: the style of the building was too heavy to be beautiful, but the space, height and proportions were really good.

Beyond the town there is one Mosque beautiful above all the others — it is called the Mosque of Tchelabi

* In Arabic — *lebben.*

Sultan*,—it stands alone with its fountain, on a projection of the mountain, shaded by a grove of splendid plane trees and cypresses — it is built of well-hewn blocks of rose-coloured limestone, the doorways and windows placed in square-headed recesses, with niches and bands filled up with elegant patterns; the spandrils of each arch, the sides of the great door and the recesses everywhere enriched with the most exquisite Saracenic tracery — with a large and gracefully-shaped dome, and a projecting roof over the terrace most beautifully painted in Damascene style: while inside, the walls, niches, and Sultan's gallery were all adorned with the richest porcelain tiles and mosaics. This Mosque is very ancient and very beautiful; there is one thing, however, still more beautiful — as perfect a gem as one could find anywhere: it is a tomb or mausoleum called "Yesheel Giami," which has been used as a Mosque, but is now so much shattered by earthquakes that it is unsafe to enter and is kept locked — perhaps in another year the whole of the graceful fabric may be a heap of ruin! The Mosque is very small — an octagon of ten or twelve feet on each side, surmounted by a dome; the whole of the walls cased in enamelled porcelain of the most perfect turquoise blue, with bands of darker enamel, and medallions in pale green arranged in patterns in the upper part,—each side is broken by a window closed with lattices of open iron-work, and ornamented with coloured patterns, as are also the niches beside the entrance door — all so beautifully blended and harmonised that at a few yards' distance one could fancy the Mosque was literally carved out of one huge turquoise! alas, the

* *Tchelabi* means handsome, noble, grand: the same as *shellabee* in Arabic.

grass all round was covered with the fragments, a rent yawned in each wall, and we longed to carry away the whole thing and build it up again, before another earthquake should have wholly destroyed it, however cruel it would have been to place such a piece of delicate colouring under the grey skies, and damp ill-humoured-looking clouds of England. We brought away a few specimens of the porcelain as well as another piece of still more ancient enamel from the Tomb of Emir Sultan — the colours of this are remarkably brilliant, and the pattern is an imitation of natural flowers. All these porcelain enamels were made at Kutayia, a town to the south-east of Broussa: the manufacture still flourishes, but, I believe, the porcelains are not by any means as fine as the ancient ones — nothing of the kind can be more beautiful than the really old ones, both in the delicate texture of the material, and in the rich full colours.

There are a great many other Mosques worth visiting, but none equal to these; the very modern ones are ordinary-looking buildings, so gaudily and staringly painted over in red, blue and green, that they look only like cafés or baths; but it is not very encouraging to build anything in a place so cursed with earthquakes as Broussa is: we were told that six weeks seldom pass without one, and that in the summer they frequently occur every week or fortnight, — except for this one drawback, Broussa would be a paradise indeed!

The city was anciently fortified, and the remains of the Castle crowning a great rock in the centre, as well as much of the walls, are still to be seen; besides some strange old Byzantine gateways, built in an odd jumble of Roman and Saracenic styles, the arches formed and ornamented with red bricks placed edgeways and shaped

liked wedges. In 1856 a most fearful earthquake occurred at Broussa and threw down a large portion of this Castle wall, with the rock on which it had been built, the whole mass detached itself from the mountain-side and fell, chiefly upon a *fabrique* in the town below, crushing fifty of the poor girls at work there! the ruins remain in heaps still as they fell, and the natives declare that the ghosts of the unfortunate girls are heard to shriek there on the anniversary of their deaths. This earthquake shattered half the buildings in the town, and at the same time a fire broke out at the other end of it, the ravages of which were most terrible, and are still to be seen in the blackened and charred heaps of ruin.

A little beyond the town, at the west end, and after passing a beautiful Mosque, there are a number of very handsome royal tombs in a garden, or rather in several gardens filled with roses and mignonnette, under lofty plane trees: each tomb, or set of tombs, stood in its own domed mosque or mausoleum, the grave itself usually covered with a stone trough full of grass and roses. These buildings are all of brick, ornamented in the Byzantine style with borders and lines of red brick bedded in white cement: inside they are enriched with the same beautiful enamelled porcelains as the handsomer Mosques. They are all remarkably picturesque, and would make fine subjects for drawing, with their overhanging trees, and the storks, balancing themselves on the domes round which they build their nests in undisturbed freedom. Among these tombs is that of Sultan Orchan, the son of Othman, who conquered Broussa in 1326.

As to the Baths, they are innumerable; the best are at the west end of the city, and some way beyond it,—

there are two sets of handsome buildings, containing very extensive and well-arranged baths and swimming pools, which are handsomely ornamented inside with coloured marbles and mosaics: these are called the Kalputcha Hammâm; the spring is chalybeate, of 180° of Fahrenheit.

Broussa is one of the best places in which to study Oriental manners and customs, being far more Asiatic than Constantinople, and although intensely Mooslim* so that the lower classes are very fanatical, yet strangers are occasionally admitted into the higher society, such as it is. Among the Turkish women education is making progress along with the French style of dress, for which their own costume is becoming completely discarded, but here also the education is entirely and solely such as is learned from French *gouvernantes* and *femmes de chambre* of the lowest quality: they spend enormous sums on their dress, as they have no other expenses, and nothing else to think about: expensive furniture is not very common among them, but is sometimes given with a dowry; when really handsome, such as gold-embroidered velvet, it is used on the occasion of a marriage or some grand ceremonial in the family, and is handed down from mother to daughter. They have much freedom of life, going out in the streets as much as they will, but of course veiled, and receiving visitors at home—the very poorest of all have separate rooms, and if the wife's visitors leave their yellow *babouches* (slippers) outside the door of the room, no husband dare enter it, though he may send to desire her visitors to go away. They have no regular meal-times, and never eat toge-

* The Christian population of Broussa does not amount to a quarter of the whole.

ther—the husband eats when he is hungry, waited on by his wife,—she by herself in her own apartment; at this time of year (summer) they live entirely on melons, perhaps as many as ten in a day, as well as raw cucumbers, without even bread; and three or four huge bowls of yaourt or sour milk: they rarely eat meat, but if they do, it is generally the heads of sheep, roasted.

Of course we heard much of the silk crop, as this was the season of the "harvest," and the French merchants were searching the country for the best—the silk was this year very scarce, in consequence of the terrible distemper that has lately prevailed among the worms both here and in Europe, by which the old species have become almost extinct; new seed had been imported from Bengal and China, but it seemed to have failed generally. The silk of the Lebanon and of Broussa is considered of equal value, and far superior to that of Persia or China, which sells for from 60 to 80 francs the kilogramme, while that of the Lebanon fetches 100 francs. We saw some of the very best quality known, which comes from a small village between Broussa and Jemblik—most exquisite stuff it was, so perfectly fine, white, and elastic—it is the two latter qualities which render it most valuable; the superiority arises, it is believed, from the purity of the water through which the cocoon is reeled—the Broussa water being *all* slightly mineral, impairs the pure whiteness of the silk. We learned that the Turkish women were found to be more diligent workers in the *filatures* than the Greeks and Armenians: it was amusing to see them holding their *eezars*, or white veils, in their teeth while both hands were employed in the basins before them—but when we did see them we thought the Christian girls were generally the prettiest; the usual hours of work

are from 4 A.M. to 7 P.M. with three intervals allowed for meals in the day, of three-quarters of an hour each. The merchants whom we met with all agreed in bearing testimony to the honour and honesty of the Turks here, —the word or promise of a Turk, they said, was always to be depended upon—that of a Greek, never, if it suited him to break it; and they spoke much of the perfect safety of travelling now all over this half of Asia Minor without incurring any risk of robbers, even in the unfrequented parts where their business led them.

The Pasha of Broussa is a very active and intelligent governor, applying himself for several hours of every day to his Pashalik business; always reading his despatches himself, and insisting on everything passing through his own hands. We went to meet him at dinner at the English Consul's house, for whom the Pasha has the utmost respect, consulting him on all affairs of importance, and almost always following his advice. He expressed his horror at the Syrian affairs, and told us how *he* would have acted in stopping the fanatics and miscreants of Damascus, recounting also how he had succeeded in quelling an insurrection in Servia, so quickly and completely that he was at once rewarded with the Pashalik of Broussa, one of the very highest in the Sultan's dominions. The Pasha wore a plain Turkish frock-coat when we met him in the morning, but at dinner he was attired in a splendid robe of cranberry-coloured silk, while the Sheikh of Islam wore a pale salmon-coloured silk dress and white turban: this latter was described to us as a man of great talent—"the brains of all Broussa"—and of the highest character—as truthful and straightforward as an Englishman.

We were advised to take the opportunity of seeing

the Dancing Dervishes on the last Friday of our stay as this exhibition is said to be better conducted at Broussa than elsewhere: so we started early one afternoon, crossing the Bournabashi, or "Sweet Waters," where the ladies of the town were disporting themselves on the grass, eating cucumbers and ice, and arrived at the Dervishes' College, a large pink building surrounded with gardens, in which were several Tombs of departed Dervish Sheikhs and Saints. In the centre of the garden there is a square building—one large hall with a circle of columns dividing off the corners and supporting a gallery; the floor under the gallery was raised above the circular centre, and on this raised part the spectators were placed. The Dervishes came in one by one, leaving their shoes in a cupboard at the door, each wearing a high, round, unbrimmed cap of camel's-hair cloth, and a cloak of camlet, black, brown, green, &c., completely enveloping the body,—each made a deep obeisance to the name of Allah which was written in large letters over the Sheikh's place, and took up his position leaning against a column: last of all came the Sheikh, a handsome but very small man, dressed in a black cloak, with a white turban, and high black leather boots, which he never took off. The Sheikh offered several prayers, holding up his two palms before him, and fixing his eyes on them as if he was reading from them, and, after some recitations, they all commenced a sweet, harmonious chant, accompanied by some wind instruments, making prostrations every now and then when the name of Allah occurred, with most solemn gestures. Presently they all arose and followed the Sheikh in a slow walk round and round the circle, each one as he approached the unoccupied carpet of the Sheikh bowed down to the ground and swept round in the most

peculiar fashion, so as not to turn his back to the spot. Having returned to their columns, each one suddenly undid some string and down fell a long petticoat over his feet—then laying aside his cloak, which he reverently kissed, they all stood prepared for the dance: their costume now was pretty, the short jacket buttoned to the throat, long loose sleeves, and the wide skirt, wadded round the hem, and made with such a number of gores as to form a perfectly smooth wine-glass shape—most of them were white, some were green and some fawn-coloured. Three times they slowly paced round the circle, bowing to the Sheikh as they passed,—their arms folded on the breast with a hand on each shoulder: then, as each completed his third circle and bow, he began to turn slowly round and round—the eyes apparently quite closed, the arms extended, one towards heaven, the other towards earth, without the slightest possible change of expression upon the rapt, absorbed countenance: the long full dress extended to its fullest width, which neither lessened nor fell in the perfectly steady, sailing movement which never seemed for a single instant to hesitate or falter, and which had something in it most singularly graceful and pleasing; the feet were twisted rapidly over each other in a very peculiar manner, but the turning was very slow and almost solemn. One old man amongst them seemed master of the ceremonies, as it were, setting each off, and standing a few seconds first by one, then another, sometimes stamping with his foot as if to give the time or regulate the movements. After three rounds of the hall they rested, the singing continuing through the whole, and when they recommenced the Sheikh, still keeping on his black cloak, rose and joined them—but he wore no long skirt as the others did, and the

twisting of his thick, heavy leather boots one over the other, looked very odd and awkward; then the singing ceased, the cloaks were resumed, a few more prayers recited, and they all disappeared. We had expected to find the scene absurd or disgusting—but it was neither the one nor the other: the whole thing was so solemn, and they appeared to be so completely absorbed in what they were doing that a certain air of devotion and reverence reached even the mind of the spectators, and made one fancy, that however extraordinary the distortion of ideas which led to such an exercise as an expression of religious worship, there was still something higher and better than fanatic folly or hypocrisy in the mind of the actor.

From this graceful exhibition we went to a very different scene—the Mosque of the "Howling Dervishes"—this Mosque was but a plain square lofty room, with a small gallery at one end in which we sat; in the place of honour a venerable old Sheikh with a white beard was seated with two tiny children, a boy and a girl at one side of him: opposite to him sat about twenty men on lambskins,—all repeating the "Fatha" as fast as possible: presently they stood up and the lambskin mats were arranged in the middle of the Mosque for some men to sit on, who played on flutes. Then the performers, or zikkrs, standing close together in a row, joined their hands and commenced repeating the "La ilāh illalāh" as fast as possible, throwing out the words with a violent jerk of the body, thrown forward with the head and heels jerked first to one side and then the other, the jerks and the words gradually coming louder and louder, faster and faster till they had lost all likeness to human beings and seemed to become only mad animals or machines. The old Sheikh and the

little children kept time gently, the fair pretty faces of the latter contrasting sadly with the phrenzied faces near them. Twice they all came to a rest, while the zikkrs wiped the perspiration from their streaming heads and necks, — the first pause was occupied by two attendants dressing themselves in green scarfs which were put on with some ceremony before the mihrab — the second by a long recitation of something by the old Sheikh sitting with his hand pressed upon the heart of a Turkish officer who knelt before him — we supposed that the Sheikh was healing him of some disease, or charming away some misfortune.

After this the zikkrs recommenced their furious jerks and grunts to the accompaniment of huge coarse tambourines one of which was given to each zikkr, and a pair of cymbals to the little children — with all these instruments the excitement became quite maddening and the din deafening; — in the midst of it, an iron instrument, — a large spike about a foot long, with a bunch of short chains hung to the head of the spike — was given to each of two selected performers, who immediately commenced leaping with opera-dancer bounds about the Mosque, evidently according to rule and figure, throwing up the spikes in the air with a circling motion, and catching them as they fell — the third or fourth time they fell the points were received in the cheek of one man, and in the neck of the other, and twirled rapidly round as if entering deeply into the flesh: this was repeated several times, until one of the performers became "melboos" or *possessed*, — his arms dropped at his sides, his head fell forward and he seemed suddenly stiffened into the rigidity of a dead body; a bystander caught him as he fell down, dragged him to the side of the room, and propped him up against the wall where

he stood like a statue, as if pinned to it — and I saw the blood slowly trickle down from the wound made by the iron spike in his neck. These spikes are said to have a small ring round the point, which hinders them from entering into the flesh, — the other performer seemed unhurt, but this one was really wounded. The shouts, yells, and grunts then suddenly ceased, and the performance was over: as we came away we saw the poor "possessed" wretch was coming to life again, looking livid and ghastly. Altogether it was the most disgusting and unedifying sight I have ever witnessed, especially by way of a religious exercise, and I should be sorry to see such another: it had that strange effect upon one that although feeling it too horrible to look at, one could not look away from the scene.

We had intended to remain but three or four days at Broussa, but the place was so enchanting and the air so delightful that we stayed on and on till more than a fortnight had elapsed and we were yet most unwilling to go: we half thought of taking a house and staying till the winter, but the horrible news from the Lebanon had so much alarmed the European world on the Bosphorus, that, though we had no particular fears ourselves of the ill-feeling shown there spreading over Turkey, we were so strongly advised not to linger, alone and unprotected in the country, that we determined to go on into Europe. Before quitting Broussa, however, we were quite resolved to ascend Mount Olympus, but the summer heats and mists are so bad for extensive views that we had delayed from day to day in hopes of better weather,— and, in the end, of course we selected the worst day of our whole stay.

The ascent of the Mysian Olympus is nowhere so steep and difficult as the greater part of Hermon — but it is a very long expedition, and we made it alas! a

work of seventeen hours, the last five of which, owing to our having started late in the morning, were in total darkness. The woods of the mountain come down quite to the streets of the city, and the path led along the edges of grand and romantic ravines, among which we had glimpses of beautiful views, between the mist-wreaths which rested clinging to the steep sides of the valleys: in these ravines, several of them at less than half an hour's distance from the bazaars of the town, the scenery is as wild, rich and lovely as the finest bits of Switzerland or the Tyrol.

We were soon in the depths of the glorious forest that clothes the sides of the mountain, riding through delicious fern-brakes under the lofty trees, chiefly pines, oaks, chestnuts, beech, and plane trees, while among the blue-bells and harebells and a hundred other gay wild flowers, multitudes of ripe Alpine strawberries begged of us, by their bright colour, to stop and eat them as we passed by. Higher up we came to a wide open common, with several pools in which herds of buffaloes were splashing and cooling themselves, and in which were many wide and somewhat treacherous morasses,—and from this we saw large groves of dead fir-trees killed by the white moss, *baumhaar*, which clings to and eats the life out of every branch, leaving only the grey ghost of what was till lately a living tree — most sadly weird and melancholy they looked. It was midday before we reached a lone shepherd's hut at the foot of a snow-covered summit where we breakfasted and rested after our five hours' ride,—and then commenced the last ascent on foot. The snow here lay in great masses, and the bare crags and chasms of rock (in one of which was a small glacier) were very wild and savage: the slope was covered with small loose stones, but between them,

the ground was thickly spread over with large yellow pansies, blue gentian, pink hyacinths, and a little pink heath, and the air was quite perfumed with the pansies. The last part of the ascent was very steep, but nothing difficult, and we hoped to be rewarded by the magnificent view which extends from Smyrna to Constantinople and is justly famed for including one of the most lovely panoramas in the world: we were not mistaken in our hopes, for we had indeed a most extensive view from the summit — but it was entirely of —— clouds! mass after mass rolled by, varying from an inky grey up to brightly shining silver and snow—and during the half-hour we braved the cold on the summit, wrapped up in cloaks, we only got one pretty glimpse to the south, and two or three broken hasty views of the Sea of Marmora and the mountains beyond Constantinople and Ismid: we only saw enough to be quite sure of the immense beauty and grandeur there must be in the view when clear, and I envy the traveller that ascends there on a clear day at the end of the autumn.

We did not leave the shepherd's hut till six o'clock, and the pitch darkness under the thick, lofty forest in the descent was very trying, and the *horror umbrarum* seized me pretty strongly, as, though a tolerably good path by daylight, there were plenty of jutting crags and deep holes in the narrow paths where a false step would have been destruction, and the branches were continually threatening to sweep one out of one's saddle, so we had good reason to say "Mash 'allah!" when, to the great astonishment of the dogs, we reached the hôtel exactly at midnight.

Almost more, even, we enjoyed the ride to Moudhania when we at last succeeded in tearing ourselves away from ever-lovely Broussa: we descended into the plain at

4 P.M. and rode over the park-like ground and grassy meadows, studded with clumps of fine trees, and now and then a thicket of hawthorn or elder, covered over with honeysuckle—every moment looking back to the glorious mountain, with the long, picturesque town clinging round its feet—the deep green woods veiling all the sides—the romantic ravines and gorges—the barren wild crags—and above all the beautiful head, covered with its mantle of snow, now blushing rosy red in the sunset glow. How beautiful it was! more richly, luxuriantly beautiful than almost any other view I remember. It faded in the deepening twilight—(for we were now coming nearly into the latitudes of twilight)—and we turned into the green wooded valleys of the low mountains which border the Sea of Marmora, with very sad hearts at bidding good-bye to such a paradise as Mount Olympus. It was soon dark, and we lost the pretty views of the sea which had pleased us so much in coming from Jemblik, but the glow-worms and fire-flies tried to console us, and gave us pleasanter meditations than the howling of a pack of wolves in some valley close to us: there were plenty of jackals besides, but the deep voices of the wolves are far more sonorous.

A room had been provided for us in the large village of Moudhania, but it was so dirty and so literally swarming with bugs, that we could not even rest on the divans in peace for a moment: and we gladly sallied out to refresh ourselves in the streets at half-past three in the morning. After some time we found a caïque to rest in until the steamer which was to take us to Constantinople came up, upon the dirty deck of which we could not even get standing room, it was so much crowded.

During our little voyage across the Sea of Marmora we heard the most horrible stories of a massacre in

Constantinople—of the English Ambassador and all the Protestants being in the greatest danger, and that on his calling out the Turkish troops to defend him they fired on the Armenians and slaughtered them like sheep, the Armenian Patriarch, thereupon, tearing off his Order of the Mejeedi and throwing it on the ground exclaimed, "Henceforth we belong to Russia! to the dogs with Turkey!" &c. &c. Whether these reports came over in Greek newspapers, or only in gossip, I never made out exactly: they seemed to grow as we reached Pera, and were more confused in the place than out of it; however, on demanding the news from Madame Missiri, she coolly answered, "Oh, yes, I believe there's been a row; but, bless you, ma'am, I've lived through so many rows and revolutions, I don't think nothing at all about them! and I'm sure you needn't mind!" And this is always the case at Constantinople: the fashion of the Perotes and Levantines of all classes is to get up all kinds of reports which are soon exaggerated into atrocious falsehoods, and are then spread like wild-fire: anything and everything that can be taken hold of or invented against the Turkish Government is their senseless object, rabidly run after: "Sweep it away, sweep it away," is their unceasing cry, not a soul stopping to inquire, "And what then, when you *have* swept it away?" nor would one of them know what to answer. This system of noisy, screaming exaggeration—like dogs barking at the moon—is very mischievous and inconvenient to those who seek to learn the truth: the account we read, a fortnight after, in the "Times" of the circumstances of the Armenian row, was not a little amusing to us who had, meanwhile, learned the plain, simple facts at the Embassy (and which, it is needless to state, in no way resembled the stories we

had heard); but it is very disagreeable for those who cannot learn for themselves — who can only read at a distance — or who wish but for the real, unvarnished truth.

As this was to be our last day in Constantinople, we mounted the Fire-tower of Galata, to take a farewell view of Stamboul and its environs: a beautiful view it is: the positions of the various parts of the city are so well seen with the opposite shores and the mountains beyond, the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus winding along deep below one's feet like a living picture, thickly covered with vessels, some of them shrouded in smoke, others, including the hundreds of caïques, gay with costumes or flags of bright colours; and even, as we stood there, the sun sank in a sea of fiery crimson and gold which dyed all the shining white Palaces and Mosques of Stamboul in a spiritual-looking rose colour among the cypresses, and made them seem really for a few moments like opals set in an enamel of dark green.

The Bosphorus grows upon the mind; as perhaps is the case with all very beautiful scenes of which one has heard so much beforehand, that at the first moment one feels disappointed: certainly the Oxford of the East never appeared to me so lovely as when, after a very busy and fatiguing morning in Pera, we went gliding along its sunlit waters in the cool refreshment of evening, resting in a graceful caïque (which by the bye it is the fashion to abuse and to designate as "miserably uncomfortable and cramping," &c. &c. I wonder how lovingly any one would think of a caïque after the same number of hours in an old cab or a malle-poste!) under the shadows of Therapia; and then that evening, sitting in the balcony of the English Embassy, enjoying the deliciously cool breeze among the trees and flowers, listening to the

ripple of the water against the quay below us, the young moonlight playing on the calm sea, and the stillness only broken by the gentle plashing of the oars as a caïque now and then silently glided by, and by the faint echo of the band which was playing at Buyúkderé coming stealing across the bay—a musical stillness, all perfumed and sweet! That was an evening to be remembered: and I was beginning to think that civilised life in a luxurious drawing-room, with pleasant conversation and kind friends, decidedly had its advantages — when my enjoyment was suddenly cut short by the appearance of the Austrian Lloyds' steamer "Mercur" stopping for us opposite the Embassy and demanding our company, baggage and all, to be conveyed back to Europe once more.

It was a lovely afternoon, and the big vessel sheered off, slowly passing each pleasant house and garden in Buyúkderé—then under the pretty Giant's Mountain, and between the two frowning batteries — past one wooded and vine-clad hill after another, till we looked back through a most lovely vista on the winding Bosphorus, and just at its loveliest and tenderest beauty, the stern rocks rushed in and closed together, and we shot out into the wide Black Sea, and the beauties that a thousand ages of poets have sung, vanished, probably for ever, from our eyes. The "inhospitable" Axine, however, seeing our sorrowful regrets, behaved with the most hospitable kindness by way of consolation to the home-returning wanderers on its bosom: not a breath ruffled the waters, not a cloud flecked the glowing sky, and only rosy hues were thrown over the retreating landscape of blue mountains. The southern coast faded out of sight as darkness gradually covered the sky, and spread a stern, thick veil between me and all the sunshiny dreams of my "Wonderland,"—Asia and Africa,

the East and the South;—one by one all the memories of the two years I had spent in them rose up like picture-visions across my mind,—the silver splendour of the mornings—the fierce sunshine and cool shades of the days—the golden glories of the sunsets—the indescribable deliciousness of the nights—the boundless loveliness of the Desert—the magnificence of the snow-capped mountains and the stern rocky hills—the rushing streams—the cloudless skies—the olive, the fig, and the vine—the unhackneyed people and the bright colours—the free, wild, airy life—the kind hearts and true friends we had met and made,—all combined in one sad memory with the days that are gone to come back no more, and had faded one by one from the Present as the misty distance was now dying away beneath the last soft, rosy ray of the dying Sun.

"Mournfully listening to the wave's strange tale,
And marking with a sad and moistened eye
The summer days sink down behind the sea—
Sink down beneath the level brine, and fall
Into the Hades of forgotten things,—
A mighty longing stealeth o'er the soul;
As of a man who pineth to behold
His idol in another land,—
Even so,
With passion strong as love, and deep as death
Yearneth the spirit after Wonderland.
Ah happy, happy Land! the busy Soul
Calls up in pictures of the half-shut eye
Thy shores of splendour. As a fair blind girl
Who thinks the roses must be beautiful,
But cannot see their beauty. Olden tones
Borne on the bosom of the breeze from far,—
Angels that came to the young heart in dreams
And then like birds of passage flew away;—
—Alas! the rugged steersman at the wheel

Comes back again to vision. The hoarse sea
Speaketh from its great heart of discontent,
And in the misty distance dies away
The Wonderland! 'Tis past and gone." *

And so I took my last sad look of Asia and the Eastern world.

* Cradock Newton.

CHAP. XXVII.

"BEATA UNGHERIA!"

"Beata Ungheria! se non si lascia
Più malmenare." DANTE.—*Paradiso*, xix.

A COUPLE of hours' stay at Varna, in the early morning, showed us but little of the pretty green country which seemed to surround that melancholy place: numbers of people came off from the shore to our vessel, and reported the Christians to be in much alarm lest they should all be massacred like the unhappy Syrians; a Turk having said in a coffee-house, on hearing the news of the Damascus horrors, "That's how we mean to serve them soon;" but of this, it is just as likely as not, that the whole thing was the invention of some ill-disposed Christians; they are unfortunately, in Turkey, almost less to be trusted for truth than the Mooslims.

We found the coast very pretty and varied till after midday, when we stood out further to sea under a light breeze from the north which kept us pleasantly cool, scarcely even rippling the sea: we arrived off the Sulina mouth of the Danube a little after midnight, and waited for the dawn to cross the bar. The Sulina branch is the smallest of the three great mouths by which the mighty Danube discharges itself into the sea; and, as the only one which has an entrance navigable by the generality of vessels, it is certainly but an insignificant outlet for

the commerce of so vast a stream, and of the rich countries through which it flows. The river, however, spreads itself in a network of streaming mouths forming a Delta to the extent of about sixty miles—and of which the apex is about thirty-six miles from the sea.

The greater part of this Delta, which is called the Dōb-rudscha, is to all appearance a vast marsh covered with osiers, reeds, and bulrushes, decked here and there with pretty, bright flowers, presenting to the eye of the passer-by a dead level of waving stems: but hidden among these lie numerous and extensive lakes peopled by myriads of water-fowl. These birds are of every variety, from the stately swan to the skimming, rapid widgeon, and the screaming, whirling curlew—whilst the waters abound with excellent fish. The Dobrudscha is enlivened here and there by some miserable little huts, built on tall piles, beside which some still more miserable specimens of humanity are to be seen, fishing or sleeping, drinking in the fever-taint of the marsh at every breath—and yet even this depressing condition has not deprived them of all vitality. The fishermen of the Danube—for the most part Russians—of the sect called Lipovan—are a hardy, robust race, keen sportsmen, and as cunning in their trade as others of their profession in all parts of the world: their huts are clean and comfortable within—and they contain at least one luxury of furniture in their beautiful swans'-down pillows. The way in which these men contrive to kill the swans deserves notice. The smaller boats which they use in fishing are narrow and long, draw very little water, and are very light: with one of these a man punts himself along, forcing his way through the tall reeds, in which an ordinary boat would be impounded before it had advanced its own length. Under the

shade of the reeds, which grow to ten or twelve feet in height, the swans seek their food — and swim about freely among the stems. The boatman advances as quietly as possible, gradually nearing the game — for whose heads a man in the bows is narrowly watching, and at which alone he fires: the swan of course cannot rise to fly, and can only swim away on the approach of intruders. This sport is very exciting — but it requires an insensibility to mosquitoes to make it at all agreeable. The Delta presented a curiously lively appearance, for great numbers of vessels and rafts were speeding down the river, and the stream winds so much, through so many channels, doubling and redoubling on itself, that they constantly appeared to be sailing through the bulrushes to meet us, or to be alongside of us. We had expected to be eaten up by mosquitoes here, but only half a dozen appeared: they were certainly very big and black — exactly like those on the Mah'moudiyeh Canal and as voracious — but happily the breeze soon blew them away.

Along the left bank of the Sulina one still sees the remains of the old guardhouses by means of which, before the Treaty of Paris, the Russians used to endeavour to control and obstruct the trade of the Danube. These guardhouses, which extend from the sea-coast up the river to Turna Severin — are among the means employed by Russia and her imitators to draw a quarantine cordon round their territories, by which they hope to exclude all epidemics from their shores: with how much success let the Russian towns that are periodically devastated by the cholera testify. The guardhouses are built on piles to such a height as to raise their floors above the level of the floods that nearly every second or third year overflow the banks of the river. Such as re-

main undestroyed are now inhabited by Turkish soldiers —who have been stationed there with no particular object, it would seem, for they do not act as police, and are certainly of no use as a defence. These poor Turks are in a truly deplorable condition—they have been left in these wretched houses for the last two years, each small room filled with eight or ten men, living in the greatest uncleanliness, without any occupation but that of mounting guard over nothing, in the same spot day after day, with a dreary waste of monotony all around them: one can only wonder that they do not one and all go mad.

The opening of the mouth of the Danube is a point of great importance, and should be one of great interest to all Europe, but more especially to England; it does not, however, seem to have attracted much notice at home. One of the most important stipulations of the Treaty of Paris in 1856 provided that the navigation of that river should be freed from all obstacles, whether of customs' duties, police formalities, or physical obstructions—the trade of the river was declared free, and a Commission was appointed to enact and administer laws for its proper navigation—and to carry out works for deepening the channel into the sea. Turkey undertook at the same time to provide funds for this purpose, which were to be reimbursed to her by tolls that the Commission had power to levy on the navigation. This Commission, composed of delegates from Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, and Turkey, assembled towards the end of the year 1856, and immediately prepared surveys and plans of improvement. In the winter of 1857-8 a discussion was commenced on the plans and surveys which had been laid before the Commission not only by their own engineer, Mr. Hartley,

an Englishman—but by others. Already two parties had formed themselves in the Commission: the delegates of France, Prussia, and Russia advocated the improvement of the present navigable branch, the Sulina—whilst those of the four other Powers, struck with the great superiority of the St. George's branch for all the purposes of a great trade, strongly insisted on the opening of its embouchure. Each party being equally tenacious of its own view, and unanimity on so important a point being absolutely necessary, the question of choice was referred to the Governments represented. It must be conceded that the probability of being right lay rather with the four delegates who represented the nations whose ships are to be found in the greatest numbers in the Danube, and who are therefore the most nearly interested in the selection of the best channel: the ships of the other three Powers not amounting altogether to one-tenth of the navigation; and an impartial observer cannot but admit that their junction for the purpose of confining the improvements to the most insignificant branch of the river, should be looked upon with suspicion.

On the mode of improving the branch to be chosen, no difference of opinion existed,—the system of confining the current by parallel piers, and directing its force towards the removal of the bar, being generally admitted as the most likely to produce the desired deepening. The Governments referred the question of choice to a commission of engineers, who, whilst pronouncing unanimously in favour of the St. George's branch, unfortunately introduced a new complication into the question by recommending an entirely different system of works; and the delays that have sprung out of this new difficulty have enabled the opponents of the St. George to gain their end by a side wind. They have raised an

apprehension — a most groundless one — that the formation of a port at Kustendjeh, and the construction of a line of railway thence to Tchernavoda on the Danube, may divert so considerable an amount of the corn trade from the mouth of the river, that the tolls for the works at that point will not be sufficient for the repayment of the outlay on them; this joined to the inability of Turkey to find the necessary funds, has led to an indefinite postponement of all work in the St. George's branch. That the navigation of the river might not be impeded during the long period required for the execution of permanent works at the mouth of the St. George — the Danube Commission in 1858 commenced works of a provisional character at the mouth of the Sulina. These works on the parallel pier system, have been planned and executed by Mr. Hartley — and have been completely successful — having entirely removed the bar at the mouth of that branch; they consist of parallel piers of timber piling, protected by a footing of stone — carried out over the bar to distances of 4500 and 3000 feet respectively. They have been executed with great rapidity, and have proved to be sufficiently solid to resist the most violent storms of the Black Sea — where they have no rise and fall of tide to contend against.

The objection that the railway, opened a few months ago from Tchernavoda to Kustendjeh would supersede the necessity for the better navigation of the river, ought not to be listened to; when subjected to the only test in such matters — the expense — it will be found that the river transit, even after paying the dues for the works at the mouth, is much less than that incurred on the railway, even if the Company ever succeed in constructing their port; and however convenient and

agreeable it may be for passengers and articles of light merchandise to cross from water to water in a few hours, the transmission of heavy cargoes of corn, coals, &c., to be shipped and unshipped in the river and in the sea-ports is not likely to answer.

Perhaps had England exerted herself more vigorously on the subject she would have succeeded in securing the only effective improvement of the river mouth, but unfortunately, and as is too often the case with us, the thing was turned over from one to another — the Engineer's plans were overlooked by civilians who knew nothing on earth about the matter;—then came small difficulties between the Cabinets into which such practical details could not be intruded or comprehended, —plenty of small jealousies crept in underneath the shadows of the bigwigs upon whose decision it rested; — then, one after another wearied of what they did not understand—and so, by degrees, the whole thing was *jobbed*, until the sum originally voted for it, and which would have been enough had it been properly managed, with one definite and right object from the beginning, and had the Engineers been allowed to do their work quietly and unmolested, has completed but a very small part of what it would have satisfactorily accomplished. There is little chance now of a more enlightened attention being given to the works at the Sulina mouth; the one grand object of our public offices being only and always to get every question disposed of—or rather *shelved*—how, or why, or to what purpose matters very little indeed, so as it is at last and absolutely shelved; it is therefore of no use to be melancholy about it, though one cannot help wishing that England could have had a larger finger in the European pie, and had been allowed to plant here a bulwark for her

commerce—a defence against her enemies—and a work of British fame for all time.

Doultcha, on the Turkish bank of the river, was something very new in our eyes — such an odd little stunted village or town: crowds of rough Bulgarian wooden carts were in waiting for the steamer's passengers and luggage, and funny little char-à-bancs with arched wicker coverings and gay little fiery horses with bells and worsted trappings. The people looked so thick and rough and unwieldy in their great sheepskin coats, that we began to realise that we had indeed left the lithe, lazy, but graceful Eastern behind us.

This was still less to be doubted on reaching Galatz at 5 P.M., when we were bustled out of our steamer into a large, dirty luggage office and had there to undergo such an amount of uncivilised pushing, bustling and *bother* in passing our luggage and having it weighed before entering another steamer, that we very soon and clearly understood we had arrived in a *civilised* country. We now found ourselves in a huge steamer, in which we slept, thirty of us, like sheep in a pen, in dismal discomfort, and fed in a large airy saloon on excellent food, besides having a pleasant shady deck on which we could sit all day. Galatz is a large thriving town, but I carry away only the recollection of the bulb-shaped Tartar domes of the Russo-Greek churches, which I saw here for the first time; they are covered with plates of tin and shine brightly in the sun: the towers, too, and houses are gaily painted. After this came only long, low flats, with here and there the perpetual melancholy guardhouse built on piles; and a fiery sun going down behind the purple hills of Bulgaria: it looked but palely bright in our eyes: and we sighed to think we had now but the memories of such scenes—in their real, full glory

—to think over: that the ravishing realities of Nature's splendour were all left behind from the very moment when we turned out of the brave old Euxine up the great river of the West—in fact one had but to glance above to know one was in Europe; and we felt there would be no more real blue skies for us! From the moment we re-entered the eastern territories of Europe, the *triste* and *attristante* skies we have seen have been only variations of shades of grey, from the heavy, unwholesome-looking colour of lead to a mild, serene lavender, here and there breaking into blue bits that *hinted* at there being really the same bright Heaven behind if one could only get a glimpse of it: added to this there came keen, cutting winds—cold, drizzling showers—raw, chill damps—dank, penetrating fogs, enfolding the very crevices of your brains, with a few hours of limp sunshine seen through a cloudy haze, and a kind of would-be brightness as if it wanted to be gay but the sky would not let it—and yet this was actually in the month of August!

I had, too, to get accustomed to the long twilights which at first seemed to me so extraordinary: when we settled at Vienna with a wide Western view before our windows, I caught myself, on the first evening or two, wondering what had happened to the sun! I had seen him go down ever so long before, but the night seemed never coming, and the light went on and on with a dismal darkness of light—if one may use such an Irish expression—that appeared to me inexpressibly mournful and lugubrious. And I fancy that much of the quiet depression, so common among English women, and of the moroseness of Englishmen, derives its origin from the long, dim twilights, which it is the pleasure of our Poets to extol, and of ourselves to think we enjoy.

There is little to remark in the scenery of the giant Danube throughout Vallachia — it is usually monotonously flat — a green flat on each side and the brown flat of the swift stream between them: occasionally the southern bank is hilly and wooded — giving thus an advantage to the Turks in their wars with Russia, as from these hills, though low in themselves they are enabled to overlook the Russian movements, and, as at Oltenitza, to command their batteries. The air, though chilly to us, was not unpleasant, and the voyage was a time of rest for which we were not at all indisposed: the names of many of the towns we passed by were familiar and interesting to us, and sometimes they were pretty in themselves; those on the Bulgarian coast, Tchernavoda (where the Kustendjeh railway commences), Silistria, Rustchuk, Nikopol, and Widdin presenting a few small Mosques and slender minarets after the fashion of Stamboul — with something of bright colour in the Turkish costumes of the inhabitants, though they seemed more than half Europeanised in the way of dress: — those on the Vallachian side, Ibraïla, Giurgievo, Turna Severin, and Kalafat exhibiting several varieties of the Tartar domes on the churches which we found so picturesque, and queer groups of sheepskin-clad peasants with streaming black hair and lumbering gait, accompanied by fiery little horses, and rude, rough carts and carriages.

Nikopol interested us the most: for it was to this place that in 1396 the immense body of French, German, Venetian, Greek, and Hungarian troops advanced to withstand the irruption of the Ottoman Sultan, Bayiazîd the Thunderbolt, into Hungary and thence as *he* declared it should be to Rome itself: the chivalrous but ill-disciplined and disunited troops fled before the

renowned janissaries and the infidel hordes of the proud Sultan, and Sigismund the King of Hungary, was himself only saved by the gallant efforts of a small band of the invincible Knights of Rhodes, headed by their Grand Master, covering the escape of the royal fugitive as he drifted in a frail bark down the stream to the sea; the butchery of the prisoners only, taken on that fatal field, lasting on the following day for *twelve hours!*

At Giurgievo, the port of Bucharest, we took in a host of Vallach ladies and gentlemen; who, generally speaking, are said to be excessively agreeable and fascinating. They almost all speak French and German as well as their own soft, melodious language: but they are not remarkable for either truth or honesty, and the Captains of the steamers carefully warn the unwary foreigner to keep a sharp eye on his small goods: we were told indeed that the pilferings among the first-class passengers have become so unbearable that they are now beginning to carry an agent of Police in plain clothes in every vessel. The Vallachs have decidedly free and easy manners, as we had already experienced in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, where one day breakfasting at the table-d'hôte in Buyúkderé, and speaking to one another of a drive we intended to take, a Vallach gentleman sitting opposite immediately exclaimed, "Ah! madame, si vous avez l'intention de faire cette jolie promenade en voiture ma femme vous accompagnera, car elle désire beaucoup y aller!" It would have been no use suggesting that she should wait for an invitation, so we only—went without her. Another on board one of these steamers addressed a friend of ours, a tall, grave-looking gentleman though young in years, after staring at him for some time, "Mon cher enfant, quel est votre nom?" and seemed immensely astonished at his

chilling reply: "Monsieur, je n'ai pas une carte avec moi." Perhaps they enjoy society all the more for taking it easily, and it may be very fascinating to some people, but we might have been a good deal annoyed by their ceaseless questions and chatter but for the presence of some kind and good friends on board in whose society we thoroughly enjoyed the little voyage.

The banks of the river began now to rise higher — the wooded hills of Servia approached the water, and some forests varied the extensive plains: over one of these broad pasture lands a huge cloud hanging near the ground puzzled us a good deal till we learned that it was one of the locust flights of which one has so often heard: some seasons they infest this country and cause endless mischief and destruction of crops. Late in the afternoon we passed over the remains of the famous bridge built by Trajan in A.D. 103 — nearly three-quarters of a mile long — a wooden bridge resting on twenty stone piers which still stand erect and firm, though no longer as high as the depth of the water, having resisted the river and the ice for seventeen hundred and fifty winters! All that is visible to the traveller who passes by is the shore pier at each end of the bridge,—on the Vallachian side a ruined tower, matched on the Servian side by a mass of masonry, both of Roman cemented bricks and stones.

We were of course on deck to watch the passing of the famous "Iron Gates," once so formidable an impediment to the navigation of the Upper Danube: the ridges of rocks, which run nearly across the water, leave intervals through which vessels require careful steering with powerful rudders. Until Count Széchenyi made the experiment some years ago this was only attempted by small boats, but, at his instance, steamers built expressly for the purpose, of a light draught of water, were

navigated through the passage, and a good deal of the rock having been since that time blasted away, they pass now without any great difficulty; we had the shooting of the First Cataract in Egypt in our minds and the rapids of the Danube seemed a very small affair indeed: our steamer only staggered a very little and went on with a steady, droning motion which gave us time to contemplate the scene around us. Twilight was just commencing to throw dim veils over the beautiful defile we were entering, thick woods clothed the steep banks on each side broken by stern grey rocks, and, looking back, the dying sun threw a sheet of bright rose colour over the troubled, eddying, whirling water, so deeply clear and distinct that it really looked like an immense bed of tumbled rose-leaves. I have seen the Mediterranean more than once a sea of molten, seething gold, of sparkling white silver, of heavenly turquoise and of deepest sapphire: but I never saw anything look so *solidly* rose colour as the Danube on that evening.

In the increasing darkness we made our way slowly on, passing the white minarets and dark cypresses of New Orsova on the left bank, and on the right the island where Kossuth hid the sacred Iron Crown and the Regalia of Hungary when he fled to Broussa.* The Austrian Government commissioned an officer to travel over Hungary in search of it, and for two years he travelled on, but in vain, when this island was suggested to him as the last Hungarian soil on which Kossuth had stood: he immediately went there, laid off the whole island in squares of two or three feet, and dug in each until at last the chest was found, and the sacred relics rescued from oblivion: in which oblivion, however, most of the

* His family plate is now used in the hôtel at Broussa.

Hungarians would have preferred their remaining to their being deposited, as they now are, in the Schatzkammer of the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna. A little chapel—dedicated, I presume, to the broken hearts of Hungary's patriots — has been built over the spot.

Two hours of annoyance awaited us at Orsova: we had to change steamers again, and as we had now the privilege of entering the confines of the Paternal Government, it was necessary that they should inspect our minds, morals, passports and portmanteaus. So we were all turned into one great room without a chair, and our luggage thrown in, pell-mell also; then an inner door was opened at intervals and a name roared out, Germanised into something very little resembling its reality, and when the individual in question had arrived at its recognition, he and his boxes, if they could be found, were bundled into the sanctum and searched; every book was carefully looked over, even the drawing-books, lest revolutionary pencils should have been employed, and innumerable questions answered before we were allowed to escape and arrange our new quarters in the next steamer.

We were then told we should start at midnight, but on our kind friends remonstrating with the Captain, and telling him that the English ladies had come Heaven knows how many miles to see the Danube scenery, he most good-naturedly said he would wait till dawn before he left Orsova.

And at 3 A.M. we started, finding ourselves in the mouth of the magnificent Kazān (anglicè, *kettle*, from the boiling eddies of the water), the glorious beauty of which continues unabated during six hours' steaming. The gigantic river pours through this narrow, winding passage — in one place actually only 123

yards wide! with immense rapidity, and the cliffs rise up on each side to the height of 2000 feet! in every conceivable variety of beauty, of the richest woods, down to the water's edge, alternating with massive walls of red porphyry and stern grauwacke, breaking into a thousand wild fantastic shapes. At first, in the uncertain haze of morning, the gorge seemed awfully grand and terrible: as the light grew brighter the beauty seemed to rise above the grandeur, and when the early sunshine touched the overhanging woods of fresh foliage, lifted the gauzy wreaths of mist that lay in the hollows of the mountain, and lighted up the old rocks, throwing contrasts of bright colour and shade across from side to side, as the steamer threaded the closely turning channel, it became a scene of beauty not easily described,— far grander than the Danube between Linz and Vienna, lovelier than the Rhine at Bingen. There is an excellent road cut out of the solid rock the whole way along the Hungarian bank — thanks to the noble Count Széchenyi,— and we regretted not having had a day or two to spare that we might have driven from Orsova to Drenkova (where there is a good inn): for in passing by in the steamer you have scarcely time enough to observe any one of the exquisite effects of the winding defile before another turn has shut out from your view what you are longing to study; and it would be a most tempting place for sketching. There had not been light enough to distinguish the tablet engraved on the rock by the Emperor Trajan, though it is still very perfect, or the Roman tablet opposite Drenkova; but we saw great numbers of the holes or sockets, cut nearly all along the Kazān a little above the water in which the beams that supported the old wooden road were placed — half

the road resting on a narrow ledge of rock and half overhanging the water: it must have been a splendid triumph to accomplish it, and it deserved the medal struck to commemorate its completion, inscribed with the legend "Via Trajana."

We had another set of rapids to go through on leaving the Kazān—the Greben, the Taktalia, and the Izlas — which used to be considered very dangerous: we were watching them from the bow of the boat, and expecting to make a sudden turn round a very sharp projecting headland, when the steamer staggered, quivered, almost stopped, and then swung round with her head in the current, backing like a shying horse: the helmsman had missed his mark and we only saved the rocks by a couple of feet and a few seconds: had we touched, the boat would probably have been torn to pieces in one moment and every creature gone down in the whirlpool; we were not, however, destined to meet with that misfortune among our many adventures, — the long narrow boat steamed quietly on, passing about 7 A.M. on the left-hand side a most picturesque Castle, Golumbatz, perched on a succession of rocky points, its many towers crowning an almost inaccessible precipice. This is said to have been the prison of the Greek Empress Helena; another small tower, now ruined, stands opposite to it, and they bear many a wild legend of robber knights and sieges: Golumbatz is said to derive its name from the Vallachian Princess who built it, having written to her sister at Semendria, "I am here in my beautiful Castle, which sits like a dove nestling on a rock"— Golumba, being of course in the Roumanyi language spoken by the Vallachs, the same word as *columba*. It is a picturesque scene, all the more as, in the centre of the stream, there

stands a large mass of rock, like the nose of a huge water-beast, with the euphonious name of "Babakay."

After this the banks of the Danube sank down to their former level of flatness and became wholly uninteresting though ornamented with huge forests on either side, and with some very pretty views of the Carpathian in the far, blue distance. Early in the afternoon we passed Belgrade—always a point of interest for the historian as the frontier city for several centuries alternately of Christianity and Islamism; its siege by Muhammed II. in 1456, so gallantly repulsed by the great Hungarian hero, John Hunyàdi, can never be forgotten: nor its capture by Suleimān the Magnificent in 1522: each the *avant-courier* of the First and Second siege of Rhodes. The Castle of John Hunyàdi stands opposite, above the town of Semlin,—a memorable spot from its being the place where the First Crusaders, led by Peter the Hermit* perished miserably, the 24,000 soldiers being cut to pieces and the 200,000 fanatics of both sexes disbanding only to die of hunger and misery in the surrounding countries. Belgrade is so well situated at the junction of the Save, and so picturesquely built that it forms the best object on the Danube below Pesth: there are some handsome buildings and numbers of churches and mosques, and minarets, crowned by the citadel on the summit of the cliff. Throughout the two following days there was not one object of interest on the river, or one pretty view, unless it was the scores of gaily painted watermills at every village, each of them erected on a couple of boats, floating on the water.

We arrived at Pesth, late in the evening of our

* It is said that Peterwardein (which we passed at night) took its name from being the spot on which Peter the Hermit marshalled the soldiers and counted the rabble of the First Crusade.

seventh day from Constantinople, by the light of a full moon which illuminated the rows of very handsome buildings that line the quays, opposite the dark and lofty mass of the Blocksberg, which is crowned by the fortress frowning (though but gently) on the town: both Pesth and Ofen (called in olden days Bûda) were gay with lights, and seemed garlanded together across the river by the wreath of lamps that hung on the fine suspension bridge which unites the two towns. We took up our quarters in company with our friends, on the following morning, at the Archduke Stephen (one of the three fine hôtels of Pesth), anxious to enjoy the handsome, pleasant city as much as the cold, searching winds and clouded skies would allow us. Nothing can be a greater contrast than the perfect flat on which Pesth is built (which till within a hundred years ago was little better than a morass), with its regularly-built wide streets and rows of fine white houses, to the quaint, piled-up old city of Ofen, with its narrow, winding, steep lanes, high-peaked roofs and old churches, scrambling up the sides of the pretty hills which border the river till it reaches its once proud citadel, the small remains of which have seen twenty sieges! flanked and guarded by the fine old Blocksberg on its almost perpendicular cliff, which rises grandly from the bosom of the mighty river, ever flowing between the Old City and the New. The Suspension Bridge which spans the stream is a noble monument of perseverance against difficulties; the nature of the bed of the river and the tremendous force with which each winter's ice breaks up and then rushes down, rendered the laying of the piers a work of danger: but the overcoming these difficulties was scarcely to be compared with the victory obtained over the "time immemorial" custom in Hungary of the nobleman's

exemption from toll and tax; the Magnate added his tolls to those of the peasant from the day of the opening of that bridge, and one large wedge was from that moment inserted towards the regeneration of Hungary.*

All this — and far more than this — was effected by Count Széchenyi alone — the modern hero of Hungary and her *greatest* hero, perhaps, in as much as moral force exceeds physical. Perhaps a few words about one the thread of whose mission in this world has but lately been broken — all too rudely — may not, perhaps, be unwelcome to some of my readers.

Count Széchenyi commenced his work by winning the goodwill of his countrymen in the introduction of a better breed of horses — the Hungarian passion for horseflesh originating probably in their Eastern blood;— the introduction of races and of a better style of hunting having also the higher object in view of bringing the Hungarian nobles together in large numbers, opportunities for which had been wanting since the Diet had ceased to sit every three years; — then he brought the melodious Hungarian language into daily use, instead of the German which Maria Theresa had partly persuaded, partly compelled them to adopt, and he introduced it into the Chamber of Magnates in place of the Latin which had always been spoken there, in which probably the heart had less play than the head; — at the same time publishing himself many excellent works to awaken the numbness, inform the ignorance, soften the prejudices, direct and encourage the efforts of the Hungarians to accomplish their own reformation; — he then

* So say the Austrians at least, but I doubt the Hungarians being of the same opinion; the feeling among them is, I believe, rather to return to the time when the nobles enjoyed their rights, the abolition of which has given the Austrian Government so much power.

persuaded them to build themselves a capital which he hoped would be worthy of their country, and to erect the fine suspension bridge which was the next object of his energy, while through hurricanes of abuse on all sides, he brought in and carried the Bill which enforced tolls on the nobility as well as on the peasantry; — greater than all, he conceived the idea of, and resolutely put into practice, the immensely important work of steam-navigation on the Danube: by his perseverance, liberality, and perspicacity the difficulties of the undertaking were overcome though his efforts were almost entirely unseconded by his countrymen and condemned as Quixotic; so that, insurmountable as the difficulties of the river itself had appeared to be,—with its rocks, its rapids, its shallows, and its ever-shifting channels — his victory over the less tangible obstacles in the minds of his fellow-countrymen was far greater: still more that he induced the overproud yet overgenerous noble to break down his exclusiveness and accept a speculation equally profitable to his country and to himself, and thus opened the understanding of the Magnate to recognise that true law of the Political Economy of nations — united public and private interest.

The name of Count Széchenyi had long been a "household word" among his countrymen — his image was stamped in the heart of every true patriot in Hungary — when one of those mysterious visitations at the Hand of God to which we can but bow our heads in reverence and faith, came upon the object of so much hope and love — his mind gave way, and after some time it was necessary to place him under careful attention and restraint, as, in periods of excitement, he had more than once attempted self-destruction: but great confidence was entertained that he would ultimately

recover. Under so heavy an affliction one would have thought the unfortunate patriot would be only an object of pity even to his enemies: but as an ass is proud to kick a dead lion, the cowardly Austrians could not believe themselves safe while the blood still beat in so noble and true a heart. About two months before we arrived in Hungary a couple of Austrian police officers visited the Count in his seclusion — overhauled his books and papers — for he could still amuse himself with reading — and on quitting the apartment, left, with careful carelessness, a pair of loaded pistols on his table; — the plan succeeded — he had probably been excited with conversation, and before that day's sun had set, Count Széchenyi had breathed his last!

The torrent of grief and indignation that overspread Hungary was a thousand-fold more inimical to Austria than even Széchenyi's restoration to health could have been — for he was a reformer not a revolutionist, — it was all the worse that the people were half compelled to conceal it, as the Paternal Government of course denied her own work: their patriotism, now watered with tears, found some slight expression in the eagerness with which, from the melancholy day of his funeral, the whole country, the Pesthians in particular, seized upon their ancient costume as an ensign of brotherhood: it was but little — for enslaved * Hungary is but impotent, as yet, but it was something. Rich and poor, noble and peasant, blossomed out in the pretty dress, and became externally as entirely Hungarian as they were at heart: with their soft, rich language and their peculiar, picturesque dress, not even a stranger could confound them with the Germans: but another thing—perhaps

* It will be remembered that this was written in August, 1860.

the dearest of all to their hearts was wanting — viz. their national music.

Three days before we reached Pesth, a quiet, firm, respectable little "revolution" had taken place, and the permission, till then most harshly refused, was requested to perform their beloved and time-honoured national airs. By the persuasions of General Benedek, the permission was granted — whether in good faith or only till the present moment of excitement is past, time will show: — once more the city burst forth in the well-known old melodies, and the hearts of the people beat high at the thrilling strains; thrilling, indeed, they are. One evening we accompanied some friends to a large café where one of the best orchestras in the town was pealing forth to the people as they sat round eating ice and coffee. As we entered every eye was turned towards us — were we spies? were we horrid Austrians come to gloat over the nakedness of the land? we sat down at one side of the room and felt them watching us distrusfully. After a time a gentleman edged over to Prince W. and asked if the ladies liked the music? and were we French? we answered for ourselves we were English, and the eyes around us lighted up: England is the one country they fondly look to out of their own, and the name of Englishman is a password every where among them.

Hungarian music is more peculiar, more entirely national than, I think, any other existing, unless it be Welsh: but to that it is far superior; the ear does not perhaps catch the melody with the same simple distinctness as in Welsh or Irish music, but the strain goes down deep into the soul, stirring it up and penetrating it till one feels all music oneself, the very blood dancing in one's veins; it is sad, plaintive, thrilling and triumphant all in one, wildly exciting, martial yet sweet:

Rossini, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Auber, and Handel altogether; no music of any country ever delighted me more than these national airs as well as those of the opera I heard in Pesth. Besides the violins, violincellos &c. of the orchestra, there was another instrument peculiar to Hungary, a horizontal harp about two and a half feet long, struck with a couple of metal-pointed sticks and producing the most delicious sounds—so rich, so full, so wailing, yet so sweet and clear and deep; the compass is about five octaves, and it is said to be very difficult to play,—but a master hand played a solo on it for us to enjoy.

A gentleman, seeing how much we were interested and delighted with the music, informed us that there was a ball that night at the Kaiser-bad in Ofen, and advised our going there to see the national dance. These balls are for the higher middle class—the respectable bourgeoisie — to which gentlemen or even ladies could go, but not those of the highest class—a thing impossible in England, but very common in Germany. We found the saloon of the Kaiser-bad — open along one side to the garden — full of gay, pretty dresses, more of muslin than of silk, but of course in the national costume: a good orchestra was playing, and except an occasional quadrille and one or two waltzes they danced the *Tzardash**, *the* national dance, the whole evening. This dance is not very easily described: there is no very regular figure, the lady leads the way, her partner following, sometimes catching her up and holding her by both hands while they dance a few steps close together, then seizing her round the waist they perform a wild waltz for a turn or two — till, flinging each

* *Tzardash* means the same as the French *guinguette*, being usually danced in front of the village inn on festive evenings.

other off they re-commence the coquettish inviting and pursuit; the step is a very difficult one, almost entirely a movement of the foot on the heels, in the quicker part the couple remain on the same spot, but the body is then moved on the hips in accompaniment with the feet: it is excessively fatiguing but very lively, especially when the gentleman brings his arms into action as well as his feet — and the music of the Tzardash is most impetuous and fascinating. The costume of the Hungarian lady consists — morning and evening, in the house and in the open air — of a low boddice in silk or velvet, fastened with a row of silver clasps up the front: a half-high chemisette of thin muslin or net over the neck and very full short sleeves tied up with ribbons: the skirt is of white or some bright colour, long and full, with an apron, generally of muslin or lace — this apron is always worn even at balls: the headdress of the girls, is a *snood* of black velvet standing like a coronet round the head and a huge bow of ribbon at the back, the ends descending to the waist; that of the married ladies is shaped like the crown of a bonnet with a long scarf of tulle hanging gracefully down over the shoulders. The colours worn are always the gayest possible, and chiefly the national colours — scarlet and green on white. The Hungarian gentleman wears a closely buttoned frock coat richly braided with quantities of silver buttons; tight fitting pantaloons, in black or grey, also much braided, and boots over these reaching above the knee. His hat is very low, the rim evenly turned up all round, and almost invariably ornamented with a single eagle's feather, or a bunch of the long, delicate feathers of the white egret. In summer the ladies walk and drive out in the dress we have described: in winter they add a cloth cloak covered with braiding and silver

buttons, loosely tied on with the sleeves hanging down unused — this is very graceful and pretty; the gentlemen also hang an embroidered cloak over their shoulders, but never use the sleeves.

We had now an opportunity of experiencing the graceful politeness and kindness for which the Hungarians are so famous, in their reception of foreigners: there was to be a small private ball on the following night including all the "haute noblesse" then in Pesth: they heard somehow of the visit of the English strangers to the bourgeois ball, and a gentleman was deputed to call at our hotel the next morning to invite our whole party to join them in the evening. We had no evening toilettes, and not a single introduction but the name of our country: yet we were welcomed with the most kind and winning attention. We found many who spoke French or English (German as the language of Austria is spoken unwillingly now) who sought to make the evening pass pleasantly to us, and to treat us as friends; out of pure politeness to us they had two or three waltzes that we might join them although they at present abjure so German a dance; and when we returned the compliment by trying to dance the Tzardash, they were so much delighted that they all joined in a hearty cheer, "Vive l'Anglais! Vive l'Anglaise!" We also danced in the quadrilles, which are like our own, till the last figure, when half a dozen other dances are added, improvised at the fancy of the moment, with much life and spirit.

Every well educated Hungarian is thoroughly acquainted with our literature; we found them conversant with all our authors, distinctly recognising their different styles: every respectable family has a French or English governess, and only wished they had more English friends. The children of Hungarian families are

seldom separated from their parents, usually mixing in all home society — but the young ladies "come out" as early as the age of thirteen or fourteen. Of course they could not but talk of their wrongs, and their lamentable condition under Austrian oppression: which is indeed heavy: every man being taxed to the *fourth part* of his income! while the *surveillance* to which they are compelled to submit is still more galling. No one can give a ball without asking permission of the police: we met a nobleman who had in the previous summer forgotten or omitted to obtain such permission, and on his guests joining in a dance on the evening of his daughter's marriage, the Gens-d'armes made forcible entrance into his salons! It is said that the Hungarians are more good-hearted than hard-headed, and the superior wit of those Viennese, who have but little head and no heart, finds plenty of occupation among them, while they affect to describe them as simple, foolish children who cannot be trusted to act for themselves: but the Paternal Government will find some day to their cost that the children are wiser in their generation than their so-called fathers, —that there are plenty of sound heads in Hungary united to sound hearts,— and that from the ashes of their murdered patriots such phœnixes will arise as shall infuse new life into their country and restore it, sooner or later, to its pristine glory.

One lady, *patriote de bon cœur*, reproached England bitterly for not coming to the aid of Hungary: the cause of oppression, she said, was the cause we always spoke of—wrote of—declaimed of,—and yet what did we ever *do* for it? Doubtless when Austria is, through her own thick-headed obstinacy, dismembered of her kingdoms, we shall pat Hungary and Venice on the back and say "well done!" but both Hungarians and

Venetians loudly express their preference for a more active and thorough kind of sympathy than mere words: real assistance rather than barren approbation. The time, however, may not be far off when they will appreciate the value of England's consistent policy of non-intervention, by which she is frequently enabled to prevent other states from interfering to rivet the chains of tyranny.

The Museum at Pesth is exceedingly interesting; it was founded by the father of the late Count Széchenyi in 1802, and has lately been removed into a noble building erected for the purpose. The collection of Hungarian MSS. we had not time to examine: but we thoroughly enjoyed a very rich number of Hungarian antiquities, well worthy a much longer visit than we could give. There is a large number of ancient armour and arms, some of which are very handsome, with trophies taken in battle: a complete and well-arranged series of the coins of the Hungarian kings, from St. Stephen to the last king: and a most beautiful collection of antique jewels, orders, and ornaments, from the simple bands of gold worn as crowns by King Bela I. and his Queen down to every conceivable variety of jewelled groups set in enamels of every hue and form, with an Eastern luxuriance and a Western refinement and elegance that might well be introduced into England. There are hundreds, I believe I might say thousands, of terra cotta, bronze, and glass vases of the highest interest and beauty, and other Roman and Grecian, and Pannonian antiquities all found in Hungary where Roman tombs abound; and also a most interesting and curious set of Egyptian antiques found in a tomb near Pesth: several Roman wax tablets, found in an abandoned salt-mine, with the orders for the

workmen written on them with a stylus; the Hungarian minerals and fossils are numerous and interesting, but we had not time to go through them.

The streets of Pesth are gay and pleasant: the shops are very small, but they are ornamented with signs painted in bright colours on the walls, for the Hungarian has a great dislike to the idea of his house being only one among many kindred others; "No. 2 Herrngasse" is far less grand in his eyes than to say, "This is the White Swan," or "the Golden Sun," mingled, perhaps, with a vague idea that the numbering of houses is a sign of serfdom; the streets are wide and straight, and altogether it is as handsome and pretty a capital as Vienna, of course allowing for the difference of size. Outside the town there is a pretty boulevard with small villas on each side, and a charming Volksgarten with fine trees and winding drives.

Ofen has been a fine town,—but it is quaint, deserted and silent, with the melancholy look of half-decay that one sees on an old widow in rusty weeds who has "seen better days." The palace of the Palatine or Viceroy, and some of the other Government offices, are handsome, and the views from the Bastions and the Blocksberg are worth seeing, as well as the Kaiser-bad establishment, where a large public bath is provided, in order that the poor may have equal advantage with the rich in the hot mineral spring. We were also very much delighted with a hospital we went over, belonging to the "Barmherzigkeit Brüder" (the Compassionate Brothers), into which patients of all nations and creeds, and of both sexes are received, and carefully tended gratis; they have also numerous out-patients, and branch establishments in many parts of the country; the whole place was most charmingly clean and nicely arranged.

We went also to see a very beautiful building lately completed in Pesth,—the Jews Synagogue; the Jews form one third of the inhabitants of the City, and some of them are very rich. And I would that some of our English architects who go on building Compo-monstrosities of churches and dwelling-houses in stucco and other abominable imitations, would make a journey over to Pesth, and take a leaf out of the Pesthian architects' book, as to what can be done with common baked clay. This building is entirely of brick and clay: the walls are ornamented with patterns of a good shade of light red and rich cream colour—the mouldings, borders, and all the decorations are of baked clay. It has a handsome frontage with a large rose-window and two small turrets—a short cloister and a little court leads to the inside, which has almost the appearance of an English Church. Six aisles of open seats, with carved finials, occupy the nave, the East end which is railed off in front of a circular apse, is hidden by a beautiful gilt screen; two splendid gold candelabras stand on the floor within the rails; the ceilings of the whole building are painted in the richest mosaics, the tracery of the clerestory windows, carvings, mouldings and supports being all of the choicest and often very *Christian* patterns: the only fault being that the two sets of galleries are supported upon iron pillars, (with gilt capitals)which appear too slender for so great a mass. It is said to have cost 500,000 florins. The finish of the whole is only exceeded in beauty by that of the new Armenian Church at Vienna, built by the same architect, and which is a piece of perfection; the whole interior of both church and cloister is cased in magnificent slabs of red and black polished marble: the paintings over the ceilings are exquisitely finished figures of saints, angels, and most elegant arabesques of flowers

and the carvings and mouldings are picked out in gold and colours in the most charming taste. It is worth a small journey to see this little church.

Our next evening's amusement was at the National Theatre, where they gave an opera in Hungarian of some incidents in the life of their favourite old hero, John Hunyádi: the costumes were very handsome, and it was curious to contrast the ancient style with that of the present day: the prima-donna and the first tenor both sang well, so that without understanding a word even of the story, the opera was amusing and interesting; and the music was so excessively delicious! it was composed about ten years ago by a Hungarian, and contained such charming choruses, marches, and tender little songs, one would gladly have heard it all again and again. We heard a most amusing account of another opera they were giving alternate nights with John Hunyádi, from one of our English friends—an entirely English opera, as they thought, to Hungarian music—the story was of a "Lord Melville" who went about stamping and swearing because "Charles Kean" had run away with his *fiancée:* in his pursuit after his lost love there was a scene at a country posting inn, where some one in the dress of an English Bishop, silk apron and all, was seen sitting on a bench outside the door drinking beer; our friend enquired what could a Bishop be doing there, and was immediately answered "Oh dear, that is not a Bishop, that's the *ostler!*" they had mistaken one dress for the other.

The Hungarians do sometimes make mistakes something like Irish bulls—at least so the Viennese say: perhaps it is so, for there is much similarity in the character of the Hungarian and the Irishman in many ways: the same warm, kind heart, the same innate grace-

ful and chivalrous feeling, with something of the same *insouciance* and *inconséquence*; be this as it may, the stories told us by Prince W. even if only invented by the Viennese, may bear repeating. A Hungarian gentleman once arrived very late at an inn in the country and found all the beds occupied, but the half of one in which a monk was already sleeping was offered to him, and he lay down for a few hours. Very early in the morning and some time before it was light, the waiter called him, and the gentleman getting up in the dark, hastily dressed himself, putting on the monk's frock in mistake for his own, and hurried down to his carriage where he immediately fell asleep: but on waking up some time after in the daylight, his eye fell with dismay on the monk's dress, and he exclaimed, "Ach, lieber Gott! that stupid waiter has wakened the wrong person! what shall I do?"

A Hungarian nobleman being asked how many they were in family, replied, "Well, now we are only one—but it is very embarrassing for me, for we were twins; but when we were taken to church to be christened, it was such a cold day that one of us was frozen: and we were both so very much alike, that I never have been able to get really well informed whether it was my brother or myself, or which of us it was!" Another gentleman coming off a journey was asked how he liked the railway, when he answered, "I should like it very much if I had been able to smoke." "But why did you not? there are plenty of smoking carriages?" "Oh yes, but the one I was in had written in it that you were only to smoke if the other passengers made no objection—but I had the misfortune to be always alone, so that though I constantly looked out for some one to ask if they had any objection, I never could find one!"

A nobleman on a journey desired his servant to waken him very early in the morning, but wakening of himself in the night he thought it was morning: so he called out to his servant "You stupid animal, get up and see if it is light!" The servant, being very sleepy, gets up blunderingly, opens a door, and puts his head into a cupboard instead of out of the window, and answers, "Oh no, my lord, for the air is quite dark, and the night smells of cheese and sausages!"

The railway journey from Pesth is very pretty, passing through a smiling country with the fine hills about the Danube at a very short distance on the south side: sometimes running quite close to the north bank, or to that of one of the branches, which are often larger and wider than the parent stream: there are also many islands. The town of Gran as seen from a couple of miles' distance on the other side of the river is a fine object; the river turns round two sides of the town which is built on a gentle rise upon which stands the fine Cathedral, commenced about forty years ago and not yet finished, although Gran is said to be the richest see in Europe, the Prince-Primate receiving not less than 80,000*l.* per annum; his power is little below royalty: he can even confer a kind of hereditary nobility. One of the Esterhazy castles was the next interesting object, as the railway runs through the finely wooded park. We stopped at Pressburg early in the afternoon: thinking we should like to finish the little we could see of Hungary at the place where her kings, time-immemorial, were crowned,—but there is little to interest the stranger in the town. It is a clean and airy town, with a few quaint old buildings and some pleasant walks: the Castle, the favourite residence of Maria Theresa, is but an empty shell, burned out by some Italian

soldiers fifty years ago: it could never have been anything but an unsightly building, although it commands a beautiful view of the winding Danube, flowing amidst rich woods and meadows of an immense extent, until the eye is caught by the pretty mountains about Pesth and Gran. Near the foot of the Castle, on the very bank of the river, there is a low mound, now surrounded by a stone railing with three gates: in olden days the King of Hungary, as soon as the sacred crown had been placed upon his head, and wearing on his shoulders the very robe once worn by the national Saint, St. Stephen, descended from the old Cathedral door and rode to the top of this tiny hill — there, making the sign of the Cross, and waving the sword of state to the four quarters of the world, he swore to defend the country from enemies on every side; a picturesque ceremony, now alas! laid aside, as well as the sacred crown which is in the treasury of the Imperial Palace at Vienna. The Cathedral is a fine old building, but not very handsome: it contains a set of busts of all the Kings of Hungary carved in wood, and over the altar a huge figure of the blessed St. Martin riding on horseback in the Hungarian costume! We could find nothing but a few pretty drives to pleasant little villages and sunny valleys round Pressburg,—we therefore determined to go on to Vienna after two days' stay at the comfortable "Grüner Baum" hôtel.

We left early in the morning by the steamer, the river scenery being much prettier above Pressburg than that by the railway, as besides the interminable forest of well grown and lofty trees, the banks are in some places of bold and precipitous porphyry cliffs, with pleasant wooded vales and pretty villages. But the one really fine object is the famous Castle of Theben, which stands

like an eagle's eyrie, on the very summit of an apparently inaccessible and almost insulated rock of black limestone, at the junction of the March with the Danube. It bears of course a romantic legend, besides its many tales of war and bloodshed; this legend is of a pair of lovers who threw themselves, clasped in a last embrace, into the Danube from the battlements of the Tower, rather than surrender to the troops blockading the Castle; I am sorry to add that they were the troops of the offended Primate, for the bride of the Knight was a nun escaped from her convent.

After this we had but three or four hours more on the river before we landed on the new quay at Vienna.

"I used to think," said Frederika Bremer one day during her late travels in Syria — "in my childish days I used to think what supreme happiness it would be to be Queen of a thousand countries — not only to reign over them but to possess them for my very own; I little thought then, or for many a long year afterwards, how nearly my brightest dreams would one day be realised. I have travelled over country after country in all the wide world, and *I have made them mine* — the sights and scenes, the people, the mountains and the trees, the earth, air and sky of each live in my mind and memory with a vividness and, so to speak, a tangibleness that gives them to me as my own possession, and makes them belong to me with an untangibleness that no one can interfere with, and that nothing can take away from me — my memory makes me Queen of all I have passed through!"

Such is the feeling, I believe more or less of all travellers — such is the store of treasure accumulated day by day as one wanders on through land after land — such is the honey gathered from the far off flowers: and such is the fruit which, Reader, I would fain share with you: to reproduce something of it by pen and pencil has been my pleasure and my task — I humbly hope not wholly in vain.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF DAMASCUS.

Damascus is undoubtedly one of the very oldest cities in the world, disputing the palm of precedence only with Sidon, Hamah, and Hebron, amongst sites still occupied by anything better than a collection of peasants' huts, and of these it is the only really flourishing city. After the mere allusion to its existence in Gen. xiv. 15, xv. 2, it is not again mentioned in Scripture till David slew 22,000 of the Damascenes in B.C. 1040, in consequence of their having assisted one of his enemies, when he placed a garrison of his own men in the city — a yoke which they threw off in the days of Solomon; later on, Hadad, a generic name for the kings of Damascus, assisted Asa, the king of Judah, in his war against the king of Israel in B.C. 951; another of its kings insulted Ahab, king of Israel, in Samaria, B.C. 901, and was thence ignominiously chased; nine years later, another besieged Samaria: and yet another, the last of that family of kings, was murdered by his servant Hazael, who usurped his throne B.C. 885. Hazael smote Israel and Judah many times, but forty years after, the son of this usurper (who returned to the old title of Hadad) defeated the army of Israel "till it was like the dust by threshing;" the king of Israel afterwards recovered the cities taken by the Syrians, and the next king, Jeroboam II., B.C. 824, got possession of Damascus itself, and of the country up to Hamah, which, however, Israel did not long retain, for forty

years later we find them making a league with Rezin, king of Syria, against Judah, and besieging Jerusalem with their united armies; in this they did not succeed, but Rezin took Elath, a port built by one of the kings of Judah on the Red Sea; two years after, however, the king of Assyria, Tiglath Pileser, took possession of the city, sent the people away in captivity, and put an end to that dynasty of kings—then "the bar of Damascus was broken," * and "anguish and sorrow took hold of the city of praise, the city of joy!" The king of Judah, Ahaz, visited the Assyrian in Damascus, which remained an Assyrian city until Cyrus conquered Babylon and destroyed the kingdom of Assyria, B.C. 536. A Persian Governor ruled in Damascus till he was changed, two centuries later, for a Grecian Governor under the Macedonians, and a few years after Syria became part of the kingdom of the Seleucidæ, but as these kings founded Antioch for their capital city, Damascus sank into a provincial town, and was only for a very few years the residence of one of the kings Antiochus Cyzicenes; it belonged but a short time to the kingdom of Armenia, before it was conquered for Rome by Pompey, B.C. 65; the fair city was probably visited by Mark Antony when he conferred its revenues as a present on his beloved Cleopatra. On the death of Tiberius, A.D. 37, Damascus was seized for a short time by Aretas, the King of Arabia Petræa, after a successful campaign against Herod Antipas (who had repudiated his daughter in order to marry Herodias), and it was during this time that St. Paul visited the city. Under Constantine the Great, it was the seat of a Metropolitan Bishop; and at the end of the fourth century, the great Temple built by the Romans was converted into a Christian Church: so it remained for about 250 years, during which time all the other Christian, Romanesque or Byzantine Churches were built in the country around, many of them very magnificent buildings, but now almost unknown ruins. In the time of the first Khalîf after Muhammad, Abu Bekr, A.D. 634,

* The "bar," or gate, stands here for *power* or *strength;* meaning that when the gate of a city is "broken" its strength is gone.

Damascus was taken by the Arabs after a twelve months' siege, the incidents of which are of as exciting an interest as anything in history; after this it was governed by an officer commissioned by the Khalîf, and called the Emir of Syria, who lived at Damascus; and Moawyah, the first Khalîf of the Mooslim Empire, planted his throne, A.D. 661, in the beautiful city, where art, aided by communication with other countries conquered by the banner of Islam, soon began to be richly developed. Damascus continued to be the seat of government till the Khaliphate was removed to Baghdad, A.D. 750, and 220 years after to Cairo, whence it was governed by lieutenants of the Fatimite dynasty. The Crusaders never succeeded in taking possession of the city—but it was plundered, burned, and all its inhabitants slaughtered by Timour, A.D. 1400. In A.D. 1518, it passed to the Turks under the Seljukian Sultan Selim I. European Consuls entered Damascus with Ibrahim Pasha in A.D. 1832.

NOTE II.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF THE EAST.

At the commencement of the Christian era, Tadmor is mentioned in history as a large and opulent city,—it came within the confines of the Roman empire after the conquests of Augustus, but, retaining its independence, it formed by its commerce a connecting link between the Roman and the Parthian states. When the victorious arms of Trajan passed like a whirlwind over the East, Tadmor, or Palmyra as the Romans chose to call it, became a "Roman colony," and as such it was probably visited by Adrian, during his lengthened travels in Asia: he doubtless bestowed many fine architectural gifts upon it, though it is very unlikely that he rebuilt the city (as some have supposed from its name): the inscriptions still to be seen on the various temples, columns, &c., sufficiently prove the chief number of them to have been

erected by the citizens themselves, but, according to the fashion of the day, it was called from that time Adrianopolis, in acknowledgment of his liberality.

The government of Adrianopolis was that of "a Senate and People;" from among whom a noble of high family was one day elected Senator — by name Odenatus; he was a man inured to fatigue and hardship, and besides having a cultivated mind, he was a thorough soldier and commander. His family was attached to the Empire by several ties, — they had been well known to the Emperor Septimus Severus during his long residences in Asia, who bestowed patrician titles upon them, and commanded that every member of the family should bear his name, while he showed his favour more substantially by presenting them with a fixed sum of money to engage their arms as protectors of Syria from the incursions of the Arabs and Persians. A few years later, the Palmyrenes revolted from the tyrannical rule of Priscus, the chief Senator and brother of the Emperor Philip, and, effacing his name from their public monuments, they asserted their own independence, electing Septimus Aïranes as Prince of the city and Chief of the Senate, with the title of philarch or chief (Sheikh) of the Desert tribes, —his son Odenatus Septimus was appointed commander of their military forces, until, in A.D. 253, he succeeded his father. Justly horrified at the cruel torments and insults heaped by Sapor, the savage king of Persia, upon the unfortunate Valerian, whom he had taken prisoner, Odenatus, an ally although a vassal of Rome, advanced, in A.D. 261, at the head of an army, to avenge the fallen Emperor. He was accompanied in this expedition by his wife, Zenobia, the daughter of Amrou, king of Arabia * (or rather of the country between the Tigris and Euphrates), who had a son by a former marriage. She was renowned for her beauty, and still more for her remarkable chastity; we are told that her complexion was as dark as her teeth were white, that her eyes shone "with uncommon fire, tempered by an attractive sweetness,"— that her voice was

* But Zenobia boasted of being descended from one of the Egyptian Ptolemies; she was probably a connection of Odenatus, as her name was Septimia also.

strong and harmonious, and that she possessed an unusual degree of that courage which is one of the attributes of the women of the Desert; she seems to have been, like her husband, early inured to the fatigues of the chase, following lions, panthers, and bears with ardour, and accustomed to military campaigns, for which indeed she appears to have had a genius: Aurelian afterwards assured the Senate of Rome that the triumph of the arms of Odenatus over the flying Sapor was mainly owing to the courage and ability of Zenobia. Valerian was now amply revenged,—Odenatus penetrated to the very heart of the Persian kingdom, and carried off the hareem and treasures of Sapor to Adrianopolis.

The ambition of the noble pair was only increased by so easy a victory—they aspired to the government of an Empire, and they succeeded in creating one. All the countries immediately surrounding the Desert were subdued, and the various tribes united under one banner; the kingdom of Odenatus was assured from the Euphrates to the frontiers of Bithynia, while the Scythians who had invaded some of the Roman territory were driven back. The Emperor Gallienus (the effeminate and profligate son of the murdered Valerian) was so much delighted with the prowess and good services of Odenatus, without whose strong arm the Roman eagles would have been chased from the East, that he had medals struck, bearing the head of Odenatus as "Conqueror of the Persians," some of whom appeared, on the reverse, enchained to his chariot; more than this, he declared him the "partaker of his throne," bestowed upon him an Imperial mantle, and the title of "General of the East," besides the name of "Augustus," to be borne not only by himself, but by his wife and sons, to whom also he sent mantles of Imperial purple.

Gallienus trusted by these means to ensure the guardianship of his Eastern provinces, and thus to save himself from further trouble,—but he had miscalculated the ambition of his ally, very naturally inflamed by such unusual honours; Odenatus was foully assassinated in A.D. 267 *, but he left his kingdom

* Zenobia has been accused of having instigated the murder of her

to a greater conqueror than himself. Zenobia had Athenodorus Vaballatus, her son by her first husband, declared "Cæsar of the West," and she herself added the title of "Queen-Regent" to her name of Augusta. Her victorious armies spread over Syria and nearly the whole of Asia Minor; Arabia, Persia, and Armenia solicited her alliance; and she finally sent an army of 70,000 men down to Egypt, commanded by a general named Zabdas, whom some learned authors believe to have been her own sister Zabba, called by Oriental historians an "Arab queen." The Palmyrene army, somewhat assisted by the treachery of one of the Egyptian generals, was entirely successful, and Egypt became a province of Palmyra in A.D. 268.

Mistress of so great an Empire, it was natural that Zenobia should display its magnificence,—she exacted from her subjects the same adoration that was paid to the monarchs of Persia, and she adorned her sons with royal dresses of the Imperial colour: but she did not disdain to superintend the minutest details of her government, or of the welfare of her people; and the strict economy that she invariably practised enabled her, on all necessary occasions, to be not only liberal but splendid. The prudence, discretion, and good sense of her government are thus described by Gibbon,—"Instead of the little passions which so frequently perplex a female reign, the steady administration of Zenobia was guided by the most judicious maxims of policy: if it was expedient to pardon, she could calm her resentment: if it was necessary to punish, she could impose silence on the voice of pity."

It was at this period, when enriched by the spoils of so many countries and nations, that the inhabitants of Palmyra embellished their city with the magnificent monuments, the ruins of which still delight the eyes of the traveller, and made it a fit home for Zenobia,—doubtless much of its beauty and richness were owing to the taste of their splendour-loving Queen, whose thoughts were by no means confined to military glory or civil government; few men of her time had attained more

husband, but there is not a shadow of foundation for this story, which is in itself improbable, and not in accordance with her character.

learning than herself; she had studied every branch of science, and both read and spoke with fluency the languages of the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans; she was of course acquainted also with Hebrew and Chaldaic, of the union of which two languages Palmyrene is said to have been the daughter. She had composed a history of the nations around her native Desert, and another of Egypt, both of which are much commended by ancient authors. Her thirst for self-culture was as unbounded as her ambition; and as she had desired to add the philosophy of the Greeks to her other studies, she had, previous to the death of her husband, invited the celebrated Longinus to her court. Longinus was the head of an Athenian school of philosophy, the author of a great number of valuable treatises*, a master of *belles-lettres*, the "oracle of criticism," and so learned as to have merited the name of "a living library and a walking museum;" few of his works are still in existence — among them was an *éloge* on the life of Odenatus, which was probably composed at the court of the widowed Queen, whose prime minister he afterwards became.

Zenobia was now in the zenith of her glory, but her star was about to wane; her sway extended over an immense tract of country, but it was nowhere firm, for the Empire was composed of too heterogenous a mixture,—the various nations enrolled under her banner had neither language, nor manners, nor religion in common, and the Arab tribes, who formed the backbone of her power, were alienated by the metamorphose of their capital into a Greek city. The Queen-Regent adopted the customs of the Greeks along with the luxurious splendour of the Persians, and grafted their religion upon that of the Arabs. St. Athanasius accuses her of being a Jewess, because she gave protection to a Bishop whose tenets savoured of Judaism, and because she had built synagogues for the numerous Jews in her dominions; but she was probably always faithful to the Greco-Roman religion, which had then been for many years spread throughout the country, and which was, in fact, only a more refined edition of the original sun-worship of the Phœnicians. She provided churches for

* His treatise "On the Sublime" was translated by Boileau.

the Christians in her domains; and both she and Longinus were well versed, not only in the Mosaic Law, but also in the doctrines of the new religion, which was already beginning to make astonishing progress over the world.

Longinus had no great love for the Roman eagles, and he encouraged the victorious Queen in all her ambitious projects. The faineant Emperor Gallienus heard with indifference that Egypt had ceased to acknowledge his power, and his successor, Claudius II., was too busily engaged during his brief reign with conquests nearer home, to have any thoughts for his eastern rival: one Roman general had indeed been sent against her, but he had been obliged to beat a hasty retreat, "with the loss of his army and his reputation." The austere disciplinarian Aurelian, however, allowed but little time to elapse after he had assumed the Imperial purple, before he marched against the rebellious Queen; proud, confident, and fearless she advanced to meet him, at the head of 700,000 men, on the plains of her Syrian possessions; she had ever disdained the use of a covered carriage, and she now marched on foot with her troops, whom she harangued, according to her custom, helmeted and bare-armed, after the manner of the Roman generals. In the course of the year (272), two battles were fought—one, near Imma, a place to the south of the great lake on the plain of Antioch—the other, close to Emesa (now Horus). Zenobia, worsted in both, retreated to Palmyra and prepared for a siege, secure in her conviction of the impossibility of a large army being supported in the heart of the Desert, and believing also that her ally Shahpour, the king of Persia, and others would come to her assistance, as the Persians were very undesirous of seeing the Romans settled so close to their own borders; Aurelian quickly followed her, and offered terms: he promised the life of the Queen and the rights of the citizens, but he demanded the immediate capitulation of the city, and all the money, jewels, silks, horses, camels, and arms which it contained; the city was full of riches and weapons of war, and the proud Queen rejected his terms in the disdainful letter written by Longinus, which has since become so famous; whether she dictated it to him, or, as most authors affirm and

more probably, he composed and recommended the letter to her, will never be known; but the proud and noble dignity of its expressions were of course considered only insolence by the Emperor, and although severely harassed by the continual sallies of her troops, he pressed the siege with much vigour. He himself was wounded by a dart; and he wrote to the Senate letters vindicating himself for the slowness of his success, by well-merited eulogiums on Zenobia, and a bitter complaint that it was "impossible even to enumerate the materials of her preparations for the war — stones, arrows, and every species of missile; balistæ are placed at intervals round the walls, and artificial fire is thrown from her engines," while her cavalry were clad in complete suits of steel, which the soldiers of Aurelian (chiefly Syrians and Greeks) could not withstand.

The Queen was still confident of triumph when the grievous intelligence reached her of the defeat or defalcation of her allies, — the Romans had put some of her assistants to flight, and bribed others — and Longinus even implored her to escape. Zenobia had some years before erected a marble city on the banks of the Euphrates, containing a beautiful summer-palace: it was strongly fortified, as it was intended to defend her country from the invasions of the Persians; she had given it her own name *, and placed it under the government of her sister Zabba, — to this city she now fled, mounted on a swift dromedary. Her flight was betrayed, and a troop of Roman soldiers pursued and overtook her in the act of crossing the Euphrates. When Aurelian demanded of her how she had dared to rebel against the Imperial throne, she answered with proud dignity as well as adroitness, "I am ready to acknowledge for my Emperor an Aurelian who knows how to conquer, but how could I submit to a craven profligate like Gallienus?"

The Roman soldiers clamorously shouted for her death, but Aurelian reserved her to grace his own triumph, and, as ungenerous as he was severe, he ordered Longinus to be put to death. It is unnecessary to credit the Roman story that

* Justinian rebuilt this city, and its ruins still exist, having to this day preserved their original name of Zenebi or Zelebi.

Zenobia threw all the odium of her resistance on the councils of her friend; her ambition and the warlike propensities for which she was so celebrated, were too well known to the Romans, long before Longinus had ever set foot in her court, to make such an assertion credible, and the fact of his having been her prime minister, as well as his having written the letter of defiance, were quite sufficient to afford the stern Aurelian an object on which to slake his thirst for immediate vengeance, while his self-love devised a greater degradation for the Queen herself. The philosopher met his death with intrepidity and firmness, though the account of his address to the weeping spectators of his melancholy end, is believed to be entirely apocryphal.

Aurelian showed some clemency to the inhabitants of the conquered city, but on his reaching Antioch, he learned that the Palmyrenes had murdered the garrison he had left in the place; enraged at the news, he hastily retraced his steps, and, in a fit of savage brutality, stood by while every inhabitant of the unhappy town was massacred,—he acknowledged afterwards with regret that old men, women, and infants had alike fallen under his sword, and he tried to make amends by restoring the few who had escaped into the Desert, to their blood-stained homes. He had imbibed in his infancy a peculiar devotion to the Sun, from his mother having been Priestess at the great Temple dedicated to the god of light at Rome, and his sole anxiety respecting the fallen city seems to have been the repairing of the splendid Temple that adorned it: this he caused to be done at his own expense, but he carried off the image of Baal, and placed it in the Temple of the Sun at Rome.

Zenobia was taken away loaded with chains, and a year later (A.D. 275) she formed the chief ornament of her conqueror's triumph, following the 200 curious animals he had brought from the East and the South, and the ten women who had been taken in battle fighting beside their husbands,—her fetters were of gold, a slave supporting the gold chain which encircled her neck, while she almost fainted under the weight of her jewels—her splendid plate and her wardrobe were displayed on cars before her, and she herself was made to walk

before her own magnificent chariot, behind which came two others still more sumptuous that had belonged to Odenatus and the Persian monarch.

Her son Athenodorus had been assassinated shortly after she had had him proclaimed Emperor, and her two eldest sons by Odenatus had died before the war; to her third son, Vaballatus, Aurelian gave a small province in Armenia, with the title of King — many of his coins have been found at Antioch, bearing his effigy, with Greek and Latin inscriptions. To Zenobia, Aurelian gave a large property at Tivoli, where she retired with her daughters: they were afterwards married to the highest nobles of Rome, and it is even said that one of them became the wife of the Emperor — but this is almost incredible, the more so as he died within a year after his triumph. Zenobius, Bishop of Florence in the time of St. Ambrose, is said to have been descended from the fallen Queen.

The walls of Palmyra were rebuilt by Diocletian, but nothing is known of its history till A.D. 400, when it appears as the seat of a Bishop under the Metropolitan of Damascus. It probably lost all its civilisation and refinements after the massacre of its inhabitants, as no Greek inscription has been found of later date than the age of Zenobia. The Romans everywhere respected the inscriptions of Odenatus, but they effaced the name of Zenobia and her son wherever they were to be seen.

NOTE III.

ON THE PALMYRENE WRITING.

THE Phœnician (or Canaanite) and Hebrew languages were so nearly identical, as to form but one branch of those languages to which the general appellation of *Semitic* has been given (although some of those who spoke them—*e.g.* the Phœnicians and Ethiopians — were descended from Ham): the Hebrews evidently spoke the same language as that of the people whose

country they entered *, but they afterwards imprinted a distinct character of their own upon it, in order to express the religious and moral ideas peculiar to themselves. The characters they employed during their golden age were those now called *Samaritan*, from their being employed to this day by that sect; later on, that is, about the time of Ezra, the Assyrian, or rather Chaldaic, character, became customarily used among the Hebrews, as they had been familiarised with it during their exile in Babylon, and had probably half forgotton their own,—to which, however, the Maccabean princes returned, chiefly out of patriotism, partly perhaps also to facilitate their commerce with the Phœnicians; they therefore placed it on the coins struck during their dynasty; but the use of the Samaritan was limited to the money, for the Chaldaic writing had as completely superseded the stiff, ancient character, as the Chaldaic dialect had superseded the old Phœnician-Hebrew language. The new writing was much more flowing and elegant; and it is in a still more demotic, or cursive, form of this character that the Palmyrene dialect is written — the same letters rendered more regular and more graceful. The actual inscriptions existing at Palmyra are not of an earlier date than the Christian era, but it is believed they they precisely retrace an ancient Aramean character used, or at least understood, by the Hebrews, some centuries prior to this date.—See Munk's *Palestine*. Paris.

* Witness the men sent by Joshua conversing with Rahab, and the Gibeonites and others speaking with Joshua without an interpreter, Josh. ii. and ix., though when such was required it is mentioned as in Gen. xlii. 23; see also Ps. lxxxi. 5. And again the host of Canaanitish names given in Scripture, which are also of *distinctly Hebrew* etymology, such as Baal, Melchizedek, Abimelech, Kirjath Sepher, Kiryathaim, &c., &c., though the numerous Egyptian, Assyrian, and Persian names given also, show that it was not the habit of the Hebrew writers to translate names—or at least special mention is made of it when this was done, as in Num. xxxii. 38, Josh. xix. 47; and Josephus certainly speaks of the "Hebrew language" and the "Phœnician language" as if they were identical.

NOTE IV.

As I earnestly trust that my book, however humble and uninstructive to the learned, may be of practical use to the traveller, I am induced to add a few hints such as our experience of various climates and modes of travelling pointed out to us.

First, for EGYPT:

Short evenings and early rising is the best division of time to adopt on the Nile, where the mornings are delightful, and the evening air after sunset, until near Nubia, is treacherous, not only to the invalid but to all. As the quantity of luggage taken in a dahabieh is immaterial, it is as well to remember that the greater the number of books, and varieties of occupation, the more agreeable is the time likely to be—especially in the wearisome days of tracking. The traveller should have thoroughly imbibed Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians," 2 vols., Sharpe's "History of Egypt," 2 vols., and that part of Herodotus relating to Egypt, before he leaves England: but Wilkinson should be constantly in his hand; Miss Martineau's "Eastern Life" will be his daily and invaluable companion, and the best guide both to his thoughts and to his eyes; if he wants a poetic translation of the land and of the water, he will take Curtis's charming "Nile Notes." Lane's "Modern Egyptians" will be an indispensable explanation of all he sees around him. If he wants to study hieroglyphics, Osborne's "Monumental History of Egypt" will give him a clear and most interesting view of the meaning of the whole — whether it be the right one or not; but beyond this, a whole lifetime may be spent in the study of Birch, Bunsen, Corbaux, Champollion, Gliddon, &c. &c.

These studies may be persevered in by all on board their floating homes; but I would earnestly raise my voice to dissuade every invalid from endeavouring to see the hiero-

glyphics in the Tombs, or from ever penetrating to the recesses of the rock-cut Temples: I have no doubt myself that the vitiated air, suffocation, and exertion of such sight-seeing is of fully as much injury to the delicate lungs, diseased heart, or worn-out nerves of those who seek health in Egypt, as the benefit which may be derived from the delightful climate; even the strong and healthy should take smelling-salts or aromatic vinegar with them on every visit; many in perfect health become suddenly overpowered by the bad air and horrible odours of the bats in the inside, and then the way back to the mouth of the Tomb is very long and difficult. Englishmen generally resort to ale, porter, or wine as restoratives, but it would be better for them, in almost all cases, if they would throw these things into the river, and drink only the delicious water instead; cold tea is the best thing to take with one on any fatiguing expedition. Plenty of oranges should be bought in Cairo, and carefully husbanded, for they soon spoil if not constantly looked after: dates, mish-mish, and bread, with meat, fowls and milk, is the most wholesome and best food in that climate: the immense quantity of eggs imbibed by most travellers on the Nile is frequently very injurious. We found the stores we laid in at Malta both cheaper and better than those of Egypt: plenty of biscuits should be taken from either place; rice, flour, and mish-mish are best supplied at Cairo.

One of the sailors is selected as washer of the clothes, and if the party do not take a maid with them, the dragoman should be engaged beforehand to iron; all the dragomans *can* do it, but they do not generally choose to do so, and the consequent discomfort is very great. I recommend to ladies, if they leave Cairo before Christmas, a merinos or silk dress for the commencement of the voyage, else washing cambric or linen dresses are by far the best, with a cloth jacket for morning and evening; any kind of woollen or mohair dresses become full of dust after the first two days' wear, and they harbour the vermin, to escape from which the most constant watchfulness is necessary. Large shady straw hats with muslin tied round them, thick veils, and leather gloves with gauntlets,

are indispensable in Egypt — and two or three pair of *light*, *strong* boots,— let every traveller beware of shining patent leather anywhere south of Malta: those of any colour are preferable to *black*—the relief of changing from a pair of black into light coloured boots is quite astonishing: they should be worn very high, as the mosquitos sting the feet and ankles horribly in walking. White cotton umbrellas lined with green, which can be bought in Cairo for a few shillings, are very great comforts — they are quite useless if not lined.

If the traveller is inclined to see anything of native life, a few cheap presents, to distribute whenever a house is entered or any civility shown, will be found very useful: Birmingham trinkets and toys for the women and children, and some better things for the sailors and kashefs or governors, will often secure civility and leave a good impression of the Howadji behind one,—they cost little and give a great deal of pleasure.

Secondly, for SYRIA:

Where, on account of the difference in the season of the year and the mode of travelling, much more outer clothing is necessary than in Egypt: the straw hat should be exchanged for a large stiff one of felt, above this a great handful of cotton wool should be tacked on over and round the crown (it is the lightest and best preservative from the sun), confined by a shawl of light muslin, one corner folded in and the rest hanging over the shoulders, so as to admit of its being drawn over the face at pleasure. This muslin, prettily worked in colours, is plentiful and cheap in every bazaar, but not in the European shops, as, although it is either from Manchester or Germany, it is supplied only for the native market. The crown of the head, the back of the neck and the shoulders, as all natives will tell you, are the most important parts to keep shaded: going over green ground the face need not be guarded, but if unshaded in passing over rocky or sandy country it is generally blistered and skinned. A blue veil, folded many times across the nose and mouth, is the most handy and useful defence; but the stiff, light linen-and-silk masks, sold in Paris, Italy, and Spain for the Carnivals, would be the pleasantest of all—*if* anyone had courage enough to use them.

The riding-habit should invariably be of a *light colour* and *thick* material: a stout alpaca or jean is the best; wool is preferable to linen, as it must bear daily hard brushing and frequent catching on and scraping against the rocks and trees; over their dress, every rider, both gentlemen and ladies, should use the Arab mash'lah, — it is light and convenient, keeping off sun and dust better than any other kind of wrap, and the form is exceedingly graceful. A fine white one, prettily embroidered in colours, costs, at Beyrout, about eighteen shillings. Light-coloured gloves of thick leather, with gauntlets, are quite indispensable.

If ladies are travelling by night, it is pleasanter to carry the hat slung on the arm and to wear a tarboosh, as the shady riding-hat induces sleep, and feels heavy when there is no sun; but on no account whatever should the head be uncovered at night for even two minutes in the open air — in these latitudes fever is the certain consequence of such imprudence.

It is a great convenience to a lady to have a stout travelling-bag hanging from the pummel of her saddle, containing a fan, some ammonia, in case of stings from scorpions or ants, &c. (which is, however, *very* rare), a book for the midday rest, drawing materials, and needles and threads for the accidental rents, which are of nearly daily occurrence. A brush and some soap sometimes adds much to one's comfort and refreshment when passing by a fountain; and a handful of dates or figs with almonds prevent thirst, and hunger too, when a mistake about the road or some other accident delays one's dinner far on into the night, after having breakfasted at sunrise. It is considered very unwholesome to drink frequently of the mountain streams during the day — at least without adding brandy or wine.

I cannot say too much of the comfort in Eastern travelling, both in Egypt and Syria, of the *Portable Tin Baths* made for trunks; they hold as much, or nearly so, as one person ought to want—they are safely secured by lock and key, and they travel admirably on mule-back when enclosed in a basket-work cover. The absolute necessity of a daily bath is thus

secured, and none but an Eastern traveller can fully appreciate its luxury and healthfulness. Caoutchouc baths are also good, but the tin is more durable and more easily mended if broken; and its serving as a trunk is a great gain. The dragoman provides iron bedsteads and thin wool mattresses, which are tolerably comfortable; an invalid, however, will find the caoutchouc air beds luxuriously good,—they fold up, pillow and all, into a very small space, and are always dry and free from vermin. A good supply of large pins, for hanging one's clothes round the tent, and fastening down the flaps so as to keep out draughts of wind, are very useful, and unattainable in the East: enough soap should be taken from England to last the whole journey.

For those of either sex who suffer from mosquitos I strongly recommend a small net — a bag about two yards long, with a couple of hoops from a moderate-sized *jupon d'acier*, run in about the middle: it is pinned to the lining of the tent by a tape over the head of the bed and hangs down, below the hoops, just enclosing the pillow; it folds up in the daytime into a very small parcel, and can be carried in one's saddle-bag and used during the midday halt in the open air. Levinge's Bag is of course much more complete, but it is such a labour to get in or out, that one soon wearies of it, and in tent-life it is quite unnecessary.

For books on Syria:

Dr. Robinson's "Researches" should have been thoroughly read at home, as it is a very cumbrous companion,—and the cream of it is extracted into Mr. Porter's excellent "Handbook." The same may be said of Dr. Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," but it is a delightful book to read on the spot while looking around at the realities of the vivid descriptions. "Early Travels in Palestine"—Bohn—gives one a pleasant comparative view of the state of the Holy Land in those ages.

"The Crescent and the Cross" is useful for hasty travellers as a guide to the best routes and objects to be seen at a glance: inaccurate in trifles, and written rather for fireside reading than for a handbook, it nevertheless contains much solid and accurate information, while the spirit in which it was written,

and the beauty of the descriptions, render it a most agreeable companion.

Some acquaintance with the lives of Muhammad and of the Khalîfs who succeeded him, as well as the later history of the Arabs, should also have been learned beforehand.

Ferguson's "Handbook of Architecture" is most useful in affording a general view and comparison of the various styles one comes across, and in giving measurements which one is apt to forget: it is a very good addition to the traveller's library.

THE END.

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